THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible]ated Weekly
Founded A[illegible]8 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JUNE 15, 1918

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Beginning

The Fire Flingers

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

TOM SAWYER, HUCK FINN AND AUNT POLLY.

For particulars inquire of Mark Twain, present address unknown.

Painted by Leslie Thrasher for Cream of Wheat Co.

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If German Airplanes were in the sky

If German Airplanes were in our sky their first concern would be to bomb our railroads and highways, for they know that to tie up traffic is to paralyze the country's activities.

Yet our own carelessness is helping to accomplish for Germany what her air-fleet cannot accomplish at present!

For every road that is muddy and full of ruts and bumps and holes is impeding traffic, wearing out horse-flesh, ruining motor-vehicles, and effectively slowing up our progress.

America Needs Good Roads to Win the War

Good Roads are necessary to mobilize the crops, to make the farms efficient, to make the back-country produce;

To mobilize the coal and ores, to open mines that have no rail connections;

To mobilize the manufacturers, to keep them connected and supplied, to bring away their mountainous outputs when the railroads are choked;

To mobilize labor, to bring the workers from distant homes to new plants;

To quicken the pulse and speed the communications of a nation that is still only half awake to the war.

England and France have not postponed or neglected road maintenance. Efficient roads mean more to them than ever. A short cut, a flatter grade, a contour that permits speed, a surface that permits heavy loads, count for more today than they ever did!

"Good Roads" Today Means "Tarvia Roads"

Tarvia roads are economical of maintenance and economical of labor. They are mudless, dustless, and durable. Their cost is lower than any other type of highway *capable of carrying motor-truck traffic.*

The most effective, and in fact the only way, to relieve the present railroad congestion is to use the motor-truck more and more for the short hauls.

Hundreds of thousands of tons of food, fuel, and munitions can be quickly and economically moved in this way.

But this cannot be accomplished unless the roads are kept up. Therefore it is the duty of every official and every citizen to see that the arteries of our national life are not neglected.

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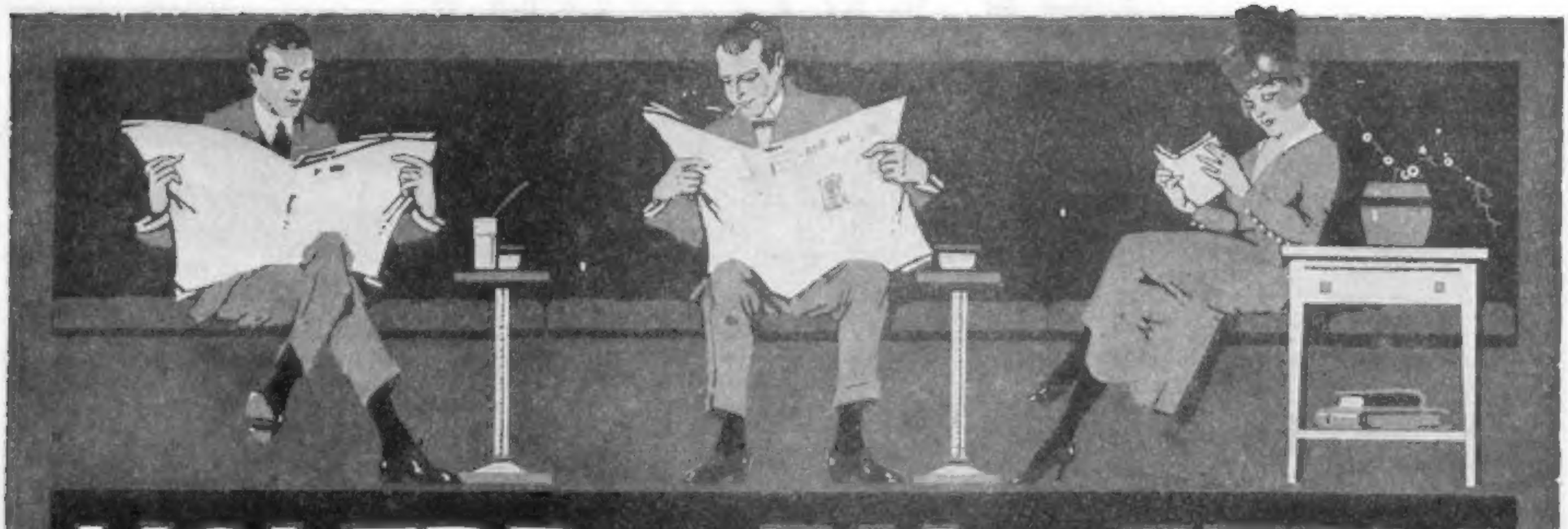
This company has a corps of trained engineers and chemists who have given years of study to modern road problems. The advice of these men may be had for the asking by any one interested. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road problems and conditions in your vicinity, the matter will have prompt attention.

Booklet free on request

Lower photo, taken in September, 1916, shows the road to Guillemont, France, rapidly being effaced under bombardment (Central News). Above is a German airplane dropping a bomb (© Underwood & Underwood).



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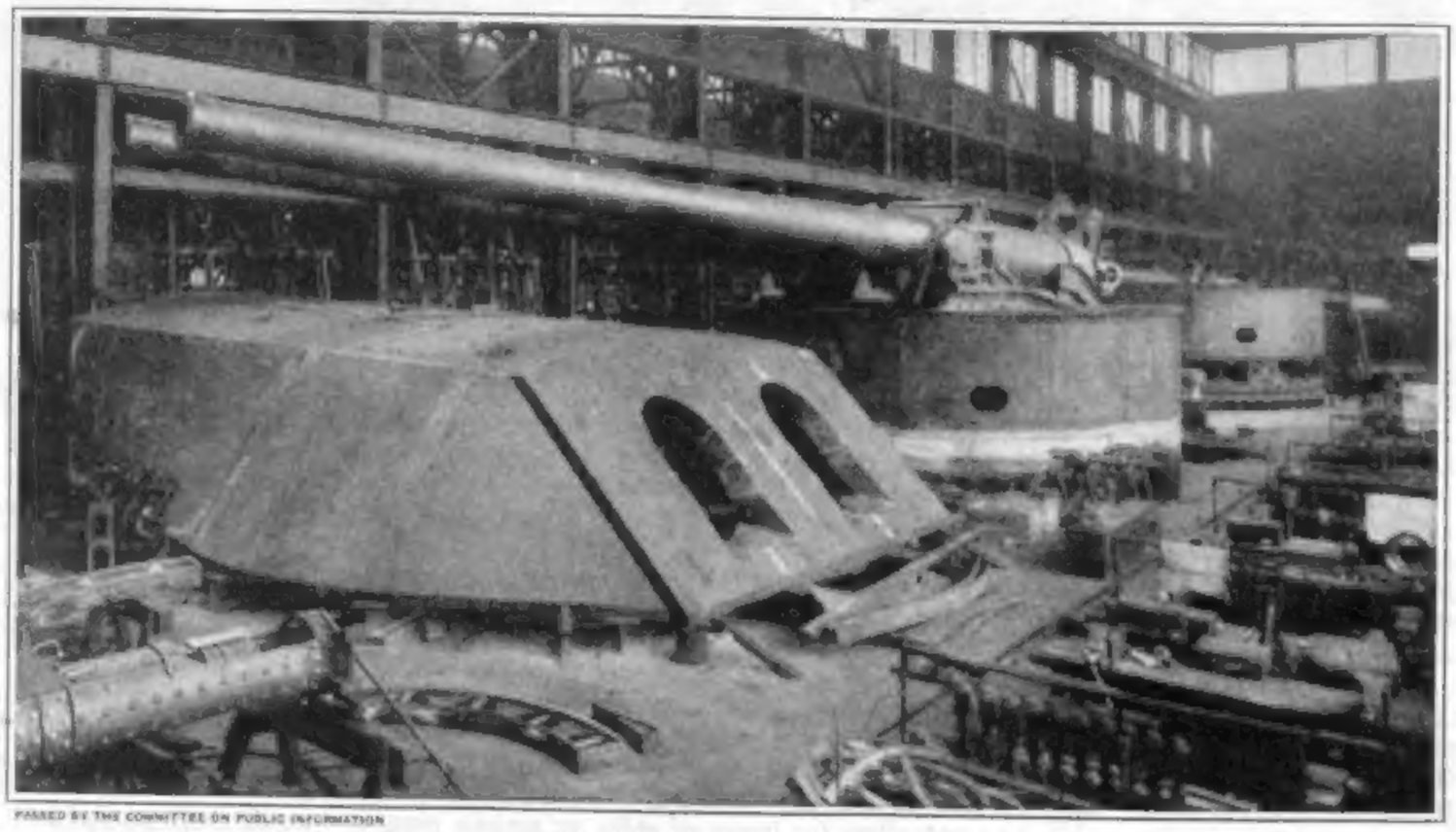
WAR AS AN INDUSTRY

By Floyd W. Parsons, Editor of Coal Age

IN THE battle of Verdun, lasting more than half a year, the French fired 60,000,000 shells containing 1,800,000 tons of steel. To produce these shells and transport them to the battle front required the consumption of nearly 9,000,000 tons of coal—more fuel than was produced last year in Utah, Oklahoma and Michigan combined. This is an indication of what war means to-day when measured in terms of industrial effort.

Previously to the war the total business of the United States amounted to $31,000,000,000 annually. For war work during the present fiscal year Congress has appropriated $19,000,000,000—a sum of money equal in value to a band of gold one inch wide and one-quarter inch thick circling the earth at the equator. It is three times all the money in the United States, and four-fifths of what the Government has spent for all purposes, including pensions, Panama Canal, public buildings, and so on, since the nation was born. It is more than the value of all our railroads, including terminals and every pound of equipment. Our little trouble with Spain cost us $200,000,000. We are now spending for war purposes more than that sum every five days. We spent four-fifths as much building 16 army cantonments, and one-quarter as much putting up two smokeless-powder plants. More soldiers were transported across the Atlantic to France in the single month of May than the total number of American soldiers who fought and won for us against Spain in 1898.

Though one-third of the $19,000,000,000 war appropriation is for a loan to our Allies, practically the entire amount will be spent in this country for the products of our organized industry. No extended research is necessary, therefore, to determine that this nation cannot continue its normal peace effort and at the same time, with fewer workmen, add to that effort billions of dollars of new war work. The only solution is to substitute war work for part of the peace work. The man making spoons must now make trench knives and surgical instruments too; carpet manufacturers must add canvas and blankets; chemical companies must produce more pharmaceutical products; mirror makers must turn out optical glass, and automobile manufacturers



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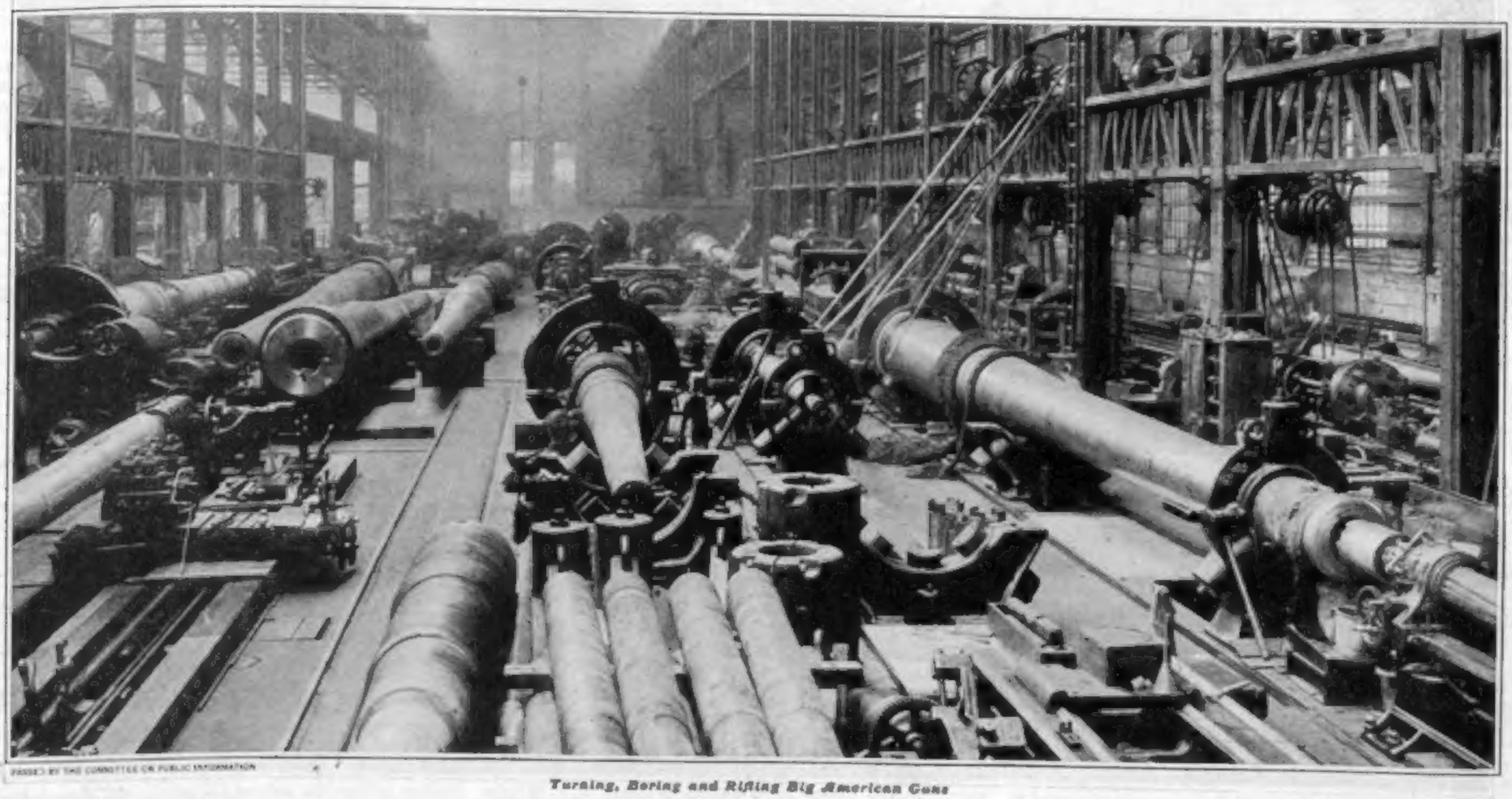
Erecting 14-Inch Gun Turrets



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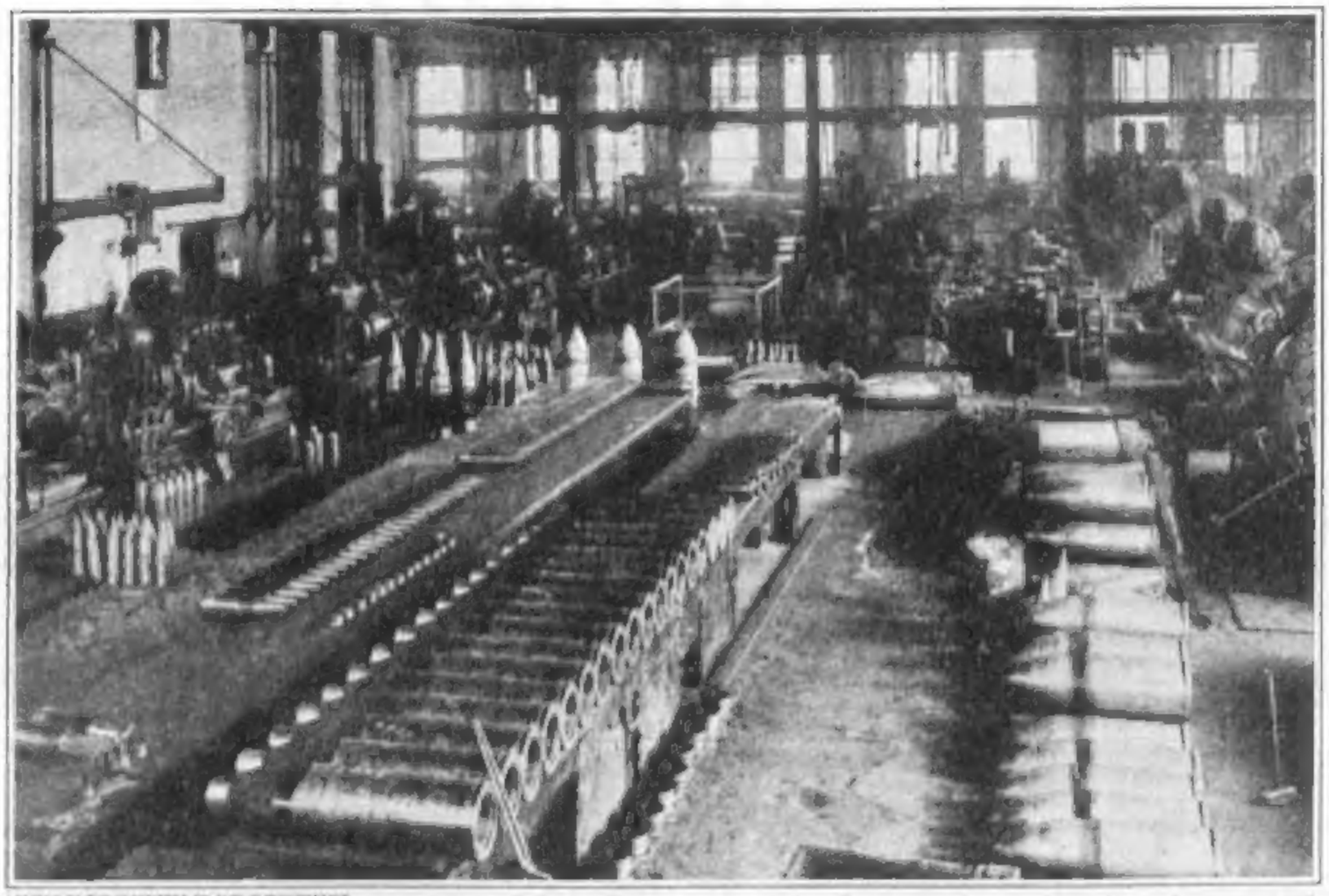
Turning, Boring and Rifling Big American Guns

more motor trucks and airplane engines.

Everyone knows that war as carried on to-day by the giant nations of the earth is a costly and fearful business, but few people have stopped to examine and see just what our actual war effort means, measured in coal, steel and tons of freight. Without such understanding there cannot be wholehearted cooperation and unstinted sacrifice by the hundreds of thousands of Americans who must radically change their mode of living and practically commence life over again.

We are in the morning of a serious adventure, and we must not loiter in the hope of retrieving our mistakes in the evening. Indecision soon becomes a disease, while on the other hand prompt action gives life and energy to every effort. Nothing is accomplished by dreading the disagreeable; we must face our duty promptly and meet it manfully. We must not spend so much time considering where to begin that it will become too late to act. We must banish personal and business partiality and be strong in action as well as in purpose. It is necessary to remember that we can render harm by inaction as well as by action. This war is every American's fight, and it is for all we are and all we have.



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A Corner in a Great Shop Where Projectiles of Many Sizes are Bored and Turned to Size

Our first real taste of war came with Doctor Garfield's order closing down industries last January. Not one person in a hundred understood the true reasons or approved the wisdom of that action. We did not then realize the immensity of our undertaking. Little by little, however, we are getting a true perspective of our great task and the limitations that govern its fulfillment. Considerably more than half of all our industrial life is dependent on coal and steel.

An army division is composed of 27,500 men; six divisions make a corps, and five corps form an army. Theoretically, therefore, an army consists of 825,000 men. But in actual service this is not true, for to-day in France conditions require that a division in an army organization shall have 45,500 men. This includes soldiers for the lines of communication and for service at the rear. It is evident, therefore, that a fighting army has about 1,350,000 men in its personnel. We now have nearly a million men "over there," and in a few weeks America will be represented in France by a complete army.

Now to maintain one man in France we must have two tons of shipping—that is, the standard 8000-ton cargo boat that the United States Fleet Corporation is building will supply 4000 men, making five round trips each year. Our first army in France will need 337 such ships, having a total tonnage of 2,696,000 tons. We are hoping to build 3,000,000 tons of shipping in 1918. It is evident there will be work for all of it.

Our soldiers are carried in troop transports, which vessels are larger and faster than the cargo boats. A 12,000-ton troopship will carry about 3000 men and make nine round trips each year. To carry an average of 125,000 men per month to France requires 56 such steamers; and this does not allow for losses of ships or serious repairs. It can be seen, therefore, that nearly 400 vessels are required right now to transport troops and supply one complete American army in France.

Authentic figures show that a soldier consumes in supplies and food the equivalent of his own weight every three days. In the matter of clothes his consumption is four times that of the outdoor civilian in ordinary employment at home. His uniforms become saturated with mud and are so often placed in containers for cleaning that they soon disintegrate. When it comes to shoes our warriors have the best in the world. They cost the Government five dollars per pair in million lots, and a soldier at the Front wears out one pair per month. In the matter of food it has been determined that the soldier eats twenty-five per cent more than the ordinary laborer at home.

This is the result of strenuous exercise and an enormous amount of work. The man who carries a 70-pound pack on his back must consume lots of fuel to do it.

I have referred briefly to the enormous amount of steel consumed at the Battle of Verdun, but this was far less per man and per unit of time than is being used at present on the Flanders Front. At times of intense bombardment it is not now unusual for one side or the other to land ten big shells per second on a single crest or point of attack. In only one hour such a degree of artillery activity would use up about 1800 tons of steel or 7200 tons of coal. Think what such a bombardment amounts to when extended over several miles of Front!

Illustrating the great difference between war to-day and the conflicts of years ago it is interesting to note that Germany used only 650,000 shells in the entire Franco-Prussian War, whereas that many shells were consumed in 78 minutes by the Germans in commencing their big offensive on the Western Front, March twenty-first. The greatest expenditure of ammunition is undoubtedly in the small shells—those of the three-inch variety. One of these small shells contains 20 pounds of steel and has consumed

(Continued on Page 65)

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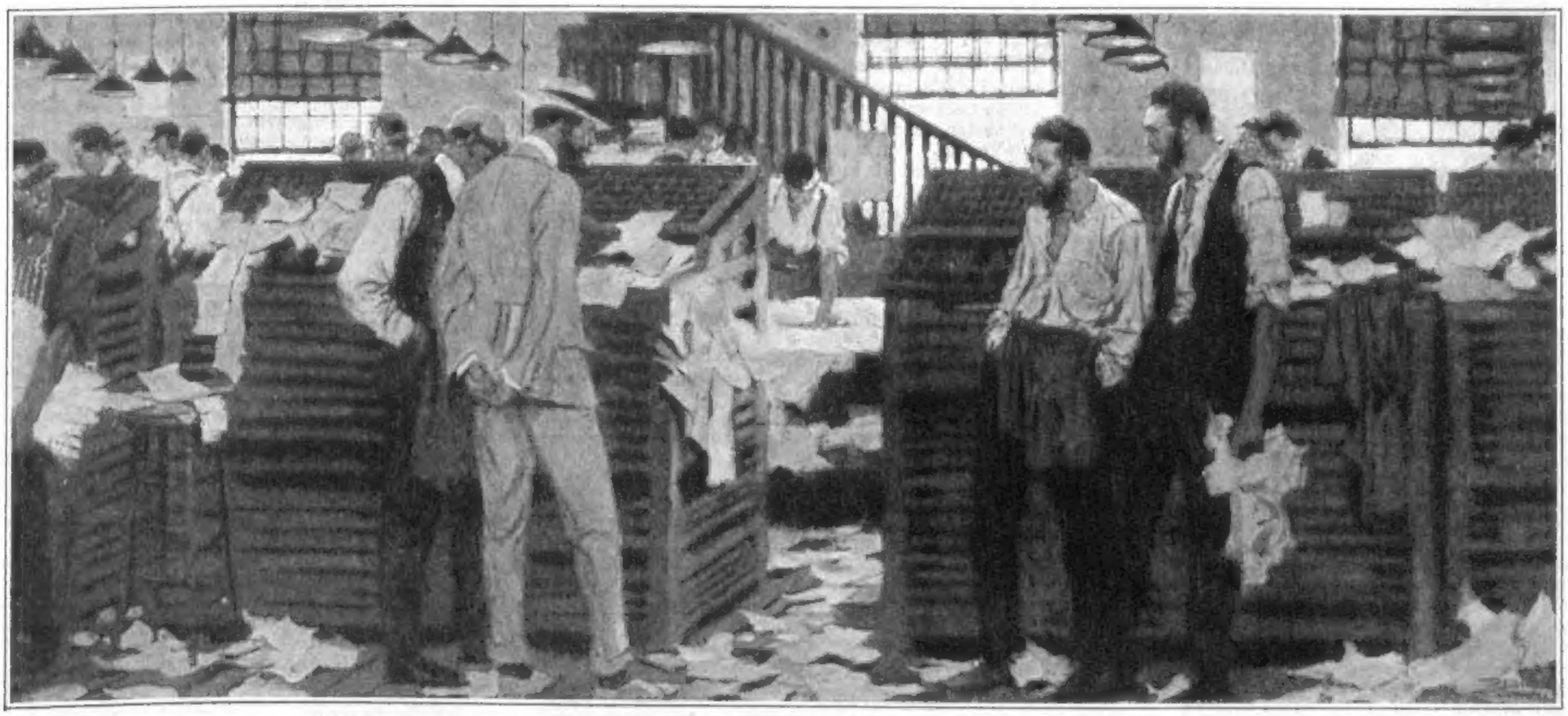
Inside View of the Machine Shop of a Plant for Making Artillery

THE FIRE FLINGERS



"I Give You Three Minutes to Forget You Were Ever in This Building. We Don't Want You Here! Beat It!"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

RICHARD HATTON, of bad reputation, straightened the lapels of his polished green coat and adjusted his travel-worn hat. He was about to inquire at the Olwell Press for work. Richard was not alone—Chris Cotteril, in equally bad repute, was with him. The two men were entirely without funds; they had spent their last twenty cents for doughnuts and coffee at a lunch counter near the yards. And they were strangers in the city; they had arrived on the morning freight by brake beam.

The Olwell Press, of which they were about to solicit employment, was one of the largest industries in Borealis. Its bookkeeping forms were known nationally. It did a wide business in the finer grades of catalogue printing also. It was always needing printers.

Now, Richard Hatton and Chris Cotteril were excellent printers. Their training had been of the Benjamin Franklin kind, embracing all branches of the art. Either of them could set up a modern title page, or lay out a color job, or earn good wages at piecework; either of them could operate a linotype composing machine; either of them could make ready a half-tone cut for a four-roller cylinder press.

Unfortunately, however, they had gained their experience in a prison printing office. But that was in the past. They had changed their names and were now beginning life anew in a distant state.

"This is an ethical experiment," said Richard, his cultivated tones contrasting oddly with his appearance. "Two strangers desire to know whether they are honest."

"We know we're honest."

"But do we? We know we're sentimental about honesty, but are we honest at heart?"

"We've had our lesson," said Chris.

The lesson consisted of five years' imprisonment in San Quentin Penitentiary.

"I sometimes wonder if we have."

"You haven't lost your nerve, partner?"

"Only my moral self-confidence."

Richard Hatton, or, as he now called himself, Richard Jones, was a man of thirty-seven. His hair, dark grayish brown in color, was long, thick and of fine texture; his eyebrows were full and bushy; his beard was heavy. His beard and eyebrows were a shade or two lighter than his hair and had more red in them, but they also would have been described as grayish brown. His eyes, somewhat darker, were clear, bright and intelligent. He had what would be called a good brow. His cheeks, mouth and chin were so far concealed by his beard that an observer could only have guessed what they were. Richard was distinctly above the average in stature, and was well-muscled and tough, although light-boned.

Chris was younger, smaller, stronger, darker, his bones were larger, his hair thinner, his brow narrower and lower. He was markedly different in temper as well. Richard was cool and thoughtful; Chris, hot-headed and active, wished always to act first and think afterward.

Richard Hatton had learned the printing trade as a boy in his father's printing office. Later he had been sent to college to be made into a lawyer. His mind, however, was not what is known as the legal mind. He was not interested in Blackstone's interesting distinctions. He could not instinctively place his finger upon the weakness or strength of a law case. His interest lay rather in amateur dramatics. He had a pleasing and responsive voice, was a good mimic, had a keen instinct for theatrical values, was resourceful; and by the time he had reached his junior year he was the star of his little world. He justified these interests by saying that as he intended to become a criminal lawyer his dramatic experience would help him in pleading cases before juries.

But when he came to practice he did not subordinate them so. On the contrary he gave more and more attention to theatricals, and after making a feeble attempt at attracting clients in Sacramento joined a stock company in San Francisco and became a professional actor.

It was here that he became acquainted with Christopher Cotteril. Later, when both began to realize that there was no future for them as actors, Richard again opened his Sacramento law office, taking Chris with him as clerk. Chris, who had only a high-school education, was to read law in Richard's office and later be admitted to the bar by examination.

Then came the struggle for existence, the promising promotion scheme, involvement, the desperate chance, the collapse, prison, the new trade. And now they were in Borealis.

"Here's to a job," said Richard, his hand on the doorknob.

"Here's hoping," said Chris.

It would seem that they could hardly have selected a better city in which to begin life anew, nor a better time, nor a better trade, nor a better shop, nor better names. They had placed six months and some thousands of miles between themselves and the windbitten walls of San Quentin. They had changed their appearance; they thought they had changed it so completely as to be all but unrecognizable from photographs or descriptions. They had changed their names. They were new men.

Passing in through the door of the job room they found themselves on familiar ground. Men in shirt sleeves were flitting back and forth between case stands, or bending over stones, or building upside-down type structures on galleys. The air was pungent with the smell of printing ink and stale tobacco. The click of linotype machines round the corner could be heard. And from overhead came the rumble that they recognized as of power paper cutters thrown into and out of clutch.

They closed the door behind them and advanced into the room. No one paid any attention to them. Bearded faces and threadbare clothes are not so rare in Borealis as to be screamingly noticeable.

Toward the center of the room a boy of fourteen was inking a galley with a brayer preparatory to pulling a proof. Richard, as the older, was spokesman.

"Where is the foreman?"

Like most of his race, the galley boy was interested in strangers. Itinerant printers to a printer's devil are like ships from distant ports.

"Printers?" he asked.

"Job men."

"What town?"

"We've been over in Iowa."

He gazed at them in admiration; he himself had never been outside of Borealis.

"Mr. Olwell does all the hiring now," he told them. "You'll have to see him. Joe Dean was foreman, but he quit. He wasn't sober enough, and Mr. Olwell I guess put a mustard plaster on his neck or something, and he quit."

"Is this man Olwell the superintendent?"

"Owner," said the boy. "Owner, superintendent, foreman, paymaster—everything."

Richard turned to Chris.

"That means: First, we have to find the proprietor's office; second, we will sit down in two mahogany chairs and twiddle our best hats between our fingers while he asks us questions about our family trees; and third, you and I descend to the street on tiptoe, thinking what we've seen and missed."

The boy grinned at them cheerfully.

"It won't be so bad as you think. First, Mr. Olwell isn't in his office; second, he needs printers; and third, you'd never have gotten near his office anyhow, because his secretary would have stopped you. Mr. Olwell always comes outside to hire his help."

"Where can we find him?"

"He just went among the linotypes round the corner there."

Richard also inquired how they should know him when they saw him.

"He's a man about your size," replied the boy; "but the best way to tell him is by his hat. The rest all wear their hats on hooks on the wall. He wears his on his head."

Possessing this fairly full information the two printers passed on and found the owner of the establishment among the linotypes, without having to seek him in his office. As the boy had suggested, the hat would have been sufficient identification. But the coat would have done just as well. Or his flaring banker's beard. For the owner of the Olwell Press also wore a full beard.

It must be said that Olwell's beard was as different in appearance from that worn by Richard Jones or Christopher Smith as long-stemmed roses are from short.

The Crash Was Followed Within Three Seconds by the Slamming of the Front Door as Winifred Left

Olwell's beard was carefully trimmed and parted. It must have been called distinguished by anyone. Richard and Chris wore beards that were merely beards—grizzled, plebeian, shapeless.

Olwell's questions were brief and to the point. "Job men, are you? Where from?"

"Des Moines," said Richard truthfully; for they had spent a day in Des Moines.

"Can you set box headings?" he asked Chris.

"I used to set box headings with my toes when I was a boy. Both of us. We can set anything." This was slightly stretched, but it had truth in it. Richard had worked in a printing office as a boy, but not Chris.

"Oh, Trevis!" called Olwell.

A youth hardly out of his teens crossed the room at the summons. Richard and Chris understood that he was Olwell's confidential man in that department.

"Show these men where to hang their hats and coats and put them to work on some of that loose-leaf stuff. They say they can set box headings."

"With our toes," repeated Chris.

"If they can't, kick them downstairs with your toes."

The men dutifully laughed at their employer's rough jest. Trevis found them stands, galleys and job sticks, and oriented them with respect to the lead and slug racks and the type they would need. The stands he gave them were side by side. They lost no time in getting to work. A few minutes later the father of the chapel appeared and asked them about their Union affiliations. They had no cards naturally; but as Olwell's was an open shop they were not disturbed on that account. They told Daddy Chapel, as they had told Olwell, that they were from Des Moines.

They received their copy shortly before eight. By eleven o'clock they had proved their jobs and gone to Trevis for new copy. The twelve-o'clock bell found them happily employed and with half a day's wages already earned. As far as they could see there was not a cloud in their sky.

The thing that happened broke so suddenly that it was upon them before they knew that it threatened. A detective named Egan, from Sacramento, had arrived in Borealis the afternoon before to have a peep at the inmates of the jail. He was looking for the murderer Burnson; someone in Chicago had heard that a man answering Burnson's description had been arrested in Borealis. The arrested man proved to be a stranger. But on his way to the station the next morning Egan had happened to pass the little lunch counter as Richard and Chris were leaving. He had no time to notify the police just then; but when he reached Chicago he telephoned down to Chief of Police Burly, stating that he had seen Richard Hatton and Chris Cotteril in Borealis, and gave their records. They could be identified readily by their beards, by their weather-beaten appearance, and by the fact that Hatton was tall and rangy and Cotteril shorter.

The city of Borealis was not so large that two strangers as distinctly marked as they could long pass out of sight. At noon Richard and Chris left the building with the other employees. Before they had gone two blocks they were recognized, Sergeant Powers trailing them back to their work.

Olwell was unnecessarily brutal about it. He went at once to the job room and confronted the unfortunates.

"What did you say you were named?" he asked.

"I am Richard Jones; my partner here is Christopher Smith."

"How long have you worked at the trade?"

"Over five years."

"Where did you learn printing?"

"We're still learning," replied Richard evasively. "If you mean where have we been working—we came in from Des Moines, Iowa."

"Where were you working a year ago?" asked Olwell coldly.

Richard flushed and hesitated. He knew in that moment that the blow they were dreading was about to fall. Olwell's eye was hostile. He could see in it no slightest sign of kindly sympathy.

"In California," he replied.

"In San Quentin?"

"Yes, sir."

Olwell raised his voice so that the entire room could hear him.

"You are two beautiful liars! Richard Jones! Christopher Smith! Christopher Grandmother!"

He called to Trevis, whose ears were already pricked forward.

"Oh, Trevis! Look here a minute!" And when Trevis drew near: "This man is Richard Hatton, an ex-convict from California. Look at him closely! And this other is Chris Cotteril, also an ex-convict from California. Prison rats, both of them! They're fired without pay!"

"We've worked half a day for you, sir," said Chris. "You can't turn us off this way without our money that we've earned."

"Oh, can't I? I've already done it!"

"Pay us our money and we'll go."

"That's it," added Richard. "Pay us our money."

Olwell stepped back and looked at them with a glance so malignantly ugly as to be ludicrous. Neither of the men he faced felt disposed to laugh, however. Their situation was too serious.

"Pay us our money!" insisted Chris menacingly.

"When I find a louse on my coat I brush it off," said Olwell. "I don't pay it and then brush it off. I brush it off."

The studied insult went to Chris's head. He took a step forward. Richard, as the older and cooler of the two, restrained him. That is to say, he restrained him from offering physical violence—he was unable to restrain his tongue.

"Pay us what you owe us or I'll ——"

"What will you do?"

"I'll get my money's worth! I'll ——"

"Threats, eh?"

"I'll lay for you outside! I'll—I'll ——"

"This won't do, Chris. You don't know what you're saying."

"I'll get you, you cheat! I'll sure get you, you petty thief! I'll get you! I sure will!"

Olwell turned to Trevis, speaking loudly so that the others in the room could hear him.

"Remember that, Trevis! This jailbird is threatening my life!" He turned to Richard: "I give you three minutes to forget you were ever in this building. We don't want you here! Beat it!"

And closing the interview he turned and marched down the room to his office.

Richard looked at Chris and Chris at him. Then they laid their sticks across their copy, found their hats and coats, and without another word left the building.

"He had the drop on us, Chris," said Richard as they reached the street.

"I suppose I was foolish to threaten him."

"You were; not because you were not justified, but because of the position you would be in if anything happened to him. The police would have the drop on you."

"On both of us, I'm afraid, partner."

But Richard changed the subject.

"I wonder who tipped him off," he mused.

II

RICHARD OLWELL sometimes dined at home, sometimes not, according to his humor. Sometimes he was early, sometimes late. If he had thought he could inconvenience his wife by his tardiness he would always have been late. But they no longer dined together. The only person he inconvenienced was Ellen. There was, indeed, one other; when he was late he inconvenienced himself, for a warmed-up dinner is not and cannot be very appetizing.

On this Monday night Winifred Olwell waited until she was sure he would not come. Then she told Ellen to clear the table.

"He's probably detained at the office."

Ellen, who had been a maid in the house for years, curled her pretty lips in scorn. Ellen was twenty-three.

"He's probably dining at Brimmer's restaurant with that proofreader, if you ask my opinion."

"You mean the woman ——"

"Yes, ma'am; that one. Proofreader!"

"You surely know that Mr. Olwell's actions are nothing to me, Ellen," replied Winifred.

She was not speaking merely for effect when she said this. She had been separated from her husband for years. As far as her interest was concerned he was less than a stranger. When a color fades it fades white. A friendship that was is less than an acquaintance that is, because unfaded acquaintance is potentially friendship, whereas faded friendship is potentially nothing. Indifference has no future.

No one would have thought, looking at her, that Winifred was a disillusioned wife. She was only twenty-four, and looked to be hardly more than twenty. She was small, dainty, almost fragile; but her face had in it the glow of young health, her arms were round and firm, her hand capable. Her delicately chiseled brow was surmounted by hair so fine and lustrous that it caught the light and seemed to hold it imprisoned, although it was almost black. Gray eyes opened wide, piquant nose and chin, tender, smiling lips—her features were those of a girl on the threshold of womanhood rather than those of a woman five years married.

But she was disillusioned as regards Richard Olwell. She had married, when only nineteen, a man of thirty-one from the city. He had seemed to her girlish imagination everything that a man should be. She had discovered that he was everything a man should not be. She did not leave him—she was opposed to divorce, and, besides, had foolishly allowed him to invest her money in his business. But after a while they agreed to live apart.

As Winifred stood in the dining-room door talking to Ellen a knocking was heard outside in the kitchen. Someone was rapping upon the back door. Winifred hesitated. It had grown quite dark; the gardener had gone home for the night; only she and Ellen were in the house.

"See who it is," she said after a moment.

Ellen went back into the kitchen and opened the door. The light from the room fell upon two men on the back porch. They were not well dressed; the clothing of the older indeed was all but disreputably ancient and ill-fitting. She noticed that they removed their hats instead of merely touching the brims with apologetic thumb and forefinger.

"We are not tramps, madam," began the older in a pleasing voice, "but hungry men out of luck. Would it be possible to let us work for our supper?"

Ellen was quite sure it would not be possible. There was no work they could do, and besides Mr. Olwell had made it a rule not to feed anybody. She did not use the language of the rule. It included profanity and the word "hoboes."

"We are not particular what work you give us. We could wash windows, or even dishes. We're very hungry."

The words touched her imagination as a reference to man's work would not have done. They were polite; they were hungry; she was sorry for them; Mr. Olwell was off down town. She asked them to wait for a moment while she inquired.

"Two poor men, ma'am," she reported to Mrs. Olwell, "asking for a chance to earn their supper by washing windows."

"Has James gone home?"

"We'll Have to Lift Him Inside. We Can't Leave Him Here"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I don't approve of feeding tramps."

"They don't talk like ordinary tramps. They said they were out of luck and hungry. They spoke and acted very nice, ma'am."

"I'd be sorry to turn away anyone who was really hungry," said Winifred. "Have them come in."

Ellen carried them the verdict. A moment later Richard Hatton and Chris Cotteril, six months out of San Quentin and six hours out of employment, were standing in Winifred Olwell's dining room under the eyes of its mistress.

Winifred waited for them to speak.

"My name is Hatton, ma'am," explained Richard.

He used his own name; the disaster of the morning had rendered his assumed name useless.

"And my name is Cotteril."

"I'm ashamed to say that we're hungry. We wondered whether we couldn't scrub floors or wash windows for you in exchange for a slice of bread apiece and permission to sleep in your barn."

"You talk like educated men," said Winifred.

A look of pain that included self-contempt and shame came into Richard's eyes.

"I have had both college and professional training, ma'am, strange as it may seem. Law. In addition I served during some years as an actor. My partner also. He is a high-school graduate, a law student and a former actor."

"Misfortune levels all hills, ma'am," said Chris.

"If that's the case ——"

Winifred checked herself, but her meaning was obvious. If that was the case, why were they standing in rags in a strange house asking for bread?

Richard, replying, indicated his clothes by a gesture.

"Why these clothes? I was disbarred."

"You both look strong and vigorous. Why don't you work at something else? Surely no industrious man need go hungry?"

"If we were to tell you—you wouldn't let us wash your windows."

"Oh, but I will!"

"It's because we have prison records."

"We're ex-convicts, ma'am," said Chris. "Six months out of San Quentin, in California."

Winifred could not keep from showing her dismay. Possibly a slight element of fear entered into her feeling. At any rate she found herself shrinking from them. She almost instantly caught herself, however.

"I'm sorry," she said simply. And then, after a moment, "What did you do?"

Richard shook his head sadly.

"It would sound too much like a whine for me to try to explain to you, ma'am."

"We took our medicine," added Chris. "We served our term. All that ought to be in the past. But it isn't."

Richard went on to explain.

"We tried to disguise ourselves by growing beards, but somebody from the Coast saw us, and now the beards merely serve to give the police an easy description of us. So that it's hard for us to get work. People don't like to change their minds, ma'am. They'd rather change the facts.

"We believe we're honest—as far as we know, we are. But we can't be sure, of course. We want to be and we're trying to be. But people like to tie their tag into your buttonhole with their name for you on it—and, after that, that's your name, and nothing you can do during this life will change it.

"No one wants to hire a former convict."

"Especially in our trade, ma'am," said Chris. "We're printers."

"You see, we learned printing in prison, so that we can't very well join the Union. That means, we have no trade union back of us."

"Why did you come to Borealis?" asked Winifred.

"The Olwell Press."

Winifred exchanged glances with Ellen.

"We worked there for a while to-day, until someone told Mr. Olwell who we were."

"Mr. Olwell discharged you?"

"Yes."

Rare or Well Done! It Was a Simple Question, but a Clanging Bell Would Not Have Startled the Hungry Men as Much

"He wouldn't even pay us for the time we worked," said Chris. "That's why we're hungry."

"We worked all morning without pay."

Winifred's indignation rose into her eyes.

"Oh, it's unfair!" she cried.

"Then the police set a man trailing us. That kept us out of getting anything else. We only dodged him a little while ago."

"But why?" asked Winifred.

"The police? I suspect they're trying to drive us out of town."

"I see. Dangerous criminals."

"I don't know that I blame them."

"What I don't understand is how you should have happened to come to this house. Did you know that this was Mr. Olwell's house?"

Richard looked at Chris, and Chris at Richard.

"We knew it. We inquired."

"I suppose," added Richard hesitatingly, "it was because he owed us money."

"We were trying to get even with him," said Chris.

Winifred abruptly indicated chairs.

"Certainly you should have your supper. Sit down at the table. Ellen will find you something to eat."

"Do you like your roast beef rare or well done?" asked Ellen. It was a simple question, but a clanging bell would not have startled the hungry men as much. No one ever asks a tramp how he will have his roast beef.

Richard was the first to express his choice.

"Well done, please."

"And you?"

"Rare, for me, please," said Chris.

"Baked potato or hashed brown?"

"I haven't had a baked potato for years," replied Richard.

"Baked. And you?"

"I'd like baked potato too."

"Coffee, tea or milk?"

Again the men sought each other's eyes. The thing might have happened in their dreams.

But Winifred interrupted before they could make up their minds and reply.

Ellen was not used to this kind of work. She was talking to them as though they were errand boys and she a restaurant waitress behind a counter.

"Bring them everything that's hot," she said. "Then brew them some fresh coffee, and place a big pitcher of milk on the table. Perhaps if they're tired they'd like both coffee and milk. And cut some fresh bread for them, Ellen. This is dry."

She added a dish of salad from the sideboard while Ellen went into the kitchen for the hot dishes.

"Why did you say you believed you were honest? Why did you say you couldn't be sure? Don't you know whether you are honest or not?"

"How can we know?" asked Richard. "How can we, until we know what honesty is."

"Don't you know that?"

"We know that it's dishonest to steal a man's money or his automobile, and that it isn't dishonest to steal his time or his name. But suppose I needed his automobile to save a man's life and took it—would that be dishonest? We know that it's dishonest to break into a man's house in the mountains and take a ham. But suppose I were starving, and nobody at home, and I left money to pay for the ham—would that be dishonest? Or suppose I were cold and took his blankets for the night and returned them the next morning unharmed—would that be dishonest?"

Richard paused and smiled.

"I'm giving you a wrong impression of us, I'm afraid. We are not cynics and not apologists. We took an ugly chance and were caught. We deserved our punishment. The point I'm trying to make is, up to the moment when we took that chance we believed we were absolutely honest. But we weren't. We steered too close to the edge and went over the cliff. We believe we're honest now. We hope we are. But maybe we're not. Perhaps we'll steer too close again. Or perhaps it will be something else. Cynics sometimes say that every man has his price. I don't believe it. Still it may be true, and we may have our price. We don't know. That's what I meant."

"I think that honesty must lie in the intention," said Winifred. "If you intend to be honest, then you are."

Richard and Chris, seeing that she was on the point of leaving the room, rose in their places.

"We can't hope to repay you for this kindness," began Richard, "but we are grateful beyond words."

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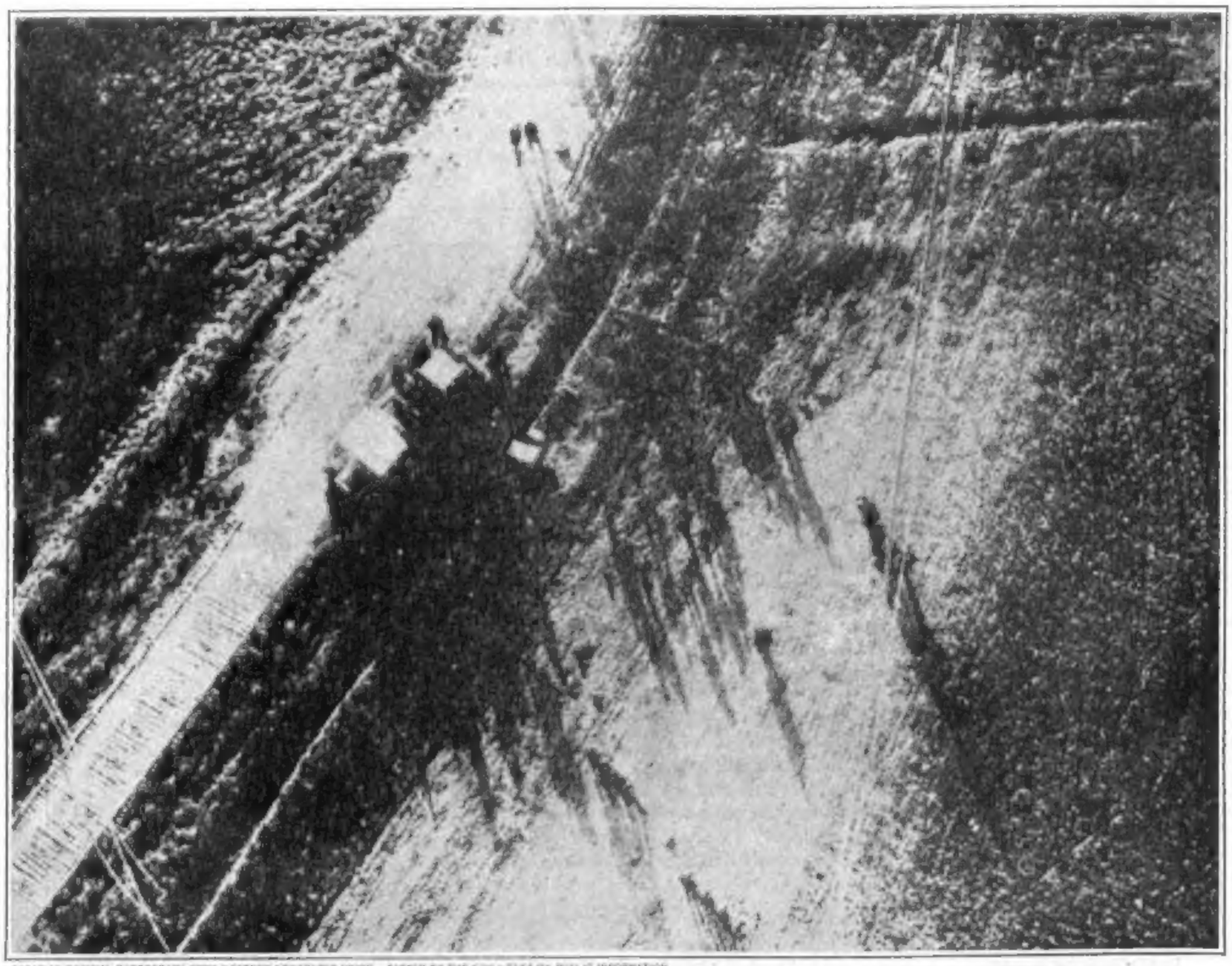
HAPPY LANDINGS—By Irvin S. Cobb



CANADIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH FROM WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION. ISSUED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

A Broken Road, Taken From a Kite Balloon. In the Center of the Picture May be Seen a Windlass Used in Hauling Down the Balloon

INSIDE the German lines at the start of the war I met Ingold, then the first ace of the German aërial outfit; only the Germans did not call them aces in those days of the beginnings of things. The party to which I was attached spent the better part of a day as guests of Herr Hauptmann Ingold and his mates. Later we heard of his death in action aloft.

Coming over for this present excursion I crossed on the same steamer with the Bishop of Canada—a major of His Britannic Majesty's forces at twenty-two, and at twenty-three the bearer of the Victoria Cross and of every other honor almost that King George bestows for valor and distinguished service, which means dangerous service. I have forgotten how many boche machines this young man had, to date, accounted for. Whether the number was forty-seven or fifty-seven I am not sure. I doubt if the Bishop himself knew the exact figure.

At Paris, after my arrival, and at various places along the Front I have swapped talk and smoking tobacco with sundry more or less well-known members of the Lafayette Escadrille and with unattached aviators of repute and proved ability. From each of these men and from all of them—Germans, Americans, Britishers and Frenchmen—I brought away an impression of the light-hearted gallantry, the modesty and the exceeding great competency which appear to be the outstanding characteristics of those who do their fighting—and, in a great many instances, their dying—in the air. It was almost as though the souls of these men had been made cleaner and as though their spirits had been made to burn with a whiter flame by reason of the purer element in which they carried on the bulk of their appointed share in this war business. You somehow felt that when they left the earth they shook off from their feet a good part of the dirt of the earth. I do not mean to imply that they had become superhuman, but that they had acquired, along with their training for a special and particularized calling, some touch of the romanticism that attached to the ancient and dutiful profession of knight-errantry.

The Ironies of Modern Warfare

NOR is this hard to understand. For a fact the flying men are to-day the knights-errant of the armies. To them are destined opportunities for individual achievement and for individual initiative and very often for individual sacrifice such as are denied the masses of performers in this war, which in so many respects is a clandestine war and which in nearly all respects is an anonymous war. I think sometimes that, more even than the abject stupidity of the enterprise, it is the entire taking-away of the drama—the color of theatricalism, the pomp and the circumstance, the fuss and the feathers—that will make war an exceedingly unpopular institution for future generations, as it has been an exceedingly unprofitable if a highly necessary one for this present generation. When the planet has been purged of militarism, the parent sin of the whole sinful and monstrous thing, I am convinced that the sordid, physically filthy drabness that now envelops the machinery of it will be as potent an agency as the spreading of the doctrine of democracy in curing civilized mankind of any desire to make war for war's sake rather than for freedom and justice.

One has only to see it at first hand in this fourth year of conflict to realize how completely war has been translated out of its former elements. It is no longer an exciting outdoor sport for fox-chasing gentlemen in bright-red coats; no longer a seasonal diversion for cross-country riders in buckskin breeches. It is a trade for expert accountants, for civil-engineering sharps, for rule of thumb, for pick and shovel and the land surveyor's instruments. As the outward romance of it has vanished away, in the same proportion the amount of manual labor necessary to accomplish any desired object has increased until it is nearly all work and mighty little play—a combination which makes Jack a dull boy and makes war a far duller game than it used to be. Of course the chances for heroic achievements, for the development and the exercise of the traits of courage and steadfastness and disciplined energy, are as frequent as ever they were, but generally speaking the picturesqueness with which mankind always has loved to invest its more heroic virtues has been obliterated—flattened under the steam roller.

To the average soldier is denied the prospect of ever meeting face to face the foe with whom he contends. For every man who with set jaw climbs the top to sink his teeth, figuratively or actually, in the embodied enemy, there are a dozen who toil and moil far back behind in manual labors of the most exacting and exhausting forms imaginable. A night raid is a variety of sublimated burglary, better adapted to the temperament of the prowler and the poacher than to the upstanding soldier man's instincts. If there be fear of gas he adds to the verisimilitude of the imitation by hiding his face behind a mask as though he were a footpad. If a battle be a massacre, which generally it is, then intermittent fighting is merely organized and systematized assassination.

By stealth, by trick and device, by artificial expedients smacking of the allied schools of the housebreaker and the highwayman, things are accomplished that once upon a bygone time eventuated from brawn, plus powder, plus chilled steel. Trench work means setting a man to dig in the mud a hole that may become his grave, and frequently does. He spends his days in a shallow crevice in the earth and his nights in a somewhat deeper one, called a dugout. He combines in his customary life the habits of the boring grub and the habits of the blind man, with a touch of the mine mule thrown in.

Once in a while he stings like a puff-adder, but not often. The infantryman plies a spade a week for every hour that he pumps a rifle. The cavalryman is more apt to be driving a truck or tramping long roads than riding a horse. The artilleryman sets up his pieces miles behind the line and fires at the indirect target of an invisible foe, without the poor satisfaction of being able to tell, with his eyes, whether he scored a hit or a miss. A sum in arithmetic is his guide and a telephone operator is his mentor. Mayhap some day a hostile shell descends out of a clear sky upon his battery; and then the men are mess and the guns are scrap and that is all there is to that small chapter of the great tale of the war.

The bomber who spends months learning how to cast the grenade may never get a chance to cast one except in practice. A man fights for his flag but doesn't see it when the action starts, for then it is furled. The regimental band plays him off to church service but not into the battle. When the battle begins the bandmen have exchanged their horns for the handles of a litter, becoming stretcher bearers. The general wears no epaulets. He wears a worried look brought on by dealing o' nights with strategic problems out of a book. The modern thin red line is a thing done in bookkeeper's ink on a ruled form. So it goes. The bubble reputation is won, not at the cannon's mouth, but across a desk top in a shellproof fox den far from where the cannon are. The gallant six hundred do not ride into the jaws of death. Numbering many times six hundred, they advance afoot, creeping at a pallbearer's pace behind a barrage fire. So it keeps on going.

The Newest Wing of the Service

IN ONLY one wing of the service, and that the newest of all the wings, is there to be found a likeness to the chivalry and the showiness of these other times. The aviator is the one exception to a common rule. To him falls the great adventure. He goes jousting in the blue lists of the sky, helmeted and corseleted like a crusader of old. His lance is a spitting machine gun. His steed is a twentieth-century Pegasus, with wings of fine linen and guts of tried steel. Thousands of envying eyes follow him as he steers his single course to wage his single combat, and if he takes his death up there it is a clean, quick, merciful death high above the muck and mire and jets of noxious laboratory fumes where the rest take theirs.

Even the surroundings of the birdman's nest are physically more attractive than the habitat of his brother at arms who bides below. I can think of nothing homelier in outline or color than the shelters—sometimes of planking, sometimes of corrugated iron, sometimes of earth—in which the soldiers hide here in France. The field hospital is apt to be a distressingly plain structure of unpainted boards with sandbags banked against it.

I have seen a general's headquarters in an underground tunnel that was like an overgrown badger's nest, with nothing outwardly to distinguish it from a similar row of tunnels except that it had a lettered sign over its damp and dripping mouth.

Tents, which have a certain picturesque quality when grouped, are rarely seen here in this closely settled Europe, where nearly always there are enough roofed and walled buildings to provide billets for the troops, however numerous. Instead of tents there are occasionally jumbles of makeshift barracks, and more often haphazard colonies of sheds serving as garages or as supply depots or as offices or as what not. War, which in itself is so ugly a thing, seems to possess the facility of making ugly its accessories before and after the fact.

(Continued on Page 69)

Red Gap and the Big-League Stuff

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

I WAITED beside Ma Pettengill at the open door of the Arrowhead ranch house. It was a moment of tranquil expectancy; presently we would be summoned to the evening meal. Down by the barn a tired janizary pumped water into a trough for two tired mules still in harness. Halfway down the lane, before a mirror tacked to the wall beside the bunk-house door, two men hurriedly combed their damp hair. Blackbirds were still noisy in the poplars. In the field at our left a lazy lot of white-faced cattle, large and placid, lolled or grazed on the new spring grass.

Surveying these cattle with a fond eye—had she not that day refused all of three hundred and twenty-five dollars a head for a score of these pure-bred cows?—my hostess read me a brief lecture on the superior fleshing disposition of the Hereford. No better rustler under range conditions, said she, accumulating flesh at all ages, storing it in seasons of plenty to draw on in seasons of want. Hadn't I noticed how common cows got paunchy and how well the fat was distributed on the pure-breds?

I had not noticed, cows being more or less cows to me, but I was prepared to look with deep respect upon any cow for which three hundred and twenty-five dollars could be sanely refused, and I now did so. I was told that I forgot their calves, which would be worth a hundred and sixty dollars the day they were weaned. This made it all more impressive. I looked respectfully again at the bulky creatures, though listening too for the stealthy-stepping Lew Wee; a day in the thin spring air along a rocky trout stream had made even cattle on the hoof suggestive.

Ma Pettengill with a last proud look at her jewels swept the panoramic camera of her eye round to the blacksmith shop on our right. Before it were strewn the mutilated remains of four wood wagons. I had lately heard the lady have words with Abner, the blacksmith, concerning repairs to these. Abner himself had few of the words. They were almost entirely his employer's. They were acutely to the effect that these here wagons would be running again before the week was out or she would know the reason why. The aggrieved Abner had tried to suggest that this reason she would know would not be the right reason at all, because wasn't he already working like a beaver? Possibly, said the lady. And beavers might be all right in their place. What she needed at this precise time was someone working like a blacksmith—someone!

Over her shoulder she had flung the word at him, blackened with emphasis.

"Anyone hurt in the runaway?" I asked, observing her glance to linger upon this snarl of wagon parts.

"Four wagons was mortally hurt," said the lady, "but of course not a mule skinner touched. Talk about charmed lives! Besides, they wasn't accidents; they was just incidents. It was part of our winter sports."

"I didn't know you had winter sports up here."

"I didn't either till I got down to Red Gap last winter and found out that was what we had been having. Here I been gritting along winter after winter, calling it work, and come to find out it's what parties go a long distance to indulge in and have to wear careful clothes for it. Yes, sir; society is mad about it. Red Gap itself was mad about it last winter, when it got a taste of the big-league stuff. Next winter I'll try to get the real sporting spirit into this gang of sedentaries up here; buy 'em uniforms and start a winter-sports club. Their ideal winter sport so far is to calk up every chink in the bunk house, fill the air-tight stove full of pitch pine and set down with a good book by Elinor Glyn. They never been at all mad about romping out in the keen frosty air that sets the blood tingling and brings back the roses to their wan cheeks.

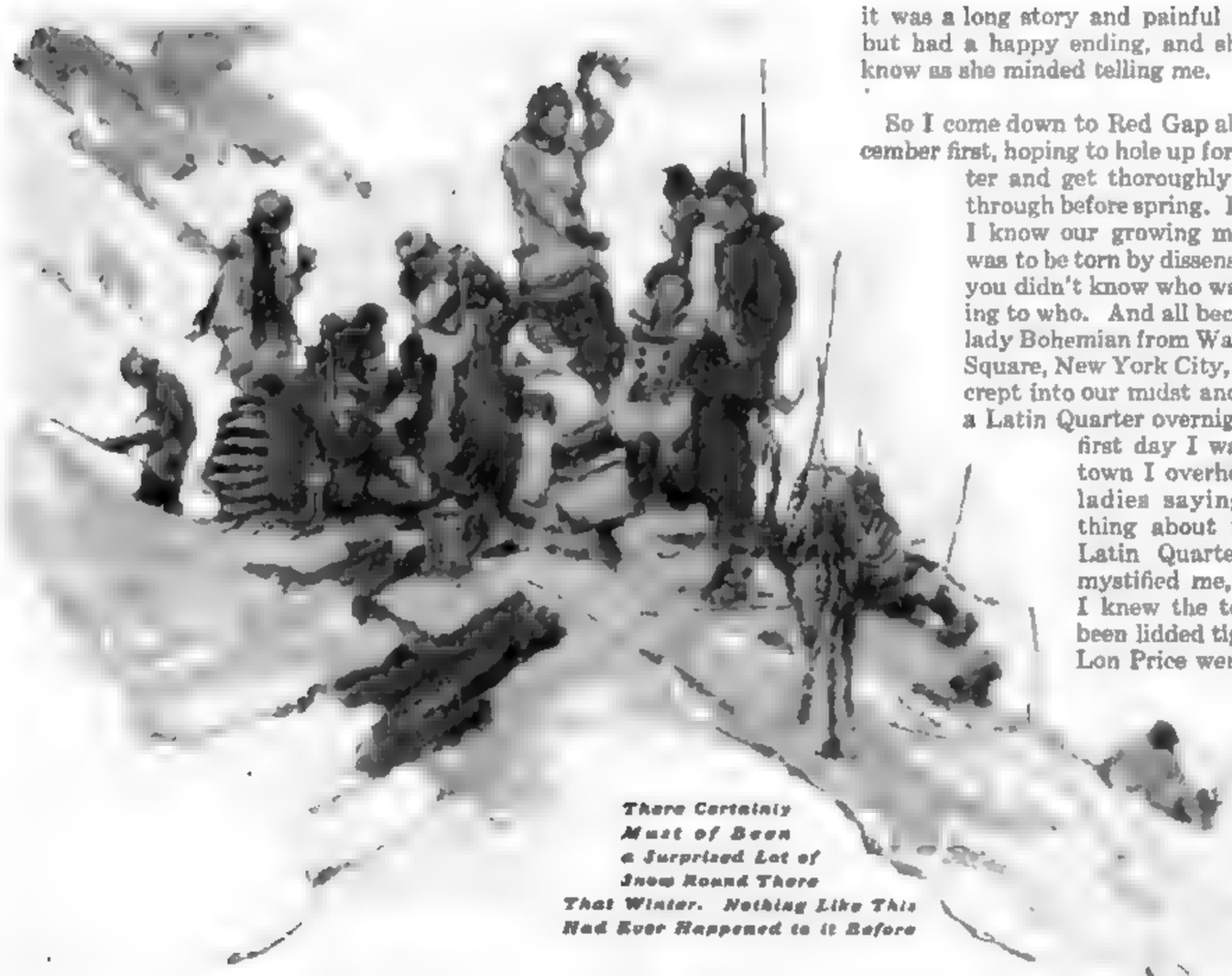
"Take last winter. Not knowing it was sport it seemed at times like toil. First it snowed early and caught a lot of my cows and calves in the mountains. While we sported round with these, working 'em down into the valley, the weather changed. It snowed harder. Just oodles of the most perfectly darling snow. Then distemper broke out among the saddle horses. Then, being already short-handed, what does the fool vaquero boss do but pick a splinter out of his thumb with a pin and get blood poison enough to lay him off? Too much trouble for cussing. I tried that out scientifically. So I had to get out and make a hand. If I heard someone say I did as much as any three of these mollycoddles up here I'd just simper in silence and look down. Only I wish I'd known it was a fashionable winter sport. I'd of been more carefree.

"Then come the best of our winter sports—wood hauling through the drifts over a rocky road down the mountains My lands, but it was jolly! On a quiet day there'd be only one runaway, one wagon fetched to the shop in sections, like a puzzle. Then another day all hands would seem to be quite mad about the sport, and nothing but the skinners and the mules would get back to camp that night—with a new outfit of harness and the hoodlum wagon going back next morning to see what could be salvaged.

"Finally we got the cows and calves home, got our wood in and started a general rodeo for the dry stock—Nature's fleecy mantle getting thicker every minute. And none of us ever suspecting that it was a sport only the wealthy have a right to. If I'd suggested building an ice palace as a sporty wind-up I'll bet the help wouldn't of took it right. Anyway, I didn't. With everything under shelter or fence at last I fled down to Red Gap, where I could lead a quiet life suitable to one of my years—where I thought I could."

From the doorway Lew Wee softly called, "You come now!" We both heard him. Inside my hostess stealthily

So Now the Latin Quarter Had Begun, and in No Time at All it Was Going Strong. There Was New Bohemians Every Day



There Certainly Must of Been a Surprised Lot of Snow Round There That Winter. Nothing Like This Had Ever Happened to It Before

closed the door upon the gentle spring night; closed and locked it. Furtively she next drew curtains over the two windows. Then, candle in hand, she went lightly across the big living room to a stern and businesslike safe that stands against the farther wall. Kneeling before this she rapidly twirled the lock to a series of mystic numbers and opened the formidable doors.

"Leave us keep the home fires burning," said she impressively, and withdrew from an exposed cavern a bottle of Scotch whisky. Standing before the safe we drank chattily. We agreed that prohibition was a good thing for the state of Washington. We said we were glad to deny ourselves for the sake of those weaker natures lacking self-control, including Mr. Bryan, whom the lady characterized as "just a waterspout."

The bottle restored to security my hostess shut the thick doors upon it and twirled the lock. Then she raised the curtains and reopened the door to the innocent spring night, after which we sat to our meatless and wheatless repast. In place of meat we sternly contented ourselves with stewed chicken, certain of the Arrowhead fowls having refused to do their bit in eggs and now paying the penalty in a crisis when something is expected from everyone. In place of wheat we merely had corn muffins of a very coaxing perfection. Even under these hardships I would patriotically practice the gospel of the clean plate.

As her exploring spoon wandered over the platter of half submerged chicken Ma Pettengill casually remarked that carefree Bohemians was always the first to suffer under prohibition, and that you couldn't have a really good Latin Quarter in a dry town. I let it go. I must always permit her certain speeches of seeming irrelevance before she will consent to tell me all. Thus a moment later as she lavished valuable butter fat upon one of the spirituelle muffins she communicated the further item that Cousin Egbert Floud still believed Bohemians was glass blowers, he having seen a troupe of such at the World's Fair. He had, it is true, known some section hands down on the narrow gauge that was also Bohemians, but Bohemians of any class at all was glass blowers, and that was an end of it. No use telling him different, once he gets an idea into his poor old head.

This too I let pass, overcome for the moment by the infatuating qualities of the chicken stew. But when appetites, needlessly inflamed by the lawless tippling, had at last been appeased and the lady had built her first cigarette I betrayed a willingness to hear more of the hinted connection between winter sports and Latin Quarters peopled by Bohemians, glass-blowing or otherwise. The woman chuckled privately through the first cigarette, adeptly fashioned another, removed to a rocking-chair before the open fire and in a businesslike fervor seized a half-knitted woolen sock, upon which she fell to work.

She now remarked that there must be along the Front millions of sweaters and wristlets and mufflers and dewdads that it looked well to knit in public, so it seemed to be up to her to supply a few pairs of socks. She said you naturally couldn't expect these here society dames that knitted in theaters and hotel corridors to be knitting anything so ugly as socks, even if they would know how to handle four needles, which they mostly wouldn't; but someone had to do it. Without the slightest change of key she added that it was a long story and painful in spots, but had a happy ending, and she didn't know as she minded telling me.

So I come down to Red Gap about December first, hoping to hole up for the winter and get thoroughly warmed through before spring. Little did I know our growing metropolis was to be torn by dissension until you didn't know who was speaking to who. And all because of a lady Bohemian from Washington Square, New York City, who had crept into our midst and started a Latin Quarter overnight. The first day I was downtown I overheard two ladies saying something about the new Latin Quarter. That mystified me, because I knew the town had been lidded tight since Lon Price went out of office as mayor. Then I meet Mrs. Judge Ballard in the Boston Cash Store and she says have I met a Miss Smith from New York who is visiting here. I said I had not. It didn't sound exciting. Some way "a Miss Smith" don't excite you overly, no matter where she hails from. So I dismissed that and went on with my shopping. Next I meet Egbert Floud, who is also down for the winter to rest beside a good coal stove, and we ask each other what's the good word and is anything new. Cousin Egbert says nothing is new in Red Gap except a Bohemian glass blower from Grinitch Village, New York. He says he ain't seen her blow glass yet, but he's going some night, because them Bohemian glass blowers down to the fair was right fascinating, and don't I think Grinitch is a bum name for a town? He says when I see this glass blower I'll feel like asking animal, vegetable or mineral, because he has seen her in the post office with Metta Bigler and she looks like a nut.

I tell the poor old zany he sounds simple-minded himself and I can't make a lick of sense out of what he's said, except I know this village ain't spelled that way. He's telling me that's the way it's spoken anyway, and about how he brought home a glass watch chain that these Bohemians blowed at the fair, when along come Metta Bigler herself and stops to shake hands, so Cousin Egbert slinks off.

I got to tell you about Metta. She's our artist; gives lessons in oil painting and burnt wood and other refinements. People can take six lessons off Metta and go home and burn all the Indian heads on leather sofa pillows that you'd ever want to see. Also she can paint a pink fish and a copper skillet and a watermelon with one slice cut out as good as anyone between here and Spokane. She's a perfectly good girl, falling on thirty, refers to herself without a pang as a bachelor girl and dresses as quiet as even a school-teacher has to in a small town.

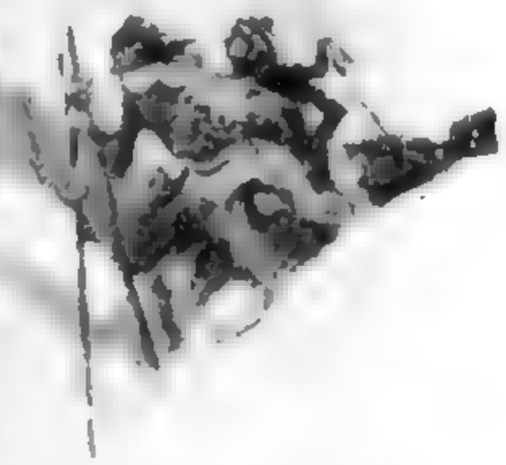
Well, Metta rushes up to me now, all glowing and girlish, and says I must come to her studio that very afternoon and meet her dear old chum, Vernabelle Smith, that is visiting her from Washington Square, New York. She and Vernabelle met when they were completing their art education in the Latin Quarter of Chicago, and Vernabelle had gone down to New York and got into all the new movements and among people who was doing things, and was now very, very advanced, being what you might call an intellectual; but I would be sure to like her because she was so delightfully Bohemian, not standing on ceremony but darting straight to the heart of life, which is so complex to most of us who live within convention's shell and never get in touch with the great throbbing center of things. She didn't say what things. It was a new line of chatter from Metta. Usually she'd have been telling me her troubles with Chinese help, or what a robber the Square Deal meat market was, or, at the most, how her fruit-and-fish piece had carried off the first prize of twenty dollars at the Kulanche County Fair.

So I say I'll be sure to look in on her and her new friend. I reckoned she must be the Miss Smith and the glass blower I'd already heard about that morning. Of course "Miss Smith" didn't sound like much, but Vernabelle Smith was different. That name Vernabelle made all the difference in the world. You sort of forgot the ensuing Smith.

That same afternoon about four P.M. I dropped round to the Bigler house. Metta's mother let me in. She's a neat and precise old lady with careful hair, but she looked scared as she let me in and led me to the door of Metta's studio, which is a big room at the back of the house. She didn't go in herself. She pulled it open and shut it on me quick, like it was a lion's den or something.

All the curtains was down, candles lighted, and the room not only hot but full of cigarette smoke and smoke from about forty of these here punk sticks that smoldered away on different perches. It had the smell of a nice hot Chinese laundry on a busy winter's night. About eight or ten people was huddled round the couch, parties I could hardly make out through this gas attack, and everyone was gabbling. Metta come forward to see who it was, then she pulled something up out of the group and said "Meet dear Vernabelle."

Well, she was about Metta's age, a short thirty, a kind of a slaty blonde with bobbed hair—she'd been roached fore and aft—and dressed mostly in a pale-blue smock and no stockings. Nothing but sandals. I could hardly get my eyes off her feet at first. Very few of our justly famous sex can afford to brave the public gaze without their stockings on. Vernabelle could ill afford it. She was skinny, if you know what I mean, lots of tendons and so forth, though I learned later that Vernabelle called it being willowy. She had slaty-gray eyes and a pale dramatic face with long teeth and a dignified and powerful-looking nose. She was kind of hungry-looking or soulful or something. And she wore about two yards of crockery necklace that rattled when she moved. Sounded like that Chinaman with his dishes out there in the kitchen. I learned later that this was art jewelry.



Vernabelle greeted me with many contortions like she was taking an exercise and said she had heard so much about me and how interesting it was to meet one who did things. I said I was merely in the cattle business. She said "How perfect!" and clasped her hands in ecstasy over the very idea. She said I was by way of being the ideal type for it. And did I employ real cowboys; and they too must be fascinating, because they did things. I said they did if watched; otherwise not. And did I acquire an ascendancy over their rough natures. I said we quickly parted forever if I didn't do that. Then she clanked across to the couch, where she set down on her feet. I give her credit for that much judgment. That girl never did just plain set down. It was either on one foot or on both feet, or she draped herself along the furniture to show how willowy she could be without its hurting.

She now lighted a new cigarette from her old one and went on telling the fish-faces about her how little color she had found here. She said we was by way of being a mere flat expanse in dull tints. But what could be expected of a crude commercialism where the arts was by way of being starved. Ah, it was so different from dear old Washington Square, where one was by way of being at the heart of life. It took me some time to get this by-way-of-being stuff, but the others was eating it up. Metta Bigler hovered round proud as Lucifer and trying to smoke for the first time in her life, though making poor work of it, like she was eating the cigarette and every now and then finding bits she couldn't swallow, and holding it off at arm's length in between bites. Mrs. Henrietta Templeton Price was making better work of the cigarettes, and Beryl Mae Macomber, a wealthy young society heiress and débutante, aged seventeen, was saying that she had always felt this lack in Red Gap and would of been in the movies long since if her aunt had listened to reason.

The only man present was Edgar Tomlinson, who is Red Gap's most prominent first-nighter and does the

Lounger-in-the-Lobby column for the Recorder, reviewing all the new films in an able and fearless manner. Edgar was looking like he had come into his own at last. He was wearing a flowing tie and a collar that hardly come higher than his chest and big wind shields on a black cord, and had his hair mussed up like a regular Bohemian in a Sunday paper. Vernabelle was soon telling him how refreshing it was to meet away out here one who was by way of doing things, and she had read that very morning his review of the film entitled A Sister of Sin, and had found it masterly in its clear-cut analysis, but why did he waste himself here when the great world lay open. Edgar thrust back his falling hair with a weary hand and tried to look modest, but it was useless. Vernabelle devoted most of her chat to Edgar. She was an incessant person but it seemed to take a man to bring out all that was best in her.

Pretty soon Metta went over to a table and brought back some glasses of wine on a tray, of which all partook with more or less relish. I recognized it from the bottle. It was elderberry wine that Metta's mother had put up. You have to be resourceful in a dry state.

"I'm afraid you'll all think me frightfully Bohemian," says Metta proudly.

Beryl Mae held her glass up to the light and said, "After all, does anything in life really matter?" She appeared very blasé in all her desperate young beauty. She and Edgar Tomlinson looked as near right as anything you'd see in Washington Square. Vernabelle said the true spirit of Bohemia knew neither time nor place; it was wherever those gathered who were doing things, and wasn't it splendid that even here in this crude Western town a few of the real sort could meet and make their own little quarter and talk about the big things, the lasting things! Everyone said yes, quite so; and they all tried to handle their wine like it was a rare old vintage. But you can't hold much wassail on the juice of the elderberry; it ain't the most jocund stuff in the world as fermented by Metta's mother.

However, it livened things up a bit and Vernabelle set down her glass and chattered some more. She said after all life was anything but selective, but didn't we think that all the arts rounded out one's appreciation of the beautiful. Several said "How true—how true indeed!" and sighed importantly. Then Metta said Vernabelle must show us some of her work and Vernabelle said she could hardly bring herself to do that; but yet she could and did, getting up promptly. She had designs for magazine covers and designs for war posters and designs for mural decorations and designs for oil paintings and so forth—"studies; crude, unfinished bits" she called 'em, but in a tone that didn't urge anyone else to call 'em that.

It was mostly clouds and figures of females, some with ladies' wearing apparel and many not, engaged in dancing or plucking fruit or doing up their hair. Quite different stuff from Metta's innocent pictures of kittens and grapes and daffodils. After every one was put on the easel Henrietta Templeton Price would stick her thumb up in the air and sight across it with one eye shut and say "A stunning bit, that!" and the others would gasp with delight and mutter to each other about its being simply wonderful.

Vernabelle listened in an all-too-negligent manner, putting in a tired word or two now and then. She admitted that one or two was by way of being precious bits. "Rather precious in an elemental way," she would say. "Of course I am trying to develop the psychology of the line." Everyone said "Oh, of course!"

While she had one up showing part of a mottled nude lady who was smiling and reaching one hand up over to about where her shoulder blades would meet in the back, who should be let in on the scene but Lon Price and Cousin Egbert Floud. Lon had called for Henrietta, and Cousin Egbert had trailed along, I suppose, with glass blowing in mind. Vernabelle forgot her picture and fluttered about the two new men. I guess Lon Price is a natural-born Bohemian. He took to her at once.

"Sit here and tell me all about yourself," says Vernabelle, and Lon did so while the girl hung breathless on his words. In no time at all he was telling her about Price's Addition to Red Gap, how you walk ten blocks and save ten dollars a block and your rent money buys a home in this, the choicest villa site on God's green earth. Vernabelle had sort of kept hold of Cousin Egbert's sleeve with an absent hand—that girl was a man hound if ever there was one—and pretty soon she turned from Lon to Egbert and told him also to tell her all about himself.

Cousin Egbert wasn't so glib as Lon. He looked nervous. He'd come expecting a little glass blowing and here was something strange. He didn't seem to be able to tell her all about himself. He couldn't start good.

"Tell me what you are reading, then," says Vernabelle; and Cousin Egbert kind of strangled at this too. He finally manages to say that he tried to read Shakspere once but it was too fine print. The old liar! He wouldn't read a line of Shakspere in letters a foot high. It just showed that he too was trying to bluff along with the rest of 'em on this Bohemian chatter.

Vernabelle continued full of blandishment for the two men and poured 'em out stiff hookers of this demon elderberry wine and lighted cigarettes for 'em from hers. I don't know whether this beverage got to Lon Price or not, but in a minute he was telling her that beauty in her sex was a common-enough heritage, but how all-too-rare it was to find beauty and brains in the same woman! Vernabelle called him comrade after that, and then she was telling Cousin Egbert that he was of the great outdoors—a man's man! Egbert looked kind of silly and puzzled at this. He didn't seem to be so darned sure about it.

Then Vernabelle worked over by the easel—it took her about six attitudes leaning against things, to get there—and showed her oil paintings to the newcomers. Lon Price was full of talk and admiration and said she must do a poster for him showing a creature of rare beauty up in the clouds beckoning home-buyers out to Price's Addition, where it was Big Lots, Little Payments, and all Nature seemed to smile. He said this figure, however, had better have something in the shape of a garment on it because the poster would go into homes where art in its broader extent was still regarded in a suspicious or even hostile manner, if she caught what he meant. The artist says she can readily understand, and that life after all is anything but selective.

Dulcie Played No Favorites, Being Entranced With 'em All

Cousin Egbert just looked at the pictures in an uncomfortable manner. He spoke only once and that was about the mottled lady reaching over her shoulder and smiling. "Grinitch," says he with a knowing leer. But Vernabelle only says, yes, it was painted in the dear old village.

Then the crowd sort of got together on the couch and in chairs and Vernabelle talked for one and all. She said how stimulating it was for a few of the real people who did things to come together in this way after the day's turmoil—to get away from it all! Beryl Mae said she had often wanted to get away from it all, but her aunt was narrow-minded. Henrietta Price lighted her ninth cigarette and said how it reminded her of the Latin Quarter of Paris, which she had never been to, but her cousin had spent a whole afternoon there once and had been simply wild about it. Vernabelle said it was times like this, with a few real people, that she got her biggest ideas; that life in the rough was too terribly a labyrinth, didn't we think, stunning one with its immensity, while in these dear little half-lighted moments the real came out unafraid, if we understood what she meant. Many of us said we did.

It was when we got up to go that Vernabelle told me things about Cousin Egbert. She said he must have great reserve strength in his personality. She said he fairly frightened her he was so superbly elemental.

"It is not so much Mr. Floud that frightens me," says she, "as the inevitability of him—just beautifully that! And such sang fraw!"

Poor Egbert was where he had to overhear this, and I had never seen him less sang fraw—if that's the word. He looked more like a case of nettle rash, especially when Vernabelle gripped his hand at parting and called him comrade!

We finally groped our way through the smoke to the door and said what a lovely time we'd had, and Metta said we must make a practice of dropping in at this hour. Vernabelle called us all comrade and said the time had been by way of being a series of precious moments to her, even if these little studio affairs did always leave poor her like a limp lily. Yep: that's the term she used and she was draped down a bookcase when she said it, trying to look as near as possible like a limp lily.

The awestruck group split up outside. Nothing like this had ever entered our dull lives, and it was too soon to talk about it. Cousin Egbert walked downtown with me and even he said only a few little things. He still called the lady a glass blower, and said if she must paint at all why not paint family pictures that could be hung in the home. He said, what with every barroom in the state closed, there couldn't be much demand for them Grinitch paintings. He also said, after another block, that if he owned this lady and wanted to get her in shape to sell he'd put her out on short sand grass, short

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From That On Winter Sports Ruled in Red Gap

THE WHIRLWIND IN AUSTRIA

By Carl W. Ackerman

THE automobile which brought the royal visitor to Warnsdorf stopped suddenly after racing into the city. Emperor Charles rose, saluted the crowd of workmen and their families which had gathered in the public square, and stepped out of the car, followed by several officers. Approaching a laborer who had evidently been chosen by the people as their spokesman because he was standing somewhat aloof from the others, the emperor remarked:

"You are not getting along very well here?"

Josef Goth was pale and nervous. He had never seen the ruler of Austria-Hungary and he had never expected to speak to him. He was only a poor humble Bohemian laborer, a subject of the Hapsburgs, who felt out of place face to face with the monarch. He paused to take a deep but short breath. "No, Majesty!" he began. "No one can live on the food measured out by the state. Our poor people are suffering frightfully from hunger."

The emperor was silent and only here and there were there comments from the public.

"Majesty," he added, "we are facing the great danger that the little food which we now have may be further decreased. I take the liberty to express the wish of thousands of our people that Your Majesty do everything in your power to banish this suffering from our locality."

The emperor interrupted. "This is very sad. Rest assured I shall do everything that is possible."

Tales the Emperor Heard

"MAJESTY, permit me to express another wish: Our poor hungry people, especially the women, seek to remedy the shortage of food by taking short trips to the country to buy potatoes and beans by the kilogram. Often they cannot buy and have to exchange for food the last spare piece of clothing which they possess. Then when they return to the station the police seize this expensively acquired foodstuff. Heart-breaking scenes take place. The women cry and beg, but the police are without pity. Majesty, compared to all other suffering this is the worst!"

"That is frightful and it will be stopped immediately," the emperor answered.

Warnsdorf was the first city the monarch visited upon his inspection trip through the industrial towns of Bohemia. Alarming reports had been received in Vienna about the food famine in this section, and the emperor had decided to see for himself what the real conditions were. He had been informed, according to the Vienna Neue Freie Presse, that in Gablonz, a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, the food was "entirely inadequate." Between April and October of last year there were seventy-seven hundred cases of illness due to the lack of food and two hundred and three deaths from starvation. During six months of the year—and these not the winter months, when food is even scarcer—ten per cent of the inhabitants had suffered desperately from a lack of nourishment. Finding these statistics confirmed during his visit to Gablonz the emperor motored to other communities.

In Rumburg, another town in the Bohemian famine district, J. Scharing, a baker, addressed the emperor.

"You have a great deal to do?" His Majesty asked.

"Majesty," the baker replied, "we could bake a great deal more if we had the flour. The people of this community are now in their fifth week without any flour for cooking purposes, and during this period there has been only sufficient flour to bake one loaf of bread a week for each person. For two months there has not been a potato in the house of any workman. During February the fat cards were useless because there was no fat to be had. Besides, the people are receiving only twenty-four kilograms of coal each week. In addition to hunger they must freeze. Majesty! For this community help is urgent, because the undernourishment and death rate are horrible!"

"You may be certain that I shall assume the responsibility and do everything I can to help these poor people," said Emperor Charles.

"Majesty! One more request regarding the coal: We bakers, despite everything we do, cannot get sufficient coal, and often our shops have to be closed, although the people are crying for bread. Very often we have to take coal from the city, and when we do so the people have to do without in their homes. Our requests at the Ministry of Labor have been a success on paper, but the mines refuse to send the coal."

Again the emperor assured the speaker that he would have the complaint remedied.

After talking briefly to other workers the monarch journeyed to the town of Schluckenau, where another crowd greeted him, and a metal worker named Tamaschef came up to the automobile, carrying his hat in his hand.

"Is it very bad with you too?" asked the emperor.

"Yes, Majesty! Very bad. We telegraphed Your Majesty recently a request for help."

"Yes, I know, and has anything taken place?"

"I can report, Majesty, that last week for the first time in a long while we received a whole loaf of bread. Otherwise nothing has happened. The allotments are very meager. Of bread we have been receiving at times one-half a loaf, sometimes only one-quarter of a loaf a week for each inhabitant. Other food supplies are not obtainable. Fat is almost entirely unobtainable. When we do receive it, it amounts to from one and one-half to two decagrams per person, seldom more."

The Emperor: "You have a great many people ill because of hunger?"

"Unfortunately, Majesty! Fifty per cent of our people are undernourished. Among the old people there are many who can no longer work. The children are sickly. Many are suffering because of the food famine. Also the coal supply is entirely inadequate. In February we received only fifteen kilograms; in March twelve and one-half kilograms for each household. Majesty! We have just passed through a winter which cannot be described."

"I am terribly sorry that you have to live under such horrible conditions. I shall do everything possible to better them."

With this reply the emperor saluted Herr Tamaschef and the throng of starved Bohemian workers. He returned to his automobile, motored to the depot and departed for Vienna. The inspection was ended. As the Vienna Arbeitar Zeitung, the only newspaper in the capital to print these excerpts from the emperor's interviews with his subjects, stated on April ninth, the laborers addressed "earnest words" to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Hungary.

But what were the results?

The "bread peace" between the Central Powers and the Ukraine had been signed. Trains were reported running regularly between Vienna and Kief. It was advertised that there were boundless supplies in the depots and mills of Russia, but little or nothing was reaching the famine districts of the Dual Monarchy.

The emperor had promised food from an empty Ukrainian cupboard.

Still he was evidently impressed by the terrifying conditions among the people, because, upon his return to Vienna, Count Ottokar Czernin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, received the municipal authorities of Vienna and launched another peace offensive. In an address calculated to place the responsibility for the continuation of the war upon Premier Clemenceau and the Allies, and to show the famished citizens of Austria-Hungary that the hands of their emperor were not soiled by the blood of the western offensive, he brought about an internal crisis which led to his own downfall, which shook Germany's confidence in the loyalty of the Dual Monarchy, which aroused the Czechs and Slavs anew and forced the young emperor to place himself and his country's future under the domination of the Hungarian reactionaries led by Count Stefan Tisza. By one stroke Count Czernin rattled the rickety political structure of the Danube nations. Hungary came back into power in internal affairs and foreign policies. Budapest again became the real capital of the nation as it was during the reign of the old Emperor Franz Josef. The fight which the Germans, the Slavs, the Poles, the Czechs and the Hungarians had been waging in Vienna for control of Austro-Hungarian politics results in a victory for the "Iron Count," Stefan Tisza, who as Minister President of Hungary inspired the ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914, and ordered his friend and confidential coworker, Count Johann Forgach, then assistant secretary of state for foreign affairs and former minister in Belgrade, to write it.

The Crown of the Hapsburgs

COUNT CZERNIN, in attempting—no doubt at the suggestion of Berlin—to overthrow M. Clemenceau and the present French war ministry, brought about the first of what is expected to be a series of crises within Austria-Hungary and the Central Powers. The political whirlwind has reached the Dual Monarchy. Emperor Charles, who wished to bring either peace or food to Bohemia and the rest of his realm, is in the center of it. The bellows are in the hands of all the heterogeneous subjects of the monarchy, from the Bohemians to the Rumanians and from the Germans to the Slavs. And the question is not whether Emperor Charles will be as powerless to stop it as King Canute was before the incoming tide, but whether he, with Tisza's help, can unite the nation until the end of the war and prevent the belligerent gusts of the whirlwind from lifting the crown of the Hapsburgs and Saint Stephan from his head. The Austrian whirlwind cannot be stopped, but it may be focused on something other than the imperial crown, and that is Tisza's task.

What I mean by a political whirlwind is this:

Austria-Hungary, judging by its paper currency, is a nation of eleven nationalities. I place the figure at eleven because on some of the paper money the value in kronen is

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The Austro-German Colony at Berne Celebrating the Kaiser's Birthday

Madame Patsy and Those Kilts

"I Thought I Recognized Your Voice," Madame Patsy Went On When I Could Find Nothing to Say. "What Does This Mean, Henree?"

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

WHEN I get through with that baron ——" declared M'sieu Joe Hicks grimly. "Before I'm through with that whiskered beauty he'll be runnin' round plaintively in little circles, emittin' his weird native cry of 'Wahoo! Wahoo!'—which, in our language, Henree, means 'My Gawd! Who done it?' It's the obsolete truth." And, cramming his hat down on his head, my friend strode out of the hotel for a walk in the Champs-Elysées, leaving me to arrange the delicate affair.

Was it not prodigious? After less than a week in Paris, here was my worthy partner engaged to fight a duel.

"The baron insists on satisfaction," I told him that night just before dinner. "He affirms that you grossly insulted him."

"I did nothin' of the kind."

"Then what occurred?"

"Why, me and Patsy was sittin' in a café when in breezed this proud pale Castilian, smellin' like a Gates Ajar. Now if a guy wants to spray himself with perfumery it's none of my business, Henree; and I got so used to seein' men in street cars take out little mirrors and comb their eyebrows and mustaches that I don't scarcely scream when I see 'em at it now. But when this guy begun rollin' his eyes at my wife—my wife, mind you!—it was somethin' else again."

"And what did you do then?"

"I didn't do a thing. Honest, I didn't! All I did was to walk over near his table and say 'Hello, ol' Saturday-nighter!' That's every word I said to him, Henree. It's the obsolete truth."

"But it was a mortal affront. You must have been under the influence."

"I was not. Ask Patsy. I've tried every drink they got over here and I ain't had an answer yet."

Alors, he left the arrangements entirely in my hands. At first he was for calling the baron on the telephone and inviting him to "Step to it right now!" Did you ever hear the like, m'sieu? He proposed to settle an affair of honor with fisticuffs out behind the garage, or possibly in the middle of the street, as one might deal with a common bully. Moreover, the baron had no telephone. But, altogether aside from that, his proposal revealed how backward my worthy friend was in many respects; each day of our stay abroad made that clearer. As well as I was able, I explained to M'sieu Joe the code that operated among gentlemen of birth on the Continent.

"I see," he remarked calmly. "He sent those two guys to let me know how he felt; and now I've got to pick out two more, and the four of 'em will fix up the business, hey? Is that it? Fine! Well, you be my second, then; and ask William, the barkeep downstairs, to be my third."

"But that would never do!" I protested in horror.

"All right! Have it your own way, then. Find me some saphead American who likes that sort of thing and get him to act with you."

"But have you no choice of weapons? As the challenged party, you can select whatever kind you prefer. Did you ever fence?"

"Fence?" he repeated in surprise. "Sure I have; but it was years and years ago, when I wasn't more'n a kid hardly. Me and Uncle Harve put up near sixty miles of fence on the J. A. What's that got to do with it?"

The naïveté of his reply determined me to act entirely on my own initiative.

"We will make it pistols. I know you can shoot."

"Go as far as you like," he said carelessly.

The preliminary formalities were concluded without the slightest hitch. It is true that such matters were unfamiliar to me; but I experienced a certain thrill—even a measure of satisfaction—in attending to them, for I was not to engage actively in the combat and had the utmost confidence that my champion would acquit himself with credit. To aid me, I enlisted the services of a French gentleman of my acquaintance, M. de Chaudair, the scion of a distinguished family, who was temporarily in straits; and we waited upon the two seconds of the offended nobleman. They readily assented to our proposals as to weapons, time and place.

"I don't know who this baron is," M. de Chaudair admitted on our way home. "Indeed, I cannot remember ever having heard the name. But it is quite possible that he belongs to a noble Spanish family, as his friends assert. They were truly charming, were they not, my dear Henri? What will be your principal's attitude on this point? Will he waive it? For if he insists we must investigate his opponent's status."

"I do not think such a consideration has ever entered his head; but I will sound him."

When the question was explained to M'sieu Hicks he grunted:

"Do you mean I can crawl out of the fight if this guy don't belong in the purple? Well, you can forget that right now, Henree. You and your friend lay off that family-tree stuff. My dad done his best to live down his past and I don't aim to have him dragged into it at this date."

His sang-froid was truly magnificent. Yet I was secretly disturbed by a few chance remarks he made. "You don't need to worry a-tall," he announced. "I been in a scrap or two before. Why, once I laid behind a table in Windy and cleaned up a whole bunch!"

"But you cannot lie in ambush in an encounter of this nature!" I exclaimed.

"Why not? It's dog eat dog. Rules don't count in a fight nowadays, Henree. Besides, this baron ain't got a bit of right to pick a scrap with me in wartime. He'd ought to be ashamed of himself! If he wants to kill somebody why don't he join the army and go after the squareheads?"

The reminder was a timely one; it was necessary to exercise the most extreme circumspection lest the authorities should get wind of the duel and promptly stop it. Perhaps they might even jail the principals, for a strict ban is laid upon meetings of honor.

"A duel's a fool notion, any way you look at it, Henree," continued my partner. "But far be it from me to dodge. Besides, it ain't any crazier than a war, at that. So, go ahead. But, mind you, don't let Patsy get hep to what's comin' off, else she'll call a taxi and go beat up that baron before I get a chance at him."

Eh bien, I will not weary you with the narrative of our arrangements. Suffice it that M. de Chaudair and myself zealously guarded our champion's interests in every point that was raised. And on the morning of the duel we drove with him to the Parc des Princes, the bicycle race course just beyond Auteuil, where the meeting was to take place. There many an affair had been settled.

We were first on the field. It was a bright cold morning and I felt the chill; but M'sieu Joe did not seem to be affected, and chatted amiably with M. de Chaudair. Presently the other party arrived on foot, and we advanced to meet the seconds.

What occurred after that, my friend, will ever be a source of embarrassment to me. That my partner could have kept me in ignorance of his intentions but reveals the depths of his provincialism. For, while we were gravely inspecting the pistols I had brought, he suddenly obtruded into the group to display what he was pleased to call his choice of weapons. It was a small piece of mesh wire on a stick—a flyflapper, m'sieu! Yes; he came to fight a duel with a flyflapper!

"This'll do for me. You can give him one of those muzzle-loadin' pea shooters if you want to ruin him; but it's all the same as suicide. He won't stand a show, I tell you!"

Such a babel as ensued!—everybody talking at once. An affair that ought to be conducted with the highest decorum and regard for the amenities degenerated into an undignified squabble. Even the other principal joined in. He claimed to have been insulted in another place; yet when he grasped the true inwardness of the situation his eyes lighted, and I feared for a moment that he would accept M'sieu Hicks' proposition.

"Either that or this!" cried the latter; and he pulled from a pocket an enormous .45 six-shooter.

Ma foi, m'sieu, how they stared! And well they might, for the weapon looked like a siege gun.

That terminated the argument. In great dudgeon the baron announced that he would bother no further with a canaille of M'sieu Joe's description. Whereupon my partner volunteered to take him on catch-as-catch-can, and, on the invitation being haughtily refused, followed him clear to the gate, abusing him in terms it burns my ears to recall even now.

"I knew I could lick him!" he chortled in high feather. "What'd I tell you, Henree? That bird has a yellow streak in him. Well, let's go. Thank heaven it's over and I won! I'm r'arin' for breakfast."

Thus the affair ended, my friend. You can imagine my chagrin. M. de Chaudair was equally provoked and humiliated, but, after a short conversation with M'sieu Hicks in private, seemed to grow reconciled to the dénouement, and even exhibited a liking for my partner's society.

There can be no denying that the Hickses were continually running foul of Continental customs and the Continental viewpoint. For instance, M'sieu Joe was forever glaring unoffending gentlemen out of countenance on the street.

"Yes, he was too!" he would vociferate. "He was tryin' to flirt with you. Why, it's got so that Patsy cain't go a hundred yards in this town, Henree, without some li'l' half-portion edgin' up to her."

"Go on, Joe! Don't talk so foolish!" said madame, glancing at her lovely reflection in a mirror. It struck me, m'sieu, that she was not ill-pleased.

"A masher, Henree," her husband went on, "a masher thinks that all he's got to do is sort of half shut his eyes and give a woman a piercin' look and she'll drop right into his arms in a swoon. It's the obsolete truth. One of these days I aim to take a net and go along the boulevards and get me a bag of 'em. Patsy can be the decoy."

Another thing that gave my friend keen concern was the attitude of resident Americans in Paris; he was in a constant state of irritation over it.

"They seem to think we ain't got any right over here," he complained. "They act like they had a mortgage on the country and was the only people who understood the French. Yes, they do. That's what they're always tryin' to tell me in so many words. I'm rough and crude, I reckon—hey?"

"What have you done that is amiss?"

"Search me! But I run into a bunch of these Parisian Americans last night at a show, and they got to talkin' about the brutal way their fellow countrymen acted. Seems like we don't pay the right kind of respect to the customs of the country and the French way of doin' things. Oh, I knowed who they was hittin' at! They meant me, for one."

"Nonsense!"

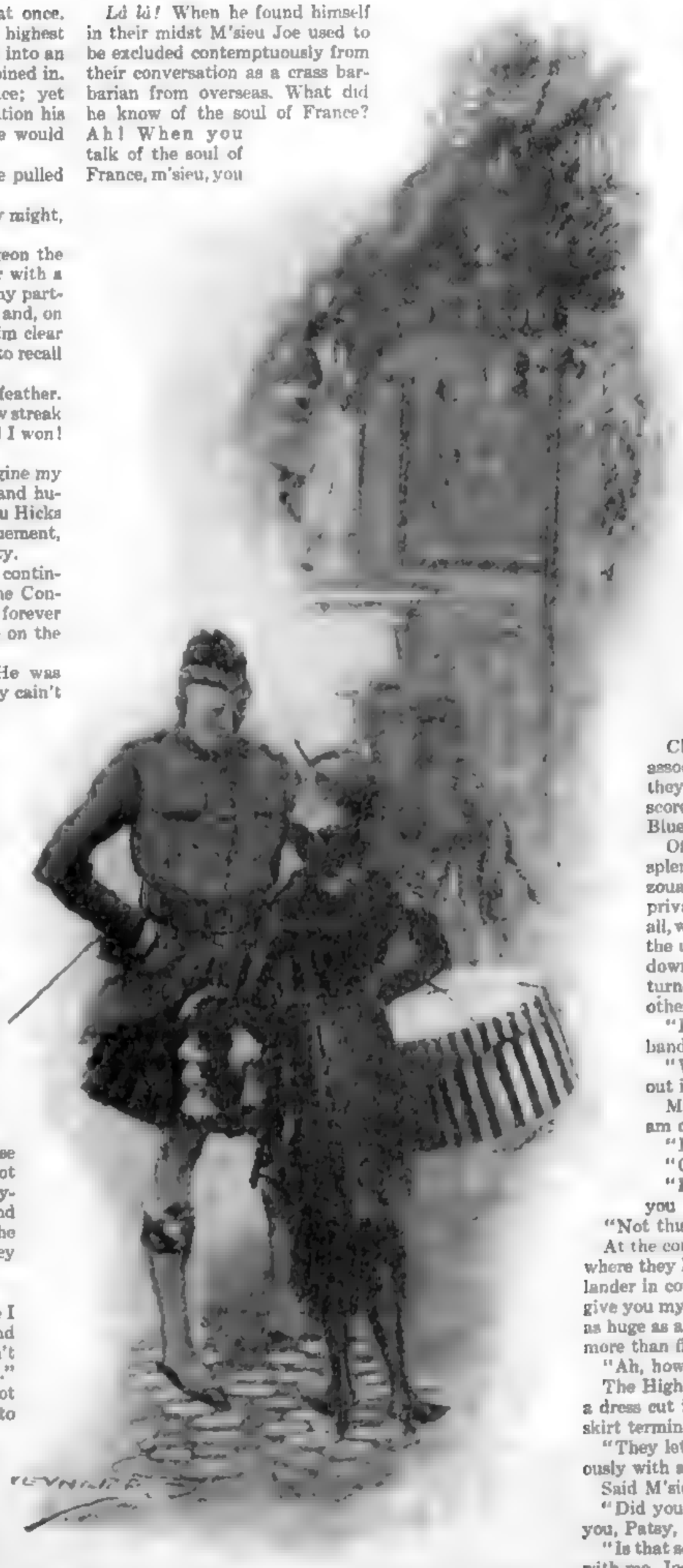
"Yes, they did. But when they leave me alone I notice I get along fine with the French. Why, me and some French officers are thicker'n thieves! I hadn't noticed their feelin's was hurt by associatin' with me."

Rough as his mode of expression was, I could not but agree with M'sieu Joe. Which prompts me to ask: What is it in the character of so many Americans that causes them to change in such vital respects on foreign soil?

When an Englishman goes to live in another country he roundly abuses it, and finds solace in contrasting unfavorably its institutions and customs with those of the motherland. He never loses his pride in England; for that I honor him.

But what is the case with those Americans who go abroad to live? I regret to admit it, m'sieu, but the fact is they seem to feel ashamed of their native land. They adopt an apologetic air for their fellow countrymen, who are assuredly not in need of it. They acquire as rapidly as may be the manners of their new associates; their habits, too, and their mental attitude toward life. They do not abuse the country of their adoption. No; they abuse the country of their birth instead. They assail our President; they would have us subordinate our need of haste to conform to French ways of doing things. Such persons are thinking more of methods than results; more of the sensibilities of their Parisian friends than of America's part in the war.

Observation of these undeniable facts has persistently stirred my curiosity. What is the explanation? I attempt none, m'sieu. Let us be charitable. All I submit is that the censure of persons who happen to enjoy a better status abroad than would be the case in their own home towns should have caused my partner no worry.



"They Let You Show Your Knees," Murmured the Pretty Little French Girl Enviously

Là là! When he found himself in their midst M'sieu Joe used to be excluded contemptuously from their conversation as a crass barbarian from overseas. What did he know of the soul of France? Ah! When you talk of the soul of France, m'sieu, you should assume an ecstatic look and raise your eyes—like this! *Ma foi*, they are marvelous, these expatriates!

I can scarcely speak of them with patience. What are they but the flotsam on the deep strong stream of life? What should they know of the great soul of France who are so grossly ignorant of the soul of their own land?

And here is another matter, also, m'sieu: France does not want to be wept over, like a beautiful woman in distress. No, no; I, Henri Giraud, know her better than that. She wants the aid that one stout ally gives to another. The French are not fools, my friend, to be caught with shallow tears and sentimental gush and cheap oratory. More than any other race in the world, they are free of illusions; and when anybody attempts to beguile them with sobs of sympathy in lieu of practical help they stick their tongues in their cheeks and proceed to look for the bug under the chip. But I digress. Your pardon, m'sieu.

It was a droll sight when M'sieu Hicks and Madame Patsy went into the streets together, because they were continually at cross purposes. No matter how explicit the directions madame received at the hotel as to the location of a place, she insisted on questioning every gendarme they glimpsed, and her unfortunate husband was obliged to trail at her heels, protesting at every step.

"You done asked one a block back, and another not two minutes ago—not countin' that French general you stopped! Say, won't you ever learn the difference between a general and a cop? Now listen, Patsy! We know where the place is; everybody's told us the same. Why not go ahead and find it?"

"That's just like a man! He's always afraid to ask questions. Don't you know you can't ever believe what a policeman tells you?"

"Then what's the sense in botherin' 'em?"

"Because that's the only way to make sure!" she snapped; and there the argument ceased.

A wonderful sight were the streets of Paris at this time. Soldiers were on leave from every front. There was the poilu going along with the wife on one arm and the baby, tucked under the other, playing with the Croix de Guerre. And fierce Moroccans, m'sieu; and lithe dashing horsemen from India. Wherever we turned we encountered masterful men in khaki—the soldiers of Britain and Canada and Australia and New Zealand. How my partner envied them their stalwart physique!

Chasseurs in their blue, with the jaunty air one associates with Napoleon's conquerors. Well have they won the right to it in their own blood on a score of battlefields! Ah, the noble chasseurs—the Blue Devils! They are the pride of France.

Officers glittering in blue and gold; others resplendent in the red and gold of the British staff; zouaves and men of the Foreign Legion; American privates in their severely plain khaki; but, of them all, what drew Madame Patsy's eyes most often was the uniform of the Highlanders. She could not go downtown without meeting scores of them, and she turned to stare at every one. So, too, did every other woman the sturdy lads passed.

"I just can't get over them!" she told her husband.

"Well, you don't have to," he replied, not without irritation. "But quit rubberin' so much."

Madame Patsy allowed the remark to pass; I am convinced she could not have heard it.

"I wonder if they do!" she exclaimed.

"Go and ask one of 'em."

"I'd like to; but he might think —— Would you come with me, Joe?"

"Not this mornin'," answered M'sieu Hicks hurriedly.

At the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and Rue Castiglione, where they halted to hail a taxi, they espied a huge Highlander in conversation with a pretty little girl. M'sieu, I give you my word that he was close to seven feet high and as huge as a mountain; and she—she could not have been more than five feet.

"Ah, how chic!" cried the pretty little girl in French.

The Highlander grinned down at her. She was wearing a dress cut in the latest most ultra Paris fashion, with a skirt terminating above the calf of her limb.

"They let you show your knees," she murmured enviously with an adorable pout.

Said M'sieu Hicks to his wife:

"Did you hear her? A simple child of Nature! I tell you, Patsy, this is the life! Paris suits me fine!"

"Is that so?" retorted madame. "You come right along with me, Joe Hicks; and stick close too."

If my partner thought well of Paris even under war conditions, what would he have thought of her in the glorious days of peace? Ah, what indeed! For Paris is not now the city I knew and loved years ago, when a young man. No; she is still superb—she is still the most beautiful city in the world; but she is a city in mourning.

Yes; Paris was changed—sadly, terribly changed. She still pursued her accustomed amusements and pleasures; but oh, how wearily! There was dissipation—yes, but no gayety.

One caught a fleeting glimpse of the normal life from the ancients playing croquet in the Luxembourg Gardens, from the children romping there or sailing boats at the fountains; and one could steep his soul in the sweet peace of the little garden back of Notre Dame, where grandfathers play at checkers on the benches, and tots who can barely stagger about make little piles of sand. But even there dread war intrudes. There are many women in black—all sewing.

"All I Did Was to Walk Over Near His Table and Say: 'Hello, Ol' Saturday-Nighter!' That's Every Word I Said to Him. It's the Obsolete Truth"

The prevalence of black among French women struck a somber note, which I could not but deplore, my friend. It is right and fitting that marks of respect and affection should be paid to the beloved dead; but cannot they be as sincerely paid in other forms? Cannot a woman do honor to the man she has lost in better fashion than parading that loss before people who are strangers to her? Why should one's private sorrow be thrust on the public? It seems to me, m'sieu, that women would show a higher affection by venting their grief in secret and putting a cheerful face toward the world.

I would not mention such matters as these were it not that we can learn from them. For we shall have losses—it may be heavy losses. What will our own women do? Will they take to wearing black, which must result in depressing the spirits of the population and lowering the morale of the whole nation? Or will they be proud that their men died in humanity's cause, and refuse to let their tears be seen—refuse to permit the public even to suspect the ache at their hearts?

"Oh, this war!" Madame Patsy would cry when she saw the poor cripples hobbling about on crutches.

There were men without legs; men with their faces mashed out of all semblance to human features; men with sightless eyes, staring pitifully ahead as they were led by the hand.

"It must never happen again!" she declared passionately. "Never, never, never! We must see to that, no matter what it costs now."

"Do you think, then, madame, that this will be the last war?"

"I know it!" she said with conviction.

"Madame, listen to this," I replied gently: "Chateaubriand once thought as you do. In his Memoirs he says: 'Napoleon has closed the era of the past. War can never again engross the interests of humanity; he made it on too grand a scale—a scale that can never be equaled. He shut behind him, once for all, the gates of the Temple of Janus, and heaped against them so great a pile of dead that never again shall they reopen.' And now, after a hundred years, a vastly greater ——"

"Yes," she exclaimed with her eyes flashing; "but all this has happened in a man-ruled world! Wait until we women have a voice. You'll see then whether our sons will be given up to death and mutilation! You'll see then —— Oh, those poor, poor things!"

And, letting her head sink into the crook of one arm, Madame Patsy broke down. She sobbed, m'sieu; she was thinking of the maimed and the blind.

"There, there, old girl!" whispered the excellent M'sieu Joe; and I withdrew.

God grant that her words come true, my friend! But I hold to this: that the monarchical system breeds wars. Given a world of free republics, should we have the devastating struggles for supremacy that dynastic interests and the caste system they entail have fostered? I think not. Perhaps the solution is as Madame Patsy said—in giving women a voice in government.

On arrival in France we found it necessary to revise many preconceived ideas of the country. I had always thought of France as a vast armed camp, existing on starvation rations, grim and resolute in privation, united as one voice for resistance. And, to judge from the letters we receive from America, that is the popular conception.

What was our surprise, then, when we traveled through a smiling landscape that was as peaceful as any Ohio valley. Rich farm lands; fat, sleek cattle; flocks of sheep tended by old men or girls; drowsy towns and villages, untouched as to externals by the war; magnificent highways, bordered by lofty trees—that is France, clear from the south coast to the Front. You discern no signs of the life-and-death struggle save in the absence of able-bodied young men in civilian clothes. All the young men to be met with, except the Swiss and Spanish waiters and employees in the hotels, restaurants and places of business, are in uniform. The only grim reminders are the crippled and wounded.

Nor are they starved, m'sieu. Last summer they were faring as well as our people at home. To be sure, they have recently cut out the sugar rations for tea and coffee; so we are obliged to use saccharine pills. Bread is not so plentiful—nor have we butter at table; and the use of milk is forbidden, except at breakfast and for certain purposes. But are they not under similar restrictions in America?

And cannot selfish persons get round restrictions? Most assuredly, my friend. Many a householder contrives to live comfortably despite them, obtaining things that cannot be had by visitors who buy openly in the hotels and cafés.

Do you recall the words of Napoleon when M. de Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, thought to calm his fears of famine by assuring him there would be "no lack of bread; but it would be dear"?

"What is it you say?" Napoleon exclaimed. "What do you intend by saying bread will be dear, but it will not be lacking? Eh? What think you, sir? With whom have we been busy the last two months? With the rich? I occupy myself with them, truly!

"I know that those who have gold can always find bread, as they find everything else in the world. That which I wish, sir, is that the people have bread; that they have much, and good, and cheap; it is that the workman, in short, may be able to nourish his family with the price of his labor."

Eh bien, I think the workman gets plenty! Wages are high, for one thing, and no shortage exists in France to the extent that has sometimes been painted; there has never been anything approaching a siege ration or actual starvation, even for the poorest. Granted that the poverty-stricken have suffered hardships, when do they not? Haven't we poor by the hundreds of thousands in our American cities who feel the pinch of hunger every winter? Aye, my friend, and in as great numbers and in as acute phase as our Allies. Which moves me to remark that the application of some of the humanitarian efforts that have won us renown the wide world over—the application of some of them to our own in distress—would not be out of place. We have hungry masses; let us feed and clothe them too. Would to heaven that we could get the same speed and efficiency into our military undertakings as we have contrived to apply to our Red Cross work!

"They have meatless days in America," chuckled M'sieu Joe, "and we don't. Land's sake, but these people over here eat a sight of veal! It's sinful!"

"I eat and I eat," asserted Madame Patsy; "yet I'm hungry all the time."

Her husband sat back and surveyed her ruefully.

"What do you know about that, Henree?" he demanded. "Just the other night I took her to the best café in Paris; and after she'd eat a lobster and half a broiled chicken and a few other things, she leans back and says 'I'm hungry! I want some spareribs and sweet potatoes!'"

Curious as it sounds, I could sympathize with madame. I, too, had experienced the same sensation. No matter what I ate, there was always a vacancy. This was due to the absence of fats and desserts. We have been accustomed to a sweet at the end of a meal, and here it was forbidden.

M'sieu Joe rose from the table and said:

"Well, let's go for a shudder."

"A shudder?" I repeated.

"Taxi ride."

"I'd rather take a cab," objected madame. "It's a lovely day and they go so slow you can see everybody."

"They do that," he agreed. "I know a guy who started out in a cab from the Gare de l'Est for the Etoile in the flower of his youth and manly beauty, and when the *cocher* dropped him at the door of the hotel he had a long gray beard and no teeth."

"Oh, Joe; you talk awful foolish!"

"What's more," her husband said, "an Englishman I run into yesterday in a—in a store—told me he'd met up with a cab horse that used to be his favorite saddler in the fall of '82. And the poor old animal remembered him—cried like a child. They're wonders, these cab horses!"

The day was sparkling and Paris looked her best. It was a little after one o'clock and the city had not yet returned to work; so the streets were thronged. France, m'sieu, still observes *la soupe*. Yes; she takes two hours off, from twelve until two o'clock, for lunch. Is it not amazing

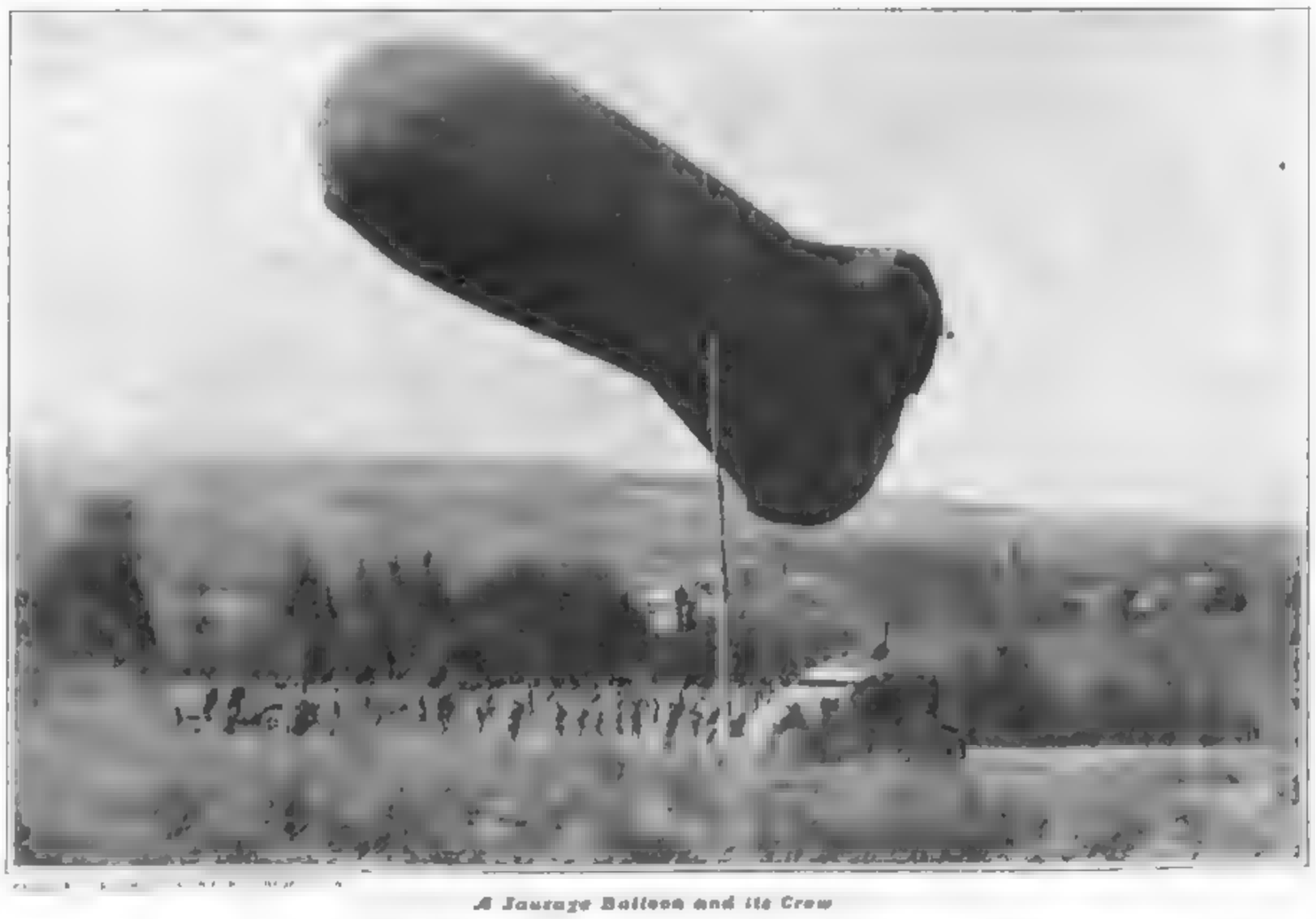
(Continued on Page 84)

At Coffee in the Salon Madame Patsy Joined a Group of Other Women

ACES HIGH

By Sergeant Pilot Harold E. Wright

OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS AND THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS



A Sausage Balloon and Its Crew

FROM Avord we went to Pau, the acrobacy school, where the living was oh, so much better! It was paradise compared to the primary-training place. Pau, in Southern France, near the Spanish border, is "a place that God made," as the natives will tell you, and the only trouble with our sojourn there was that the course at the academy of acrobacy was *bien trop court*—too short. We slept two in a room in a fine barracks with newly plastered ceilings; and for the first time in months we actually rested on beds equipped with springs. At Avord we had slumbered on boards—hard boards full of splinters.

The Pau canteen, or mess place, was immaculately clean. We were served by neat French waitresses Marie, Céleste, Daniette, Hélène, and all the rest. Teasing them and watching their piquant smiles was great fun after what we had gone through at Avord. Then, too, the food cost only about one-fifth of what we had been paying; there was more of it and it was appetizingly cooked. It was a white man's school all the way through.

Scenically Pau is marvelously, stirringly beautiful, with a wonderful view of the Pyrenees Mountains, which are sometimes incased in a veil of purple haze shading into deep green at the base. It was a delightful rare treat to sit beneath the palm trees on the plaza eating rich ice cream and flavored ices and to look up at the caps of snow and the unflavored ices of the mountain tops.

The commandant at Pau liked Americans—all the aviators, for that matter—and he tried to make us at home and gave us everything within reason. We did not have to fly if we did not feel like going up in the morning, nor did we have to report sick. If we felt unenthusiastic about sky-jazzing we would simply report that we were tired and did not feel like going up. It was the life of a millionaire!

How to Get Out of a Vrille

I RECALL one day how I asked for a twelve-hour leave to go into the village of Pau. The commandant asked me how far I had gone with my work, and a few other questions, and then smilingly told me to take forty-eight hours instead of twelve. He was not doing it because he was glad to get rid of me, either, as some of the boys unkindly intimated. Seven and a half days, with forty-eight hours off, making really five and a half working days, was the length of time required for my acrobacy training. Before I realized it I had graduated, and I regretted my speed. I had never yet smashed up a machine or broken any bones.

A Nieuport biplane, eighteen meters in length, was the first machine we started to fly at this school—the same as our finishing type at Avord in Perfection-A training. The instructor in charge was Lieutenant Simmon, who had once been an exhibition flyer in the United States, and though a Frenchman he spoke excellent English. Learning the mysteries of a vertical spiral was to be our first acrobatic feat. Before attempting it we had the matter thoroughly explained.

"Boys, when you spiral you are liable to go into a *vrille*," he told us. The nearest English pronunciation is *vree*. "Well, that is nothing, if you do get into it—provided, of course, you know how to get out again. A *vrille* is a vertical, spinning nose dive. It goes very speedily. The wings and fuselage try to spin almost as fast as the propeller. *Oui!*"

It was nothing! He had already assured us. Nothing at all!

"In this nose dive the motor is shut down," said the instructor, "and the propeller runs very nearly dead. Now, to get out of that, *mes amis*, the first thing to do is to straighten both feet even on the rudder bar. Doing that stops you from spinning, *n'est-ce pas?* It evens up the rudder. Bring your control stick to the center and toward you, then push all the way forward; and as you pull back, the machine comes out forward in a graceful arc and sails parallel to the ground.

"*Voilà!* Open throttle, start the motor going fast and fly away. *C'est tout!*

"To go into a *vrille*, you see, it is necessary to cross the controls, the elevating plane becoming the vertical rudder and the rudder becoming the elevating plane. Sometimes the pilot cannot avoid getting into these spins. If you do not do acrobacy correctly there is not one chance in a thousand of not going into a *vrille*," the lieutenant cheerfully informed us.

"Once you know how to get out of them you are never afraid to do acrobacy—that is, so long as you have sufficient altitude. *Très simple, oui? Non?*"

He explained how to come out of the *vrille* just that once, but I never forgot a single detail of what he had said, he put it so tersely and clearly. I can see him now explaining, gesticulating, emphasizing to us how it should be done.

"Don't watch the ground while you are new at the game. Keep your eye on the altimeter, to prevent dizziness. Above all, work fast but not jerkily. If you don't come out of it quickly enough, keep cool! There is no danger while there is plenty of space between you and the ground. The machines are built to stand the strain."

A flyer falls into a *vrille* by slowing down the machine too much in doing the vertical spiral. I never made this mistake in my training and got into *vrilles* only when trying to deliberately. I attribute this more to luck than to pure skill.

After the spiral in an eighteen-meter machine we had to do it in a fifteen-meter plane, which is considerably smaller—fifteen square meters of wing surface, or about eighteen feet width over all. My class was next put on a still smaller machine, which has not the same buoyancy and is more difficult to handle. It was faster and could do ninety to ninety-five miles an hour.

The lieutenant in charge of this class was a Spaniard. He made everything as pleasant for me as he could. I went into the spiral class, and to my surprise finished it in one afternoon. Some of the Frenchmen had been in the class for weeks.

From there we went to what is called *vol de groupe*. For this we used eighty-horse-power rotary Rhone-motored Nieuport machines, flying together in groups, for the purpose of squadron-maneuver training—something we should have to do at once when we went to the Front. In this we kept in very close formation, the tip of the wing of one machine being six or eight feet from the wing of the next machine, at times at four or five thousand meters' height While in this formation we kept flying in circuits in pairs or in groups of three to six machines. We put in about six hours at this sort of go-as-we-please race. There was no special destination, so we oftentimes had very interesting flights all over the country, looking at the beautiful scenery, getting our bird eyes tuned up, learning what roads and streams and villages looked like from great heights.

The French Instructor From Missouri

AFTER getting through with this we went to the acrobacy class, as distinguished from the spiral class. Here we were given thirteen-meter machines—about fifteen feet wide—to fly. These seemed much smaller than the fifteen-meter planes and were known as Baby Nieuports. They were of eighty horse power and not particularly fast—capable of doing about ninety miles an hour.

First of all we were shown a skeleton machine which had no covering on its frame. The instructor mounted the machine and taught us, by maneuvering the different controls, how to go into the *vrille* deliberately and then how to get out of it again. This spinning dive can be managed by controls relatively the same as with the rudder.

Lieutenant Simmon wears a monocle all the time. He looked through it with a sharp, twinkly eye and asked me if I understood how the *vrille* was done. I replied that I did. He asked me to explain it to him, and after I had done so he told me to go up and do it.

I looked at him in surprise, and asked "What—me?"

"Yes—you!" he replied.

As I started to get into a machine he called me back and explained to me that I did not have to do it—that it was not compulsory to do acrobacy. I told him I would like to try it if I might.

There were clouds in the sky and he carefully explained to me to ascend about fifteen hundred meters and wait until there was an opening in the clouds before I attempted the spin, so that he and the other pupils might watch me. The lieutenant did not wish me to ascend and wait until I was hidden by the clouds and then come back and tell them what I had done—nothing so easy as that. While in America he must have visited Missouri.

PICTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

Sergeant Pilot Wright in a Spad Machine

I mounted the Nieuport biplane; up and up I went, and waited until I found an opening. But instead of shutting off the motor and letting it quiver to go into a *vrille* I pulled the control, looped the loop, shut off and then dropped into the *vrille*. Incidentally I had never looped before. I always thought I could never do it. I surprised myself. Likewise, at this time I believed I should not be able to do the spinning dive, but there I was, the only American in the class, and all my French comrades watching me below. I feared they would laugh at me if I did not go through with it. So after making what I thought were about four turns, as I had been instructed to do, I straightened out and found how easy it was to slide out of the *vrille*.

I started to come down, changed my mind, went up again and started another, but tried a different method. This time I waited, went into a wing slip—a sidewise slip to one side, like waving a fan horizontally—and then went into the *vrille*. Upon recovering I started down again, changed my mind and tackled the stunt once more. On coming out of the third one I saw smoke bombs on the ground, which I knew was the signal for me to descend, so I spiraled back to earth. Upon landing I went over to Lieutenant Simmon, who stood erect, his face wreathed in smiles.

His greeting was "Well, Wright, evidently you don't like the *vrille!*"

I thought I had done four turns in my first *vrille*, and asked them how many they had counted. He said that in the initial one I had made about fourteen; in the second, ten; and in the third, six.

After the Bombardment of a French Château

Corkscrews and Pin Wheels in the Air

IN DOING the *vrille* the student will not get dizzy if he keeps his eyes on a spot on the machine or watches the altimeter in the cockpit. After a while he will be able to maneuver the *vrille* even when watching the ground. Out of eight Frenchmen in the class four lost nerve and refused to do acrobacy. They did not feel capable of mastering this trick stuff, and they were very wise. These men might make fine pilots for bombing machines, and at this they might serve France well, and we gave them credit for that. They could not do acrobacy and were not ashamed to own up to it. Many lives would be saved in American training camps if the students took this attitude.

After the *vrille* we were taught the *renversement*. This is used in turning completely round—that is, if the pilot wants to make a sharp turn back to the point whence he started. To make a *renversement* the stick is pulled back so as to raise the nose of the machine to point vertically. Pulling back two-thirds of the way on the stick throws the horizontal rudder up at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the airplane goes up vertically, just as if the pilot were about to loop the loop. But upon reaching the vertical position if it is desired to go to the left the left-foot bar is pushed. This throws the rudder to the left and therefore forces the fuselage round and into an inverted U to the left, coming down nose first. The stick is pulled back the remaining third of the way, which puts the elevating rudder at a still greater angle and straightens out the machine parallel to the ground.

Following that we learned the vertical *virage*, used for a very quick turn, likewise the *turno*, a stunt which was never seen in this country, so far as I know, until some of our Escadrille brought it back from over there. Only a few of the French Flying Corps chasse pilots could do it. In doing this trick the airplane traces a screw thread in the air—that is, it is so manipulated that it revolves like a pin wheel in a perfect corkscrew. The first time I tried to make four turns at this I did it on a bet, and was not even made dizzy. Three turns had been the limit up to that time, and I had never attempted more than two. I simply pushed the machine over and held it.

In doing this stunt, which is accomplished neatly when flying along at a high speed, say not less than ninety-five miles an hour, it is best not to use the rudder much; in fact, that applies to flying at all times. The ailerons should be used for turning. The feet should be kept still. By pushing the control stick to one side one aileron goes up and the other down simultaneously. Going to the right by pushing the stick in this direction throws the right aileron up and the left one down, and vice versa. In this way the horizontal screw thread is started, and immediately follows this weird corkscrew. To come out of it the pilot brings the control stick back to center just as he reaches the top of a turn, and the machine levels out. While doing stunts the rudder and elevating planes are in a perpendicular position.

While at Pau I saw a very funny accident as the result of a bad landing. Some Frenchman was the pilot. The machine, which was a Nieuport biplane, broke in half right in back of the driver's seat, so that the machine folded up like a jackknife, with the nose buried in the earth, and tail likewise touching the ground. The student pilot was left stranded in his seat, high and dry on the peak of the pyramid which the wreck formed.

Sad to relate, a great many pupils were killed at Pau. It was so unfortunate, too, for acrobacy is absolutely essential in combat work. If you cannot do everything Fritz can do—and a little more—sooner or later Fritz will get you. I saw a Pau student lose his head one time—it was heart-breaking to watch. The poor little chap became so panic-stricken that he forgot his controls and, incapable of trying to maneuver, throwing his hands up over his eyes he dashed to earth. He struck a few feet from where I was standing. The catastrophe happened while he was in his first *vrille;* he simply forgot how to come out of it.

Pelton also had an unusual accident. He was a Canadian who had enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps when the age limit just allowed him to be accepted. At that time he was in his thirties. He was sent to the Curtiss School, near Newport News, went through the course, but when he returned to Canada to join the Royal Flying Corps they had lowered the age limit, and he could not get in. He was too short for the army, so he enlisted in the French Flying Corps. This is not the Lafayette Escadrille or the Lafayette Flying Corps, which include only American boys.

Pelton was flying a Nieuport machine one day, and in making a landing he misjudged and ran into telegraph wires, ripping both planes off the machine. The momentum carried the fuselage right through the wires, which snapped. Pelton landed right on his wheels, bounced along the ground, the fuselage gradually coming to a graceful stop as the propeller ceased spinning. The planes were left hanging on the telegraph wires. The little runt of a pilot wasn't hurt a bit. He had broken the machine hopelessly beyond repair, but he stopped it right side up.

More Fatal to Germans

INSTEAD of giving him a bawling-out Lieutenant Simmon walked over to him, all smiles, and remarked "Acrobacy on the ground is very dangerous, m'sieur." Lieutenant Simmon was never riled or angry after an accident. He was always so glad to find that the student had not been killed. There are more men killed in the acrobacy class than in any other; in fact, thirty-five per cent of the aviators are killed at this stage of the game.

I have been reliably informed that the percentage of German aviators killed in learning is considerably greater than thirty-five per cent. One reason is that German airplanes are much heavier, more cumbersome and harder to handle than the French machines. Besides, the Germans are naturally clumsy with a piece of mechanism that is highly sensitive. As a class they are not adepts at aviation—too much kultur or something. If the reader has

(Continued on Page 37)

In a Cloister at Verdun

The Cathedral at Arras

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVIII

THE fire had almost burned itself out. Mournful and gray and still the morning broke over the smoldering ruins. The gay lilt of a bugle sounded strangely, like a bird's song in some age-old place of death.

A squadron of dragoons rode first. They clattered and jingled down the cobbled street. The men glanced at the broken walls and gaping doors, curious but unmoved. A child's body tossed out into the middle of the road troubled the horses, and one of the men dismounted and carried it not untenderly back into its home.

Then they rode on.

A company of infantry followed. Hauptmann von Prutwitz marched at their head. He carried himself well, and on his face there was a happy serenity—the look of a man who has set out on a high purpose.

He did not see the child huddled in the doorway. He did not see, nor in any case would he have recognized, the soldier lying not far off. His eyes were fixed straight ahead on his own vision.

The soldier did not hear them pass. He slept the deep, sweet sleep of exhaustion in a little niche amid the ruins of a fallen house. His body was curled up easily and naturally. The rifle had slipped from his hand.

But there were stains on the field-gray uniform; grotesque stains on the peaceful face half hidden in the curve of his arm.

It was as though while he slept an enemy had willfully besmeared him.

"Remember!" Helfig Muttered. Then He Was Gone

In ten hours order and even a semblance of prosperity and gayety had been conjured up. Beer shops and canteens were established with amazing promptitude in any ruin that offered the smallest protection from the threatening storm that already moaned and muttered overhead. Gay-colored lanterns illuminated their inviting signs. On one of them a facetious host informed his guests that he intended to open shortly on the Rue de Rivoli in more commodious and less drafty quarters. The officers of such regiments as were resting before a farther advance had billeted themselves in the few intact buildings west of the town and messed luxuriously in the chief hotel, which miraculously had escaped destruction.

In the streets even after nightfall there was a constant movement. Troops poured through on their way eastward. The sound of their passing varied, but never wholly ceased. The clatter of horse, the crash and rumble of guns, the rhythmic beat of infantry, were three phrases in a monotonous tune to which the ear became accustomed and finally indifferent.

The pavement swarmed with activity. Officers of all ranks hurried backward and forward between their casino and the commanding general's headquarters. The common soldiers who were off duty avoided that particular route, where their contented loitering was incessantly broken. They came together in the dim hovels, where the acrid smell of destruction still lingered. Their sober, hearty singing lent a warm sonority to the shallow bustle and clatter of the street. They sang of their homes, of the women they had left behind, of the day when they should go back to them.

The rare street lamps and red-eyed lanterns blinked in the gusts of angry wind. An endless procession of fantastic shadows fled light-footed along the walls. It was as though carnival were being held amid the ruins of a lost civilization.

An undercurrent of life there was that had no part in the feast. They were the bats and mice and scurrying things that had had their homes here generation after generation and had believed the firm brick and mortar to be their very own. Now they skulked tremblingly in their dark holes and burrows, peering out with tragic resignation at the unknown power which had ordained their end.

Leutnant Köhler came out of the casino and down the stone steps, clattering his sword noisily after him. In the street he lingered a minute or two, scowling and fingering his reddish little mustache with an impatient tenderness. He was bored and out of temper. For one thing, he considered he had been unfairly treated in the matter of quarters; for another, there was a rumor that the Yellow Dragoons were to be dismounted and sent into the front trenches. On hearing which he had started up in fury, banging the table:

"What the devil are they up to! Do they think they can mix us cavalry with a lot of line rag and bobtail?"

An infantry officer who had been present had taken umbrage and there had very nearly been a nasty scene. Even now, in spite of his suave and tactful withdrawal, Leutnant Köhler could not be sure that there would not be consequences; and the possibility, added to the intensifying vibration of gunfire, filled his cup of discontent to the brim.

He proceeded on his way slowly, keeping to the middle of the pavement, returning salutes with that air of combined accuracy and insolence which he had made his own, ignoring such soldiery as sprang stiffly out of his path, bowing deferentially to his superiors. His small, alert eyes shot penetrating glances into the darkness. Though he had no clear idea as yet what he was looking for, nothing escaped him.

A soldier lurched out of a doorway. Leutnant Köhler had almost passed, but not quite enough, either for the regulations or for his own exasperated temper. He swung round, overtook the man at a stride and struck him across the legs with his scabbard.

"What the hell do you mean by not saluting? Don't you see who I am, you drunken hog?"

The soldier had jerked up rigidly.

"Beg pardon, sir! I didn't see ——"

"Ah, you didn't see! You didn't see!" He stopped, overtaken by a sudden thought. "Here—under the lamp with you!"

He was obeyed. They stood close to one another, with the yellow wavering light on their faces. Though they gave no sign, picture after picture flashing up out of the past held them silent, staring at each other. And each knew what the other remembered.

Köhler's hand went back to his mustache. He was in no hurry now. The joke was too good to be spoiled by impatience. This was something to write home about. He even began a mental description of the shambling figure in the ill-fitting uniform; and he had a vision of himself as he must appear to this degenerate clod. Even in these days of field gray a cavalry officer knew how to make the most of himself.

A poison that had rankled in his blood for years was to be cured by an antidote—a very subtle, sweet-tasting antidote

He let the soldier stand there in front of him, still rigidly at attention, while he examined him leisurely from head to foot. Then his eyes passed on till, coming to rest on the house opposite, they narrowed with a new recollection. For a minute he genuinely forgot his victim. He smiled to himself, a greedy, animal little smile. There was a pleasant tingling of his nerves, a rush of hot blood to his face.

He knew now what he had been looking for.

The house had been fired but not wholly destroyed. An attempt had been made to close and barricade the splintered door.

The empty windows were dark, and yet somehow they suggested life—cowering, watching

Leutnant Köhler moistened his lips.

"Your name, number and regiment," he demanded.

"Helmut Felde, 3078, D Company, Regiment Königin Louise, Number 45."

"Good! I shall know whom to report. In the meantime there's a girl living in that house. You will go in and fetch her and bring her to my quarters—over there, on the third floor. Immediately! Do you understand?"

It was very subtle. He complimented himself His coarse bearing sharpened to catch the full flavor of the answer. It came at last—parrot-like, toneless: "Yes, sir."

"Good. And hurry up!"

He sauntered on, spurs jingling, sword clattering. He smiled to himself. The hand that still played mechanically with the reddish mustache had begun to tremble.

Helmut knew his way this time, but now he went slowly, with leaden feet. He did not think of the thing he had come to do; his brain was empty. But an unutterable misery weighed upon him. He could have killed himself. It did not occur to him once to disobey.

The lock on the door at the end of the passage had been broken the night before. He remembered how he had broken it with a kick. The door swung open slackly at his touch.

It was quite dark and in the room itself very still. But all round him the house murmured like a thing in pain. He could hear the wind sighing through its broken walls. And when a gun, nearer than the rest, boomed, it shuddered.

"Who is there?"

His own voice startled him, jerked him to a standstill. It seemed to come from someone else. It sounded strained and breathless and frightened. He stood aghast for a moment. Then he remembered an electric torch, which he had taken from a dead Belgian. He sent its white eye peering through the obscurity. It lit up piece by piece the gashed, disfigured room, the little bits of furniture smashed to matchwood, the heap of broken crockery, a discolored crust—all covered with a thin yellow powder, as though everything had happened years ago.

And it had been last night.

The light came to rest on the two figures on either side of the fireplace. Helmut felt that they also had been there for a long time. They were like figures in an old forgotten waxwork show—gray and colorless and dusty, living with a strange, sinister life of their own.

The one was indeed almost unrecognizable. It might have been a bundle of ragged clothes heaped up into a grotesque resemblance to a human body and to which someone in a freakish mood had attached a mask. But the other stood straight and tall, her hand on the mantelshelf, her eyes fixed on the black and empty grate.

On the floor by the window was a long inert thing covered by an old tablecloth, with a cross and rosary upon its breast.

Helmut came farther into the room. He tried to move quietly, but the boards creaked under his tread.

"*Mademoiselle*," he muttered, "*il faut venir avec moi*"

She turned toward him. Even with that full white light upon her, her eyes were dead and lusterless. She did not answer, and they stood for a long minute looking at each other. Last night there had been hatred and challenge between them. Now there was nothing but this bottomless misery. He tried to repeat his little French sentence - like a child repeating a lesson that it does not understand; but an invisible hand was at his throat, choking him.

"—— *faut venir—avec* ——"

But still she did not answer, and his wretchedness was lit by an imperative need—to get on with this, to have done with it; at all costs to get away from this place of horror.

"*Il faut—il faut* ——" he repeated desperately.

That was the keynote of it all: "*Il faut—il faut.*"

He blundered toward her. He was almost crying. As he caught her by the arm the bundle huddled in the chair was galvanized with a sudden horrible life. For a second it stood upright, straight as in youth, its mask flaming with hate, its fleshless arms lifted in malediction—then broke, crumbling to nothing.

The girl shook off his hold. She did it easily, impatiently, as though he had been an importunate child. Whatever power he had had was gone. She could have escaped him. But instead she stood looking at the dead woman and at the thing beneath the window. And to Helmut it seemed that she held communion with them.

"*Eh bien, monsieur, je viens.*"

Her voice was calm and natural. She might have been consenting to some commonplace request. They went out together. On the steps from force of habit she turned to close the door and then, seeing the splintered panels and hanging lock, sighed under her breath. While they crossed the road she kept close to him, sheltering from the rain-sodden wind.

Her warm touch on his arm burnt him. He pushed her roughly in front up the narrow stairs. If only she had struggled; if only she would spit at him, so that he could hate her. But she was so docile, so gentle. On the third floor she stood aside for him to pass.

"Come in!"

He pushed the door open. He saw Köhler lounging by the fireplace. The lieutenant had taken off his military coat and wore a light gray letewka, carelessly unbuttoned. He turned for an instant to throw his cigar into the grate, and the firelight flooded his full face with a brutal virility.

"*Ah, mademoiselle, comme vous êtes aimable!*" He clicked his heels together, his hand upon his heart, his little eyes gloating over her. "*Et belle,*" he added.

Then he remembered Helmut, and the false good-humor died out of his face, leaving a cruel, childish triumph.

"Get out—you!" he snapped. "Get out—and thank God on your knees if I don't punish you!"

An impulse leaped up in Helmut—an insane impulse. But, then, Kurt had always been able to do that; there was something about him that could unseat the reason.

If only he, Helmut, had passed that exam; if only Kurt had not worn that uniform; if only the girl had protested; if Kurt had even touched her at that moment ——

But she stood there, quiet and indifferent, her hand holding her shawl crossed upon her bosom. It was as though nothing of all this concerned her. And yet she must have known of that sudden stir, for she looked at Helmut for a moment, and her eyes were full of an aloof, contemptuous pity.

And perhaps Köhler knew too. Perhaps he, too, had had a glimpse of what was passing behind that mask of disciplined stolidity. Perhaps the one fine instinct in him of self-preservation warned him.

He advanced threateningly. But there was fear in his face and in his voice.

"Do you hear? Get out!"

The old law reasserted itself. The flame flickered and went out.

The door closed. Helmut stood alone on the dark landing. The howl of the wind, the mysterious murmur and rustle of unseen things, the dull persistent boom of the guns, did not reach his hearing. He heard only the silence in that room behind him—that obscene, hideous silence.

He could see them standing there confronting one another, the man and the woman; and the man's face—like a tiger crouching.

And then panic overwhelmed him. He rushed recklessly, blindly down the stairs, out into the storm, on and on, the horror hot at his heels.

An hour later Heilig met him zigzagging through the torrential darkness and drunk beyond reasoning.

Fortunately it was already late and the tempest had swept the streets clear, so that he had encountered no one of any dignity on his progress. The wind and the swirl of rain muffled his shouts to an unintelligible murmur. He seemed to have forgotten his distrust of the older man. He clung to Heilig desperately, though he persisted on his own course.

"Must find it!" he explained earnestly. "Must—that's German for '*il faut*'—looked it up in a dictionary. Fine word—very useful. Must find it—my bayonet. Lost my bayonet—old man. What do they do to you for that, eh? Shoot you—penal servitude? Besides, I want it—want to take it home. I've killed a deuced lot with it—dozens—lost count after twenty; all sorts, my dear boy—men, women and kids. When I woke up in the morning I was up to my eyes in it—swimming in it!" He lurched and hiccuped helplessly.

"And now I've lost the damned thing—and I tell you I want to take it home. I want to show it to my mother. She'll be so proud. She'll hang it on the wall. I promised I'd do something big for the Fatherland; and I have—haven't I? She'll tie a ticket to it: 'With this bayonet my son Helmut killed dozens of his country's enemies.' What a damned nuisance losing count like that!"

Heilig held him upright with difficulty.

"Well, never mind about your bayonet anyhow. You'll not find it again on a night like this. Better let me get you back to your quarters before there's a row."

"I tell you I know where I lost it," Helmut persisted. "I had it when I was crossing the road with that pretty vixen—Kurt sent me for her, you know; always did get everything he wanted, my dear cousin. And I nearly made a fool of myself; think of that—making a fool of yourself over a girl that doesn't care a damn. These Belgians—dirty dogs, all of them."

Heilig struggled with him in vain. It was evident that drunk as he was he had a perfectly clear purpose, and Heilig had either to go with him or leave him to his fate. He chose the former course.

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"I Have Been Waiting for Someone to Come and Take Me. I Meant to Kill Myself. I Was Not Brave Enough"

THE BOYS OF '76 IN FRANCE

By William T. Ellis

ONCE more the men of Massachusetts have demonstrated that the sons of the Minutemen of Concord and Lexington are still true to type, and that the type has lost none of its qualities of courage and efficiency by a large infusion of immigrant blood.

In the first big fight of the American troops in France our men have proved themselves to be all that the nation expected. By the fortunes of war it befell that I was in the midst of this activity, and I am writing to the music of the booming guns. The battle has been waging steadily for four days, and though it is in no wise comparable with the large-scale events at the west, it is none the less a representative cross-section of the American Army carrying on in action. This fragment is a run-of-mine sample, showing how the ore assays. Here, for the first time, the entire responsibility is our own; our American men and material and leadership are all being put to the test.

And the test has been met completely. A vital point, which the French officers here magnanimously say has never before been held successfully against a strong German attack—though it has been repeatedly recaptured by the French—when manned by Americans has withstood the shock of selected Prussian storm troops; has not given an inch of ground or a single prisoner; has taken a three or four to one toll of the enemy; and has sent to the rear the largest consignment of German prisoners thus far captured by the Americans. Incidentally, during the battle American aviators brought down, at a point behind our lines, the first two Gothas that have fallen to our own aviation force.

It is no longer a secret that the portion of the French Front turned over to the Americans is down in beautiful Lorraine, amid the chain of fort cities of which Verdun is the most famous. Because the Americans were untried they were given a "quiet" sector. Yet here it was that there developed last week an action of real magnitude, and of a significance far beyond its size. The advantages of position are all with the foe. His observation points and artillery overlook our roads and our trenches. Troops and supplies go into the trenches only at night, and in small detachments. Not a buckle may glisten, not a bit of metal may rattle and not a light may show. All the independence they could crave has been given our army here. Their own ammunition, transportation, telephone system and other forms of communication must prove themselves now. American men and American guns and American tactics have their long-desired chance.

Honors Well Divided

THIS fight that I have been witnessing—dates and names are inexpedient in such narratives as the present—was really a regimental affair. The platoon and company and battalion commanders in the action took the necessary initiative, while the regimental staff looked to their supplies. The full and fine coöperation that they had from the rear spoke well for the efficiency of the American fighting machine.

After a night of shelling, the boche storm troops, Prussians and uhlans, came over the top at the front held by a battalion of a certain regiment. A more representative unit cannot be found.

Sons of the Mayflower are here; bookish boys from the New England colleges, gentle, thoughtful and a bit prim.

Alongside them are the new citizenry of their state. One of the machine gunners who distinguished himself was of Austrian birth; and a German bore ammunition forward, despite the hailstorm of missiles from his former countrymen. It was a Greek who, when his gun was put out of action, waited at the corner of the communicating trench with a knife and "got" a German officer. A Syrian from the Lebanon mountains, by way of Boston, who in childhood had fought the Turks, in this action proved his mettle upon Turkey's ally; and though once engulfed by a shell explosion he was dug out and continued to fight.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

An American Aviator and a Captured German Gotha

A Wakefield dry-goods merchant—such are the jests democracy cracks at the expense of professional militarism—who is the captain of the heterogeneous heroes of —— Company, proved to be possibly the foremost daredevil of a battalion in which there was not a single man to turn "yellow." An Armenian was sniping at a couple of Germans when somehow his gun failed to fire. It was a minute before he discovered that an enemy bullet had cut off his trigger finger; and he ran back to his fellows, laughing at the joke Fate had played on him. "I'm a tailor, and it's this finger"—lifting up his middle digit—"that holds my thimble, so it does not matter," he cried exultingly, as if he had foiled the boche.

Abie Fleischer was known as the man who always carried his personal possessions on every march, in addition to his soldier's pack, saying "In this army you never know who is honest." He volunteered twice as an ammunition carrier to the front trench; and besides got two boches. He lost an arm and an eye.

When the attack began the Germans had not far to go. At this point the occupied trenches were only about fifty yards apart, with a disused trench between. This propinquity delivered the front-line fighters from the most dreaded of German weapons, a gas attack; for gas for the goose would also be gas for the gander. Messages had been hurled over in bottles asking "Are you French, British or American?" And the Americans had returned the missives with "Come over and find out." So they came; only to be met by a fusillade from automatic rifles, machine guns, trench mortars, grenades, rifles and, a little later, artillery fire. The Germans were delivering a supposedly irresistible attack, the western drive in miniature.

There were eight hundred or a thousand men in the storming party, each with his knapsack filled for a journey or a sojourn, in the full confidence of getting through. Two of the Germans wore American greatcoats and helmets. The officer in command bore the Red Cross insignia on his arm and a pistol in his pocket. Each German soldier carried two bags of potato-masher grenades and three first-aid packets. The brass belt buckles were inscribed *Gott mit uns*. The pistols of the officers contained alternate flat-nosed and pointed bullets. I have one of the former, unexploded, in my pocket now. It was the expectation, the prisoners said, that the shock troops would go right through our trenches.

Naughty Words From the Captain

INSTEAD, the Americans never yielded an inch. They went out to meet the foe, and also repeatedly entered his trenches. This struggle continued for four days, almost uninterrupted, day and night, the Germans pouring in reserves after the trenches had fairly been filled with their dead.

To write an orderly chronological and geographical narrative of such an action is impossible, for it had no form or prearrangement. Orders were executed before they were given. When the dry-goods captain was bidden to go over the top to attack the Germans he had already been over twice. According to what he had been taught by the books of military science that captain should have led his men forward through the *boyau* or communicating trench. It was known, however, that the enemy machine guns dominated this, so stripping off all signs of his rank and with a rifle in his hand our dry-goods captain cried "To hell with the trench! It's over the top, boys!" He was first over, and last back, after all the Germans in the front position had been mopped up. I hope the ladies of Wakefield will not hold his unladylike speech and conduct against him when they want to go shopping after the war; for, to tell the worst, that son of Mars repeated his audacious and bloody exploit later on, and used still rougher talk.

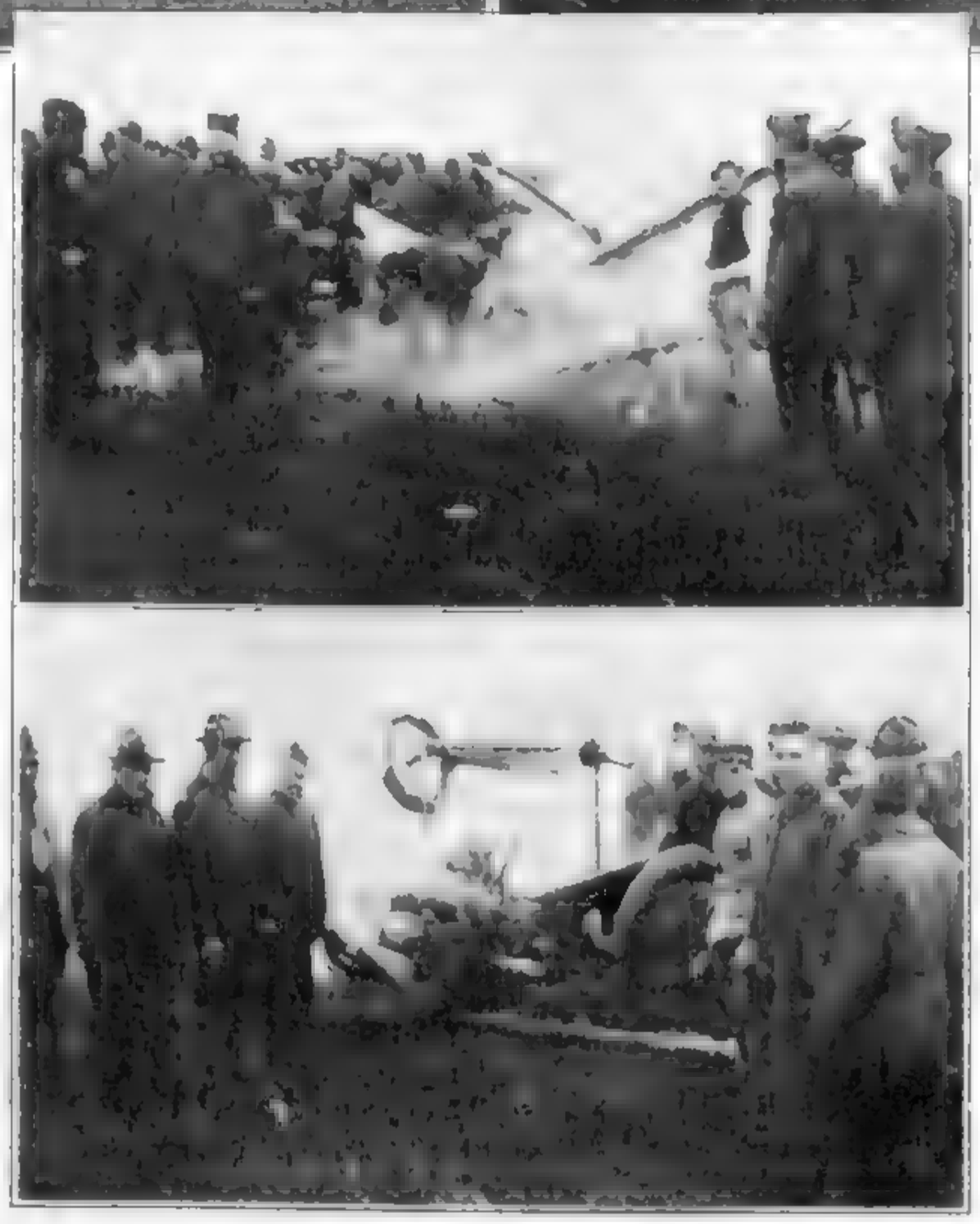
The good old word "mêlée" best describes the scene. Always there was the sheer weight of artillery. "You've certainly got to hand it to the Germans; they're some shooters!" remarked a boy to me in describing the precision with which the enemy barrage would fall within fifteen seconds after being signaled for. And of machine guns they seemed to have an exhaustless supply. Their artillery and grenades did the most damage to our men.

In personal encounters the boche did not stand up before the American. At every clash of hand-to-hand assault the Germans yielded. What can withstand such a spirit as that of the young sergeant—and these soldiers are such boys that an observer feels constrained to remark upon it again and again—who had slain two boches with his bayonet, when he himself fell wounded! A third German was coming toward him, but that wounded Yankee, half raising himself, let fly a grenade at the approaching enemy and brought him down also. When the young hero was carried in he left three dead within a radius of a few feet.

An American Big-Game Hunter in France, and His Morning's "Bag"

Captured Gothas

Brought Down by Americans



They are the First German Planes That Have Fallen to Our Own Aviation Force

Or what words can do justice to the spirit of the soldier who had one leg shot off and the other mangled, but who cried because they would not let him stay in the trench and throw grenades, since his arms were all right?

Curiously I found no bloodlust among these boys. They do not love to kill Germans. It would please them far better to go back to "the trivial round" in Massachusetts than to stay here. This, though, is their day's work. They have answered the call of country. So they try to be as workmanlike and dispassionate as possible about it all.

A charming boy with girlish features was telling me of a comrade's exploit, and quite as if recounting the plays in a game of baseball and as if saying "Then I threw to center" he remarked "A big boche came over and I killed him; and then I saw"—and went on with the story. One lad got eight Germans in a single rush.

More Modest Than Scared

IT WAS a fisty lad, to be sure, who in a general mix-up returned to first principles and gave a German a black eye. Several of these tender-hearted boys spoke of thirst as their greatest hardship; they had emptied their canteens for the wounded. "Gee, it was awful to hear them hollering for water all the time out there."

An American with an automatic rifle was doing fine work when a shell exploded under him; he went up in the air, but came down unhurt, and continued to fire from the new shell crater, just as if it had been his original redoubt.

"Shorty" was buried up to the neck three times by explosions, but after being dug out by his comrades fought on for the full four days that the battalion was in continuous action. Several times some of our machine guns were put out of business, but none was lost. A German machine gun was captured.

A blushing chap had gone to the top under fire to recover a heavy Hotchkiss machine gun, suddenly embedded by an explosion. Asked for his version of the incident, he said: "I don't really know what happened. They blew in our sandbags and covered the gun, so I went up and dug a hole for myself in the heap with my hands, just like a dog scratching; and say, it didn't take long for me to dig a hole big enough for an elephant. And I was in it, too, you bet! Then I cleaned out the gun and set it up again."

That was all I could get out of him; if there is any posing about these Massachusetts boys it is a little affectation that they were more scared than their actions showed. Nobody claimed a brave deed for himself, but all were quick to tell the exploits of the others and to honor the officers and the rival companies.

Ten Americans were trapped in a detached trench, with a heavy force in front of them. They quietly made a compact that they would neither retreat nor surrender, but that the last man would die at his post. That fact, however, came out almost incidentally as they glowingly told how a bunch of sweating comrades came rushing to their rescue.

One boy was caught in a shell hole out by the German wire, and he stayed there, fighting until dark; and the point of the story, as the soldiers tell it, is that he got his clothes all torn on the wires coming in and now has to go about looking like a ragged comedian.

For two days it was feared that the Germans had secured one American prisoner, for he had been seen surrounded and overpowered. Later his body was discovered, hard by the German trenches, horribly mangled; he had fought to the death. And now his broken body rests with his victorious comrades in the quiet of an American grave.

"You've gotta hand it to —— Company"—I quote the Bostonese exactly—"they were at stand-to for forty-eight hours." One foolhardy sniper, saying "I can see the boche as quick as he can see me," deliberately stood up on the parapet and brought down three of the enemy. "I threw a grenade at him, and he went up just like a balloon," I overheard a youngster say. This effect of an explosion was recounted in several instances. Two linemen went out under fire and repaired the telephone wires, for such intense shelling as is now being carried on plays havoc with the communication system.

"Those drafties are wonders. You've gotta hand it to them. Not one of them was scared."

Then amid laughter and counter-tale and comment a group of these child veterans, enjoying a breathing space after five days in intense action, told me about the draft recruits who had been sent to the regiment as replacement men.

"They'd do anything—carry ammunition or the wounded or fight any old way. One guy didn't know that you had to take the top off the grenades to make them explode; and he thought they'd go off when they hit. So he threw them like baseballs, and I saw him catch a Fritz in the middle of the stomach with one."

"Yes, and there was a drafty in our company who went over the top twice the other day and got three boches with his bayonet."

"Some of them"—this to the music of reminiscent laughter—"didn't even know what company they belonged to. But they certainly were all right!"

The bandmaster, who became a stretcher bearer in action, worked to the point of exhaustion, and his staggering caught his superior's eye; but when the bandmaster found that the surgeon was going to send him to the rear for a rest he hid in a dugout until the doctor was gone.

Another boy, in the medical corps, was to be sent home as mentally deficient, and the papers were all made out. When his unit was about to go forward he appeared before the captain and, saluting with comical dignity, said "Private N—— reports for duty, sir." Then he pleaded to be allowed to go, and worked under fire like a young demigod.

Medical-Corps Men

MEDICAL-CORPS men have to stand the fire without striking back. On one trip to the trenches I accompanied a stretcher bearer along the open road, because it is easier and quicker than the tortuous, slippery, mud-filled trench. True, we were under the fire of the big guns, but if we kept to the left side of the road we could not easily be seen against the underbrush; and there were numerous *abris*, or bombproofs, in case of a general bombardment. As we climbed, that lad told me funny stories of a greenhorn who under a barrage had dived like a rabbit into the bushes, as if concealment were protection when all about us were big trees snapped off by shells. On our way up the shells began to come thick and near, and my guide advised waiting for a while in an *abri*, as the bombardment would not last long—quite in the casual tone one speaks of a summer shower. When we got to the end of the tunnel we found the cave filled with ammunition.

"Come on! Let's try the next one. I don't like to be in these hot places with a lot of explosives, in case a shell should get through." So we walked on to the next shelter and remained there for the duration of the storm, arriving at "P. C.," which the Germans have got well spotted.

That mile-long trench from the ambulance station to the major's "P. C."—post of command—is interesting, but I prefer the road. It would be much better to be effaced by a direct hit from a shell than to have the rocky side of a trench blown in on one; and the enemy has been playing havoc with this long main communication. Repeatedly one has to climb over the blown-in sides, since the place has not been cleared out for two or three days; and the bombardment was continuous during my second trip through this zigzagging highway, which seemed many miles long. The ground was so littered with chunks of slimy limestone, and the "duck soup," as the boys call the mud, was so deep, and the foothold so precarious, that I could scarcely give attention to where the shells were landing, or to the beautiful violets and hepaticas and anemones that blossom so luxuriantly on the edge of the trench, a pledge of life amid all this death. The ground ivy has already begun to creep down into this man-made chasm, to cover the unsightliness of war's work and to give promise that Nature's sweet processes will continue long after this war madness of the human race has been cured.

Up through that trench had gone, a little earlier in the day, the company of pioneers with whom I had driven up

(Continued on Page 59)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Out of the Frying Pan

THE present Russian Government made peace with Prussia and made war on Finland. For a long time Finland had been a liberal progressive country, striving to save what independence it could under the thumb of the Czar. The Czar could not allow it much independence, because the example of a liberal democratic government just across the street from him was too obnoxious. When the first Russian revolution gave an opportunity to throw off the foreign yoke Finland set up a free democratic government.

We must, of course, take all news from that quarter of the world with certain allowances. It is censored, colored, more or less distorted. But the Bolshevik attack on Finland seems to have been as conscienceless as the Kaiser's invasion of Belgium. Like the Czar, the Bolsheviki could not endure an orderly, liberal democratic government just across the street. They threw the country into anarchy, from which, as a matter of course, the Germans conveniently "rescued" it and tucked it into their game bag.

Our Bolshevik friends over here are still hypnotized by phrases, which is the static condition of the Bolshevik mind. Men who wantonly attacked democratic Finland, to the end of making it a Prussian province, are ecstatically accepted as liberators, because they talk about liberty. If you should ask the people of Finland what the practical difference is between Bolshevik liberators and Prussian conquerors, a majority of them—having experienced both—would probably reply that such practical difference as there may be is all in favor of the Prussians.

Guaranteed Bank Deposits

IT LOOKS as though Congress would pass the bill to guarantee individual deposits up to five thousand dollars in national banks. Before postal savings banks were set up there was more to be said for such a proposal than can be said for it now. The one argument is that guaranteed deposits would induce greater confidence in banks and attract hoarded money into active use. But now every village contains a postal depository, guaranteed by the Government. We do not believe that hoarding of currency is now practiced to such an extent that anybody need bother about it. These Liberty Loan campaigns have been educational. More than seventeen million subscribers to the last one does not suggest hoarding.

Strict control of competition in banking is a necessary corollary of guaranteed deposits. If the Government is to guarantee deposits up to five thousand dollars in every national bank, then it must see that new banks are not set up simply, or chiefly, for the purpose of making inroads into the business of established institutions; for guaranteeing deposits impairs that protection against competition which a successful established bank has by reason of its reputation and goodwill. It has been ably managed for years. People deposit money with it because, relying on its reputation, they believe the money will be safe.

If a new concern can say "You needn't bother about our reputation, for money deposited with us is guaranteed by the Government," the old bank is deprived of an asset and protection to which its good conduct has entitled it. Moreover, the guaranty fund is to be raised by an assessment on all bank deposits; so the old bank must pay an assessment that might be used to put a new rival on an equal footing with it in the vital matter of possessing public confidence.

Guaranteeing deposits inevitably implies closer control of the banking field by the Government and stiffer restrictions upon competition. It is doubtful whether it is now worth the price.

Horse Power and Man Power

THE pyramids, you know, were one of the seven wonders of the world—and the most wonderful of them all as a demonstration of sheer power. How could that vast mass of material have been excavated, transported and set in place? For many centuries the world held its breath over that amazing application of force.

A recent volume on economics draws this contrast: "The power generated in a modern steamship in a single voyage across the Atlantic is more than enough to raise from the Nile and set in place every stone of the great Egyptian pyramid."

"Rome was not built in a day"; but physical Rome could be built in a fortnight now. As an incident of war this country has built a dozen Romes within a year.

It has been calculated that a mechanical horse power is about equal to the labor capacity of ten men, on which basis our manufactures alone employ a power—aside from that of the human hands engaged—that is equivalent to the labor capacity of at least two hundred and fifty million men.

This enormous accession of physical power is quite new—really a matter of the last fifty years; and it is multiplying in an ever-increasing ratio. It ought to make a new world in which there is no valid excuse for any reasonable human want going unsupplied. But a glance at Europe to-day shows that wisdom has by no means increased commensurately with power. We have succeeded brilliantly in securing an enormous accession of power. We have not succeeded so well in finding out how to use it intelligently.

German power, before which Cæsar would have been as helpless as an ant under a steam roller, is handed over to a company of morally drunken sailors to run amuck with.

Not a Cheering Prospect

SOME five or six weeks ago the country visibly shuddered when Secretary McAdoo announced that new revenue legislation at this session of Congress was advisable—shuddered not because the country shrank from paying more taxes, but because it knew that revenue legislation at this session would be shaped by very incompetent hands.

This Congress spent six months last year on a revenue bill, and produced a measure so ambiguous, complicated and inequitable that the only ground on which it might have found excuse was that it had been thrown together overnight by men in a desperate hurry, who did not understand the subject they were dealing with. In various sections it was impossible to say what Congress really intended. The law was put into effect by a series of more or less arbitrary interpretations and decisions by revenue officers. In other sections the intention of Congress was clear—and clearly wrong according to all accepted principles of equitable taxation. There was no doubt, for example, that Congress intended to tax a man who earned a given income twice as much as it taxed an idler who enjoyed the same income from an inherited fortune.

Even worse than that, the men chiefly responsible for this measure—the men who would shape a new revenue law at this session—remained so far from having gained a better understanding of the subject that they were actually rather proud of their work. Apparently all they have been able to see respecting the law of 1917 is that it produces a lot of revenue. Taxation by men whose only object is to raise revenue, with calm indifference to the relative expedience and equity of the means employed, is not a cheering prospect.

Naturally the country shuddered—not at the prospect of more taxes, but at the prospect of more bad taxes.

War Lessons

THE American Government is going to school nowadays. It is learning something about business by hard, practical experience. This learning, so far, seems to have had no reaction upon politics; but we must hope that eventually it will have.

Writing of the Germany of 1913, which had outstripped all rivals in the ratio of its gains in industrial expansion and foreign trade, a distinguished American economist pointed out that the German Government favored and fostered business combinations that the American Government treated as criminal. He added:

"More than this, the German Government, with an assiduity and expert aid not known in any other country, has consciously, and with great energy and skill, become the ally of trade, both domestic and foreign." And he gave various illustrations—familiar enough to students of the subject—of the activities of the German Government as the chief and ever-vigilant promoter of German trade.

The point is not whether the government is democratic or autocratic. The point is the attitude of the government toward the whole body of activities by which the people gain a livelihood and national wealth is increased. The attitude of the American Government is well known. In the main it was merely that of an aloof, suspicious critic—in the most conspicuous cases, a decidedly hostile critic. Its main interest in business lay in discovering something to repress or punish. On the constructive side it was mostly blind and indifferent. Its usual rôle was that of a critical and pugnacious umpire. It seldom seriously considered the idea of boosting the game.

Probably professional politics—which means the occupation of fishing for votes—is still largely in that attitude. But we may expect that war experience will finally react upon it.

How the Prussian Wins

THE Kaiser boasts of his sword; but what he relies upon is a jimmy. Look at the war map of Europe. Note all the territory that has fallen into German hands since the beginning of the war. With inconsiderable exceptions it was all won by treachery and fraud.

There is Belgium, which needs no argument. There are Russia's western provinces, seized from a helpless foe after he had laid down his arms and been inveigled into a peace conference on false pretenses. There is Rumania, abandoned by the old régime in Russia. Even the Italian ground the Teutons now hold was gained by lies that Germany had stealthily sown within the lines rather than by superior military prowess.

There remains some French soil that may fairly be considered a fruit of military superiority—gained in the early days of the war by falling upon an unready antagonist two-thirds Germany's size.

The German sword has justified itself as a defensive weapon. The war has demonstrated that Germany's military power was ample to protect her from invasion. She had nothing to fear on that score. But, for subjugating other people, it is the jimmy that serves her purpose. The Prussian wins by fraud and by a weakening of the morale of the enemy.

Undoubtedly Berlin has learned the lesson, and, in proportion as cannon fail, will trust more and more to chicane.

Watch Your Coal

IT IS June—and balmy; but the calendar warns us that frost is only a hundred days or so away. We heed the admonition of the Fuel Administration and order our winter supply of fuel early. The dealer smiles indulgently and says:

"Coal? If you will step out into the yard with me and look in the corners of two of the thirteen bins, I can show you some samples of that commodity. I am trying to hold on to the samples, because it would be a misfortune if I should forget what coal looks like. As to when I can deliver your winter supply I have no more idea than the man in the moon. I haven't a thing in sight; not even any tangible sort of promise."

We should take this for an exceptional case; only a good many of the publications we pick up in the course of a day contain something or other in the same vein. North of the Ohio frost is, on an average, four months or so away. Much may be done in that time, with practically unlimited coal deposits available.

Coal consumers can do much. Our habitual pre-war waste of fuel can be much reduced. Upon every man who expects to use a ton of coal next winter—or who uses coal now—rests the responsibility of seeing that the fuel is economically used.

AMERICANS FOR AMERICA

DELETING THE HYPHEN—THE DOCTRINE OF 1918

By David Lawrence

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

HUMAN battles may vary in scope and intensity, but they undergo relatively little change in character in a hundred years—because human nature is eternal, not ephemeral. Thus autocracy and the lust for world power ruled monarchies a century ago just as they do in Germany to-day. And our forefathers who founded this republic in 1776, declaring themselves free and independent of a European parent, found it necessary pretty early in the game to extend the Declaration of Independence into a Monroe Doctrine making all European monarchical systems taboo in this hemisphere. That was ninety-five years ago—December, 1823, to be exact—and if we have had any foreign policy at all since then it has been to assert and defend that doctrine. We deemed it a cardinal principle of our life—the backbone of republicanism. We frowned at the attempt of Maximilian to get a foothold in Mexico. We scowled at England for disputing a boundary in Venezuela. We helped Cuba throw off the yoke of tyrannical Spain. With typical good nature and generosity we invited to our shores the peoples of all European countries—discriminating against nobody, either for race, religion or previous condition of servitude. We didn't suspect any people in our own free land.

Extract the Poison Fang

Unhappily we reasoned only in terms of territory, legal ownership of islands, and states, naval bases and tangible possessions—territorial conquest. But we forgot all about another kind of conquest, another kind of influence more dangerous than the purchase of strategic bases, another kind of struggle to implant customs and ideals entirely foreign to the purposes of individual freedom to which we had dedicated the nation itself. We thought the Monroe Doctrine could be violated only by an armed expedition from across the seas, and pooh-poohed the idea of a German invasion of this continent. We thought the German-American Alliance a kind of singing society, where convivial spirits quaffed beverages of native brew; and we never stopped to inquire the meaning of the Germanism they preached or the Kultur they idealized.

Germanization

WHEN we read in our histories of the sage policy of President Monroe "that the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power" and that the United States would consider any attempt on the part of European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," we usually thought this applied to the weaker countries south of us—not to ourselves.

But in the last few weeks there have been disclosed in the Senate of the United States documents and proof that show how unfounded was our security, how that dread German Kultur, which has hypnotized a nation beyond the Rhine and driven it into mad combat with the world, has been preached and practiced in our schools, colleges and churches, and its sinister hand placed on our political parties to bring about the choice of persons in Federal, state and municipal elections favorable to Germanism. Apologetically some Germans resident in America have risen to define Germanism as an innocent fondness, an ethnological affection for things German, and not an unforgetable devotion to the interests of the Fatherland, as the practice has proved beyond a question of doubt. But of this much we are certain—it didn't translate into a passion for Americanism, out of which alone can grow a homogeneous nation. Its very spirit was un-American. It was a confessed effort to Germanize America.

We have the confession in an amazing record of public speeches and documents written by officers of the National German-American Alliance. Said, for instance, Charles J. Hexamer, president of that organization, at the annual convention in October, 1911—and the excerpt is taken from an official report:

"What the root is to the tree, that the German language is to Germany. We hope to introduce the teaching of German in all elementary schools. The more the teaching of German increases the greater will be the number of boys and girls who will be brought to us and who will receive the keys to the treasure houses of our Kultur."

Hexamer's Words

FOUR years later—November, 1915—Mr. Hexamer—who had previously been decorated by the Kaiser—made to the convention this speech:

"We will not permit our Kultur of two thousand years to be trodden down in this land. Many were born here and many are giving our German Kultur to the land of their children. But that is possible only if we stand together. . . . Let everyone be strong who steps forward and battles for German Kultur. Let him be strong and German. Consider, you German pioneers, that we are giving this people here the best thing that there is on earth—Germanic Kultur."

But the prize quotation, made at the national convention of the alliance in Milwaukee, was also from the lips of Mr. Hexamer:

"We have long suffered the preachment that 'you Germans must allow yourselves to be assimilated; you must merge with the American people.' But no one will ever find us prepared to descend to an inferior [or lesser] culture."

Sounds absurd that a native-born American should utter such words in free America, even before we entered the war and began to take note of what was happening within our gates.

But would you believe that there are 491 evangelical schools in this country in which German is the only language taught, and that in some states — as Wisconsin, North Dakota and South Dakota—state money has been spent largely for the maintenance of public schools that are exclusively German, in which the instruction is given in the German language, the pupils talk German and the teacher talks German—and English is the foreign tongue?

Those are facts. And there are a good many facts just like those, which have just begun to shed light on the effects of our happy-go-lucky indifference to the encroachments of European systems.

Not alone in the German sections of the big cities has such a condition been developing, but in the heart of America—the West. There was a conference in Washington a few weeks ago of the National Bureau of Education and a national committee of one hundred, attended by twenty-two governors and several scores of representatives of state councils of defense, to talk about this very thing. And here is what Richard L. Metcalfe, member of the Nebraska State Council of Defense, revealed:

"In Nebraska there are eighteen districts where the public school has been driven out by German schools. In those German schools nothing but the German language is spoken or taught. No attention whatever is paid to teaching anything but German. We have

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Another Lovely German Substitute

A PRISONER OF WAR

By Private John A. Scott

DECORATIONS BY JAMES C. McKELL

"YOU'LL go down into the mine if I have to turn out the garrison and knock you senseless." These were the cheering and comforting words that we heard as we stood on parade on the barrack square at Buer-Westerholt. There were three hundred of us British, and we had arrived that afternoon from Minden camp to work in the coal mines. We had come against our wills and, being old prisoners and determined men, we had decided to defy the Germans and make things so warm that they would get fed up with us and send us back to where we came from. Little did we know the class of men we had to deal with. They turned out to be the most brutal and unscrupulous men we had ever met.

But to go on with the story. We had been given our pit numbers and we stood four deep in numerical order. Our orders were that when our numbers were called out we were to step forward and receive our pit clothes, which consisted of a pair of clogs, a suit of dungarees, a cap, neckerchief, and a tin water bottle to carry our "coffee" into the mine. The first four numbers had been called out but no one had moved. They were called again, but no response.

"What is the matter with these men?" These words were addressed to the interpreter by the sergeant major who was in command of the prisoners.

"What are you going to do, boys?" said he.

"Tell him that as we don't intend to go down the pit we won't need any clothes."

The interpreter delivered the answer.

"So," said the head bully. "Well, do they want any blankets?"

A loud chorus of "noes" was the answer to this question, as we had resolved to stand pat and defy them.

The sergeant major said no more but went to the German barracks, which were a few yards away, and turned out all the available sentries. They were a tough-looking crowd and were about forty strong. About a third were armed with rifles and bayonets and the remainder had thick rubber pipes about thirty inches long. We were marched away in tens and twelves, and there was an attack that would break the spirit of the most resolute.

Victims of German Brutality

BANG! Smash! Crash! We were knocked to our knees. Butt ends of rifles and heavy hobnailed boots landed on whatever part of us was uppermost. It was in vain that we put up a scrap. If we struggled to our feet we were immediately knocked down again and kicked unmercifully.

After fifteen minutes of this kind of work we were dazed, bleeding and unfit to continue the unequal struggle. The sergeant major, seeing the condition we were in, stopped the mêlée, and through the interpreter informed us that we were there to work and that he would take us down the mine if he had to carry us to the shaft. We hastily whispered to one another that we would try some other scheme and that we had better give in for the time being, as flesh and blood could not stand the rough treatment that was being given us.

We were then formed up again, four deep, and given our pit clothes. The next item was the division of the party. I was told off for the morning shift, and then we were shown where we were to sleep, eat, and amuse ourselves when we were not working.

The beds consisted of hammocks made out of the kind of coarse matting you generally see in corridors of public buildings. For covering we had three thin cotton blankets which you could see through. The beds were in two tiers, one above the other, and about two hundred men were in a hut which measured about eighty by fifty feet. The stench in the night was something awful as it was too cold to have many windows open.

After locating our hammocks, which were all numbered, we were given a bowl of soup, which was the first we had received that day. The soup consisted of dirty water with a few rotten vegetables boiled in it. We also received about ten ounces of the usual black bread that is issued to prisoners of war, and were told to go to sleep, as the morning shift would rise at four o'clock. It was now about half past nine, and we laid our weary and aching bodies on the rough beds, but not to sleep. Our thoughts were too bitter, and more than one strong man choked back a sob of rage and anger. What a night of misery it was! And many a desperate scheme was hatched.

At last four o'clock arrived and the guards burst noisily into our barrack.

"Get up, you English pig-dogs!" they cried. They accompanied the order with the prods of rifles, and the morning shift wearily rolled out.

"Soup up!" someone shouted, and we rushed out with our tin bowls to get our allowance of the vile concoction they had the nerve to call soup.

We had barely time to eat it when we were roughly told to fall in and take our pit clothes under our arms. We filed out onto the barrack square and fell in by fours. We were counted at least a dozen times, and at last our guards, satisfied that we were correct, marched us off to the pit, which was half a kilometer from our camp. It was pitch-dark, and on either side of the column armed sentries walked about twenty paces apart.

Eventually we arrived at the pit and were marched into the bathhouse, which was a huge and magnificent building. At least a thousand men could bathe at once under the spray baths, so you can get some idea of the size of the structure. On entering the bathhouse we were marched to the prisoners' end, which was partitioned off, and each man was given a place to hang his clothes. This consisted of four hooks attached to a chain suspended from the ceiling. We were ordered to undress and told to put on our pit clothes, and we were then shown how to pull our clothes clear of the floor. The chain ran along the ceiling and down the side of the wall, and each one was numbered and could be raised or lowered as desired. After hauling our clothes up we were taken away in fives, in charge of two miners.

We were marched up a flight of stairs and along a hall into the lamp room, where all the safety lamps used down the mine were kept and cleaned. Each man received a lamp with a number corresponding to the one he wore. Mine was 797. On receiving the lamps we went up more steps and along a corridor to the cage. There were two cages in operation, each going to a different level. We were lined up opposite the one bound for the 420-meter. The other one went down to the 640-meter level, which was the lowest.

Each cage was divided into four compartments, one above the other, and held altogether forty-eight men. It was with a fast-beating heart that I stepped into the cage with my four comrades and the two Germans. In a shorter time than it takes to tell it we were at our level and were hustled out and told to follow one of the Germans. The other acted as rear guard. We passed through two air-tight doors and commenced our journey to the coal face.

With many a smothered curse we stumbled on after our guide, bumping our heads where the roof was low, and falling over the rough places on the road. We were not accustomed to the dim and eerie light that came from our lamps, and it was a relief when, after ten minutes of this kind of work, our guide called a halt and three of the party were taken down a side road to their work. Our guide then continued the journey with the two of us who were left. Another five minutes and my companion was handed over to some men who were evidently waiting for him, and they disappeared down a side road and I was left alone to go on. Another ten minutes' walk and we turned off sharp, went through a door and commenced to climb down an iron ladder to the bowels of the earth; down forty rungs and we went through another trap door and commenced to climb down again. One more trap and about forty more rungs brought us to the scene of my future labors.

The First Day's Work

HERE I was forced to strip to the waist, and amid the jeers and taunts of the five men who worked there I was given a huge scoop shovel and told to *arbeit*—work. The air was hot and foul, and before I had been two minutes on the job I was wringing wet with perspiration.

My job was to shovel the coal into the small wagons that ran on a light railway to the coal face. Each wagon would hold about three-quarters of a ton and when full had to be pushed by hand to the elevator, where it was let down to the 640 level. On arrival there it was hooked up to others and taken by an electric engine to the main shaft. After I had filled two wagons I felt a bit groggy and slackened up a bit to get my breath. There was a loud outcry at this, and one huge burly miner rushed at me brandishing his pick. I stood my ground and raised my shovel in a threatening attitude, and informed him as best I could in broken German that I would smash his head in if he touched me. The big bully stopped short when he saw I meant business and we started chewing the rag. In English it would sound something like this:

"You must work."

"I am working, damn you."

"You must work faster."

"I'll see you in hell first."

"If you don't work you will be strafed and put in prison."

"I'll not work any faster, you big bullying square-head."

I then informed them that I had never been down a pit before and that I would be able to do better next day. I thought that five to one was too big odds for me, so I

(Continued on Page 26)

You should read the whole letter—

It comes from a lady living in Rutland, Vermont—a mother who says—"thinking my experience might help other mothers, I decided to write you."

"My two children were recovering from an illness," she continues, "and the doctor ordered soup once a day for at least two weeks. Neither of the children cared for soup and I was in despair until I read an advertisement about your *Vegetable Soup* and the words 'alphabet macaroni' caught my eye. Surely these would please the children, I thought, so I telephoned to my grocer for some and the experiment was a great and lasting success. Both children were delighted, ate all I would give them and now they have acquired the soup habit and are strong and well."

Isn't there a valuable suggestion here for you?

"The soup habit" as our correspondent happily calls it, is now recognized by advanced physicians as distinctly a *health* habit—both for young and old.

Good soup plays a part in the human digestive economy performed by no other food. It is at once a stimulant and a nourisher. It supplies the most valuable body-building materials, and in a form which the system almost instantly assimilates.

A prominent physician has stated in a treatise on nourishment:—"If I had only ten cents for food I would buy a plate of soup, for I know of no other food that will so completely satisfy my hunger and nourish my body for that sum of money."

This is why the same appetizing and nourishing qualities of *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* which appeal so temptingly to a delicate child are equally valuable in contributing strength and vigor to *any* constitution *at any age.*

The best way is to order a dozen or more at a time, and have it always at hand.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam-Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

soft-soaped them and at half past one we knocked off for the day, and I dragged my weary body up the ladders and along the road to the main shaft, where I found two lines of my comrades waiting their turn to go to the surface.

On arrival at the top we encountered the second shift going down. Just a brief conversation in passing and we were hustled into the bathhouse. We peeled off our dirty clothes, seized our soap and jumped under the hot shower bath and pretty soon all trace of the coal dust was washed off us. After dressing in our uniforms we hung our pit clothes on the hooks, pulled them clear and filed out into the large hall to wait till the last man had finished dressing. About a quarter past three we fell in outside, and after being counted a number of times we were marched back to our prison camp. On getting in we were counted again and dismissed.

Each man then received a bowl of soup, and as we ate it we swapped experiences. They were all about the same, and every man was determined to get away from that hell hole or die in the attempt. The question was, How? The sentries were too close round the wire to permit of its being cut, so another scheme had to be thought out.

Next day down the pit was the same as the first, and on coming back to the camp eight of us got into consultation and decided to dig a tunnel and get away, as the Holland frontier was only forty-two kilometers distant.

The third day down the mine a tragedy occurred. Corporal Smith, of the Scots Guards, was killed by falling down an unprotected and disused elevator shaft. He had strayed down the wrong turning and, trying to find his way to the main road, met with the accident that terminated his life.

He was very popular and his death caused a gloom to fall over the camp. We had a feeling that we were not safe anywhere. Poor fellow, he was buried two days later, and lies in Buer cemetery, a victim to German Kultur.

Attempts to Escape

AFTER the fourth day's work we got started on our tunnel. We cunningly cut a trap door in the floor where the Germans would not notice it, and with a short spade and a broken pick we had smuggled in we commenced operations. It was heartbreaking work, as we could work only at certain times and had to be always on the alert. We posted sentries at different parts of the camp and they notified each other by signals when the Germans were about. At length we got the shaft deep enough and commenced the tunnel proper. As we could work now with the trap down things went a bit smoother.

Of course you must remember that we did all this when we had finished our shift down the mine. Things down that hell hole were getting tougher every day. There were fights going on continually and the British were getting beaten up every day. We were allowed to go from the shaft to the coal face by ourselves now, and the Germans would lie in wait for men who were walking singly and set about them with pick shafts or any other weapons the cowardly brutes could lay their hands on. To protect ourselves we used to wait until a few of us were going in the same direction and put out all the lights except one. We would then go on and the miners seeing that there was only one light approaching thought that there was only one man. What a surprise they got when they found there were six or seven, and we fought them with all the savageness that comes only to desperate men. Picks, shovels and crowbars were the weapons used, but the most powerful of all was an uppercut with a safety lamp. This always had the desired effect and the receiver of it went to sleep. Of course we did not always come out on top, and many a man has returned to the surface black and blue and hardly able to move.

All the animosity was directed against the English. The Russian and French prisoners working in the mine led a quiet and peaceful life.

On the night of March thirteenth two men slipped away in the darkness. They belonged to the midday shift, which generally came back from the pit about eleven-forty-five P. M. Taking advantage of a dark night and the slackness of the sentries they slipped behind a pile of bricks and, waiting till the coast was clear, struck north for the Holland frontier. When the party arrived at the barrack two men slipped out of a hut and got counted in with the remainder, making the number correct.

This was the first blood for us, and we all did a quiet smile.

Next day hell broke loose. They were missed and we were all driven out on parade to stand at attention for six hours. We did not mind this, as it was in a good cause. An officer came down to investigate the escape. We were told we should receive no parcels or letters for eight days. We complained about the striking that had been going on, but he said that the sergeant major was quite right. He also told us we were the scum and offal of England—paid murderers, not soldiers.

Things then went from bad to worse. Men were continually being struck, and the underofficer, whose name was Woelke, used to amuse himself by setting the dogs on us; but after the brutes had got a British hobnailed boot below the chin once or twice they got scared and would only stand and bark.

All this time we were hard at work on our tunnel and had managed to get about fourteen feet in; and we were about the same distance from the wires, the other side of which was our object. Alas for our hopes, two days after this we met with disaster! On lifting the trap we found that our tunnel was partly flooded. We promptly bailed it out but next day it was the same, and two days after we were obliged to abandon the scheme

It was now every man for himself, and James McDonald, of the Gordon Highlanders, was the first to go. On the morning of April fourth, while the morning shift was on the way to the pit, he dashed out of the ranks and disappeared in the darkness. The sentries were completely surprised. They had nothing in the breeches of their rifles and could only cry "Halt, halt!" By the time they had slipped a round in, Mac was well away. He had the good luck to reach England and certainly deserved it.

Life in the mine and camp now became worse than ever. We started in to wreck machinery down the pit and made ourselves as big a hindrance to the miners as we could. We would throw away their tools and steal the tickets off the wagons so that they would not get paid. We thought that they would complain and that the mine authorities would remove us. Men were getting desperate and deliberately maimed themselves while down the pit. This was done by placing the hand or foot on the rails and allowing a bogie of coal to run over it. It was generally a success and was rewarded by about six weeks' "*nix* work."

Along about this time Corporal Bishop, of the Scots Greys, and Private Monteith, of the Seaforth Highlanders, walked out of the bathhouse disguised as civilians. They mixed with the rest of the miners and walked boldly through the main gate. They were caught that night trying to cross the River Lippe and were brought back to camp. The manhandling they received was something fearful. We were all turned out on the square about one in the morning to see them. They were both big strong men, but they could hardly stand with weakness and looked ghastly white. Next day I saw Bishop in the temporary hospital in camp. There was not a place on his body that was white. He was one mass of bruises and was in terrible pain. He and Monteith were then thrown into jail for fourteen days on black bread and water.

The next attempt was made by Gravenor, of the West Surreys, and another man. They were in the hospital at Westerholt, and one dark night they slid down the drain pipe and beat it for the land of the free. They were unsuccessful. They were brought back and went through the mill like the rest. The underofficer told us straight out that he would break our hearts. There is no need to mention that he has not done it yet.

About the beginning of May a way of exit was found from the top compartment of the cage, and twelve bold hearts made the attempt. They were all unsuccessful, being all caught in different parts of the country. The Germans were completely puzzled. They could not find out where the men were getting away from and the secret was well kept. They punished us by starvation and kept us standing on parade for hours at a stretch.

I had now got transferred to the midday shift and planned to get away with two chums, but through some misunderstanding I missed my comrades at the foot of the shaft and they were compelled to go without me. As we afterward learned, they were successful in reaching England. These two men went on a Saturday night and at four o'clock on Sunday morning we were kicked out on the barrack square. As each man went out he was seized and searched, and as it was a complete surprise we were not prepared for it. I was unfortunate. The underofficer made me strip and found a map and compass sewed in the lining of my prison uniform. I had a lively ten minutes, the rubber pipe being brought into use; but what worried me most was the loss of my guiding star.

That Sunday we were made to stand at attention from four A. M. till six P. M. without a thing to eat or drink, and it rained most of the time. All our kits were thrown out and we had to pick them out the best way we could.

Next day an officer came from Essen and we were punished for one month—no parcels or letters, and no smoking to be allowed. We were in a sorry plight, the food issued by the Germans being unfit to eat and not enough for a man to live on. Our cheeks fell in and our eyes sank back in our heads; but we still kept cheerful. The Germans were forced to admire the British for the way they bore up under adversity.

Ingenious German Cruelties

IT WOULD be as well to mention here some of the favorite tortures of our captors. Below the huge bathhouse was a small room with three cells in it. A large number of steam pipes passed through and round it, and it was as hot as Hades and fearfully stuffy. If a man caused trouble in any way he was flung into this awful place and after a few hours he was utterly exhausted. Then three or four of the sentries would arrive, armed with the rubber hose, and the unfortunate victim would be beaten till he was unable to stand. A man was usually confined for forty-eight hours, and the heat, foul air and entire absence of water left him for the time being a physical wreck. I was in twice and will swear to this statement.

Another fiendish torture was the one called Stilly Stand. The victims were stood at attention, face to the wall. If they moved they received a bashing. I and several more stood for sixteen hours one Sunday till our legs were swollen and it was agony to move when we were set free.

The Serbians who worked down the mine were in bad shape. Boots they had none, and the sergeant major refused to give them clogs, and a good number of them went to work barefooted. The dogs were trained so that when a Hun said "Serbski!" they would dash at the nearest man and worry him.

Another sport was to kick over a man's dinner, then jeer at him till he was on the verge of committing murder. Kicks and blows were the order of the day, but it was impossible to break the spirit of the British.

About the beginning of June I and three more were selected to work on the surface. It is beyond me to describe the relief I felt when I found myself in God's pure air and sunshine and with the wind blowing on my face. It brought back to memory dear old Canada far away, and I made up my mind that I would get away or die in the attempt.

Our job on the surface was connected with the iron yard and we were mostly employed breaking up old railway lines into sections. These were sent down the mine and were used in connection with the propping up of the galleries. We broke them into the required length with cold chisels and sledge hammers, and it was a heartbreaking job on the scanty rations which we received, but we stuck it out. Anything was better than the foul air and the brutality of the pit.

At the end of June the sergeant major, whose name was Handerz, told us that he would issue our parcels and letters. As these had been accumulating for some time we had quite a lot coming. We certainly had a tuck-in, and for weeks after we scorned the German food. I at once commenced to set aside portions of biscuits and all the chocolate I could lay my hands on. This was to be my food on my way out. By mutual consent we all agreed that no attempts to escape were to be made until we had got all the parcels issued. Besides, most of us were so weak that a night's journey would have laid us up.

Previous to coming to Buer-Westerholt we had been at Minden, and I had studied the map of Germany thoroughly and knew most of the Holland district well; but what was required most was a compass, as I was a bit hazy about the stars; besides, they are not always visible.

The Germans with whom we used to work on top were always complaining about their food. At this time the mine authorities had control of all the food for the district and all the men employed there were on rations—also their wives and families. Tickets

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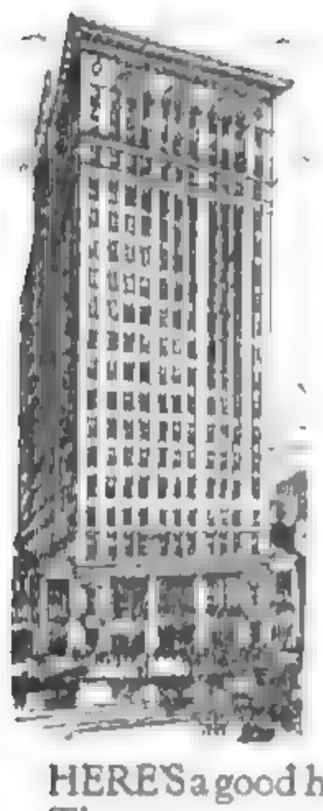

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for food were issued and the cost deducted from their pay. Long queues of women and children were to be seen daily drawing whatever was being issued on that particular day. Everything, even to fruit and tobacco, was issued and could be got only at the mine. Shops were empty. The bakers received a certain quantity of flour and had to turn out so many loaves, which were drawn by the people on their list. Everyone was continually complaining. They could not get enough food and what they did get cost them all they earned. It was impossible to buy boots and as we were getting clothing sent out by the Canadian Red Cross we were better off than the miners. I received a pair of new boots one day and put them on for my work. The engineer who was operating the switch engine in the pit yard spotted them and he stopped the engine, climbed down and offered me fifty marks for them. I shook my head and he advanced the price up to eighty. Nothing doing. I told him all the money in Germany could not buy them, and he went away with the idea that I was crazy.

Another scarce article was soap. They would offer any amount of money for British soap, but they very seldom got it. One day a German who was rather friendly with me asked me to bring him some soap.

Said he: "Have you plenty of soap, John?"

"Yes, I have lots; and plenty of good English food as well."

"They tell us that England is starving."

"No fear! We will never starve. We have a big Navy."

"Well, you bring me some soap and I'll give you plenty of money."

"I don't need money. I have lots." This was a lie, of course. It was in vain he pleaded for soap. I remained obdurate. After about a week he was at me again.

"Please fetch me some soap. My wife would like the English soap. It is good."

I thought for quite a while, and confident that I had my man I said, "Look here, if I help you will you help me?"

"What is it?" said he.

Then I sprung it: "Bring me a map and compass and I will give you soap, and food as well."

He turned white and his eyes stuck out of his head.

"I am frightened," said he. "You cannot get away and will get caught."

"Well, what if I am? That doesn't matter. I am game to take the chance."

"Yes, yes! But you will tell who gave you the compass and I will get shot for betraying my country."

"Look here, if I am caught I'll not tell. What is your country to you? You and your family are in want."

The Guiding Star

"But they will beat you, John. You cannot stand it."

"A Canadian can stand anything. They can torture me to death. I'll never give you away."

All the talking in the world, however, failed to convince him, and my broken German was not effective enough. I was in despair. The summer was passing and the long nights would soon be on and I was unprepared. However, to my surprise three days later he called me to another part of the yard to help him lift some iron. He was pale and excited, and after we had loaded up we went into a part of the yard that was seldom used.

He looked cautiously round and said: "I have it."

"Good!" said I.

"You swear you will keep it secret?"

I was so delighted that I would have sworn anything. He then pulled out an automobile map of Rhineland and an illuminated compass, and it was my turn to be surprised, as I never dreamed that he could get anything so good. I promised him that I would never betray him, and next day I took him down a bar of soap. I fully intended to take him more stuff, but he was put to work somewhere else, so I got my guiding star cheap.

I was now ready to go. All I wanted was an opportunity. It was now near the end of September and the days were getting shorter. I decided that I would wait a little longer, and as I did not like the idea of going alone I asked a chum of mine who worked in the prop yard if he would go along.

"Sure!" said he. "When do we start? What do I want? Which way do we go?"

"Leave it to me, old son. I have the goods, O. K. Get some biscuits and chocolate together. Cut those brass buttons and shoulder straps off that overcoat, sew some black ones on. With a civilian cap and a pair of dungarees pulled over those prison trousers you will look all right."

"What are you going to wear, old man?"

"Well, I have that civilian overcoat that Gilroy left, and with a cap and dungarees will look all right in the dark."

We shook hands on the deal and I began to study the best means of breaking away. The yard where we worked was surrounded by a high fence and was about five hundred yards long by three hundred wide. The sentry who took us to our work was a very easy-going kind of chap and trusted us a good deal. We used to fall in at twenty minutes of six in the morning and he would count us, then march us out of the camp to the work. He trusted us to report to the German who was our foreman, and would take the smiths, of whom there were about sixteen, to the smith's shop, which was at the end of the yard nearest the shaft. After that he would come to see if all was well, and would visit us at intervals during the day. We worked from six to six, with an hour and a half for dinner. He relied a whole lot on the civilians we worked with and was inclined to shirk his duty.

The Get-Away

After considering and studying the matter a whole lot I decided that the attempt must be made in the morning when we went to work, and I put it off until it should be darker. At last I could wait no longer. It had been rather misty for several mornings, so I told my pal to get ready and we would hop it the next day. We stuffed our provisions in between the linings of our black tunics and when we got roused on the morning of the twentieth of October we carefully dressed ourselves.

It was an ideal morning. We could not see a yard in front of us.

"Fall in!" said the sentry, and we filed out on parade. He counted us and we marched out. I could hear my heart beat. If he had inspected us he would have noticed that we were a bit differently dressed from usual, but we had backed a winner and all was well. We marched through the yard gate, round the dump, and halted opposite the prop yard.

"Fall out, the woodworkers!" said the sentry. They disappeared into the gloom. We went on another fifty yards, and he fell out the iron workers, and then took the smiths to their work. As soon as they left I beat it.

"So long, boys!" I said to the three who were to be left.

"Good luck, old man!" they cried, and I faded away. In two minutes I was at our meeting place.

"Where are you, Rip?"

"Here you are, Jack."

"Right-o! Let's get a move on."

We climbed over the high wooden fence and dropped onto the road. A hurried glance to right and left and we crossed the road and took to the open fields. My, but it was heavy going, and as we were on the double we were soon blowing and puffing. We were heading northwest and we had covered about three kilometers when the mist began to lift.

"We'll have to hide up."

"Sure thing, but let's go a bit farther on!"

We struggled on a few hundred yards and crawled into a small thicket and lay down, exhausted. However, we did not like the place, so my chum said he would go out and look for a better place. He started out, and being a big man made a bit of noise going through the branches. A civilian who was passing, hearing the commotion, rushed in to see what was the matter. The conversation was something like this, done mostly in broken German, of course:

"Where are you going and what are you doing in there?"

"I am taking a little walk."

"You are alone, eh?"

"Yes, I am by myself."

"Well, you must come with me."

When I heard that I walked out and the German looked surprised.

"There are two of you."

"Yes, and you won't stop us."

He seemed to be a bit frightened and we followed him up as he backed away. We threatened to kill him and he swore that he would not tell. He said that we were foolish to run away as we would be caught. We told him we were desperate and would stop at nothing. He cooled down a bit and said there was big woods west of us.

"Look here, you keep your mouth shut!" said I. "It will do you no good to hand us away."

"All right, Britishers; you are safe as far as I am concerned," said he.

"Look here," said my chum; "you take this as a souvenir." He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a cake of soap and handed it to the German. When he saw it his eyes bulged out and he held out his hand as a token of friendship. We gave it a hasty shake and were off, as it was getting too risky to be hanging round.

We headed west and after splashing through a bog for half a kilometer we struck a wood. We were just in the nick of time, as the mist had lifted and everything was clear. Picking our way carefully we reached a spot where the trees were thickest and crawled in below the long branches to wait for darkness. Our thoughts were not very pleasant. If the German kept his mouth shut we had a sporting chance. If he gave us away—well, we knew what was in store for us, and good-by to another chance.

What a weary vigil it was! I looked at my watch and it was nine o'clock. After what seemed about two hours I looked again. It was only ten minutes past nine! Now and again a twig would crack and set our hearts beating. All sorts of wild ideas flashed through my mind as I lay shivering in that eerie place.

At last the long weary day passed and it began to get darker. We waited till it was nearly black and then crawled cautiously to the edge of the wood. Here we sat for half an hour and talked in whispers. We then started out and I took the lead with the compass in my left hand. The illuminated point of the needle shone out like a star, and without it we could not have gone a hundred yards.

We had decided to go across country, and cautiously felt our way through bogs and plowed fields. We carefully avoided houses for fear the dogs would bark. About two in the morning I had the misfortune to fall into a small stream. I went in up to the waist and had to take off my clothes and wring them out. We then proceeded on, but it was slow work. At three o'clock we struck a railway about a hundred yards from the point aimed for; we then struck due west, crossed another railway, then a main road, across fields and marshes again, and at five o'clock found ourselves in a wooded country.

Anxious Moments

Worn out and weary we crawled into the heart of a wood and flung ourselves down to rest. When daylight came we moved farther back and took off our boots and socks. We placed our socks between our shirts and jerseys. We thought the heat from our bodies would dry them. I tried to eat a biscuit but could not force it down. We had some water in a tin pit flask and we drank that. We were too much fed up to talk to each other.

Along about nine o'clock I was lying half-asleep when suddenly I heard the branches go crack! crack! crack! Someone was in the wood, and not far from us. We lay peering through the branches. We could see the branches moving now. Someone was coming toward us. Presently a woman showed up. She had a basket on her arm and every now and then she stooped down and picked something off the ground and put it in the basket. We lay there hardly daring to breathe. Well, she walked straight to where we lay. She saw us but showed no surprise. She just kept on with the business of picking mushrooms for a minute or two and then walked out.

"Come on, Rip, let's get out of here!" said I. And we struggled into our socks, which were still wet. We were just getting our boots on when a man came in. He also had a basket. He came to where we were sitting and gave us a good look-over.

"*Morgen*," said he.

"*Morgen*," said I.

He then turned and went the way he had come and we lost no time.

"This way, Jack!"

And we bent double and did a swift glide out. We very nearly ran into two more civilians but managed to avoid them. We did a zigzag movement and arrived in a different part of the wood. Here we lay all day with our nerves on edge. If they

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Emery Shirts

(Continued from Page 28)

searched the wood we were lost. But our luck was in and after a long weary day darkness came and we crept to the edge of the wood and got our bearings.

It was a starry frosty night and we started to pick our way across a wide open space, but something had been growing there before and every step we took, crack! a loud noise that could be heard a mile away. We cautiously made our way back to the edge of the wood and tiptoed down a narrow road that went west. The woods here were divided the same as a section in Canada, and narrow strips had been cut through for a road allowance. They ran north and south and east and west. Pretty soon we struck the road running north and by going west after that and then north we got clear of the woods and got onto a second-class road that led in the direction we desired to travel. It was now about eleven o'clock and had clouded up, with signs of rain. We decided to keep to the side of the road, which was grassy, and we padded along without a sound. We were going along nicely and in cheerful spirits when, bow-wow-wow! a dog barked at us and then beat it in the direction we were going. My hair stood on end and my heart stopped beating. We stood still, too frightened to move. At last we moved cautiously on, stopping every few yards to listen. We heard people approaching so we stepped out into the center of the road. Soon we passed them. They said "Good evening" in German, and we replied.

At one o'clock we passed through the little village of Gahlen. All was peaceful and quiet and we tiptoed through without being molested. Leaving the village behind we got onto a first-class automobile road running west. Again we had made the point aimed for. We sat down to rest and to talk over the situation. We decided to keep to the road and if we heard people coming we would go off and lie down till they had passed.

On we went, passing through a small village, where not a dog barked. Our luck was in and we felt jubilant. Our objective was a village called Hunxe, the other side of which, according to the map, was a bridge that crossed the River Lippe. On, on we went, and soon we saw the board outside the village. It read: "Hunxe. Speed limit, twenty kilometers an hour."

One More River to Cross

Of course it was in German but we could read it. We crept cautiously through the burg as it was impossible to go round it. Once clear of the village we took to a road leading north. We crossed a small stream, sat down for a rest, and filled the old tin can, which my chum carried below his coat. Too restless to sit long we started out again. We got off the road and felt our way step by step toward the river.

On and on we went and soon found ourselves gazing across the river, which was about fifty yards wide and running very swiftly. Where was the bridge? Our hearts fell. There on the other side was a ferry-boat. Our supposed bridge was only a ferry and we sat down to review the situation. I cursed and fumed inwardly, but after a while got calmer.

After a while I said, "Say, Rip, there is only one way to cross this blasted river now."

"What's that, Jack?"

"Well, there's a bridge at Wesel sure. We might be able to get across somehow. Are you game to try it?"

"I'm game all right, Jack, but look at this lot," said he.

I looked down as he pointed to his trousers. His dungarees were torn and the yellow piping of his prison clothes was showing through. I thought for a while and said: "Have you a pencil on you? 'Cause if you have we'll try and blacken that stripe so that it won't be noticed in the dusk."

"Right-o, Jack. What happens after that?"

"Well," said I, "we will just go brass-necked across that bridge. It's the only chance we have of crossing this river."

As it was now four o'clock we thought it was time to push on and look for cover for the day. We padded back to the main road again and went on our weary way. At a quarter past five we struck a place where the roads forked; one went to Friedrichsfeld and the other went to Wesel. Between the two roads was a wood and we crept in and sat down, footsore and weary, but in good heart.

Daylight came at last and we moved farther in and stuck up branches of trees to make it harder for anyone to see us. We were in the center of the wood and the roads were about forty yards from us on each side. It started to rain, and very nice and comfortable we felt—I don't think! About nine o'clock we heard the German troops at drill. They could not have been very far away, as we could hear the different commands quite plainly. The German soldier is compelled to sing while at drill, and we lay there and listened to them as they sang all the patriotic songs of the Fatherland.

It was now raining pretty hard and we felt a bit miserable, as we were rather damp. Then, there was danger. The soldiers might come into the wood any minute and then good-by to liberty. We lay still for quite a while and the troops evidently went away as all was quiet save for an occasional cart rumbling down the road. We then commenced to whisper together and plan the move for that night.

The rain slackened for a bit about noon and I said: "Now, Rip, let's get a move on and fix those stripes."

Fixing Rip's Trousers

He was fumbling in his pocket for something and pulled out a paper with some black thread rolled round it, and a needle stuck through it. When I saw that I had an idea.

"Get those trousers off, old man!" said I.

"What for?" said he.

"Why, man, if we have thread I can rip up that seam and take out the yellow braid and sew it up again. I am a pretty good tailor and will make a good job of it."

In two seconds he had them off and I got my knife out and ripped up the outside of the pants up to the knee, took out the yellow piping and sewed them up again. It was a tough job, the cloth was wet, but our liberty depended on it, because we had resolved to play a bold game. I am afraid the stitches would have been condemned by a high-class tailor, but we were satisfied.

The day slowly dragged on. A dog that was evidently looking for rabbits nosed his way toward us, but as soon as he caught sight of us lying there he turned and beat it. He never even barked. Slowly, oh, how slowly that day dragged on. I could not eat, but sucked a few beef cubes which I had brought.

At last the light began to fail, and at ten minutes of six we cautiously moved to the edge of the timber. The coast was clear, so we stepped out boldly to the center of the road that led to Wesel. Five minutes later we met two civilians, then a man on a bike; then a cart passed us going in our direction. All these people greeted us in German, and Rippengal answered them. An auto compelled us to take the side of the road, and as the brilliant lights shone on us I thought we were done for, but luck was with us and all was well.

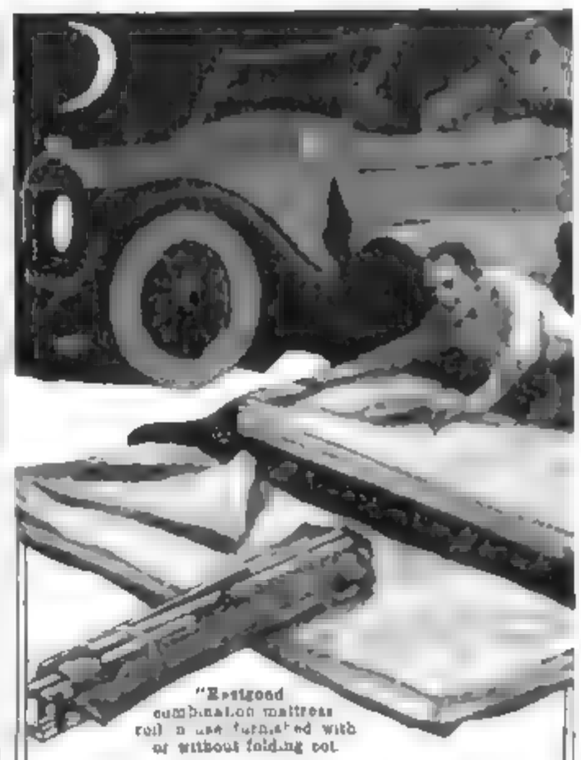
On we trudged, a thin drizzle coming down. We passed an *estaminet* and it looked so cozy and comfortable that we halted. Should we chance it and get a drink? We had a five-mark bill, and a drink of hot rum would hearten us up. It was a terrible temptation but we passed on. Our German was not good enough in case they asked awkward questions.

A few hundred yards farther and we could see bright lights on our left. We knew it could not be Wesel, which was across the river on our right. While we were wondering we gradually drew nearer and found ourselves abreast of a huge camp. About eighty yards from us we could see the barbed wire surrounding the huts. Armed sentries paced up and down and lights gleamed from all the windows. As we passed on we could hear the voices of the prisoners raised in song. Poor devils! They were trying to make their miserable lives happy. This was the detention camp of Friedrichsfeld, the very camp to which we were attached.

I did a quiet smile as we slipped by, but sobered up next minute. Two officers were standing in the center of the road. As we walked by they said good night in German. We answered, touched our caps and passed on. I was a bit wobbly at the knees and amazed at our good fortune.

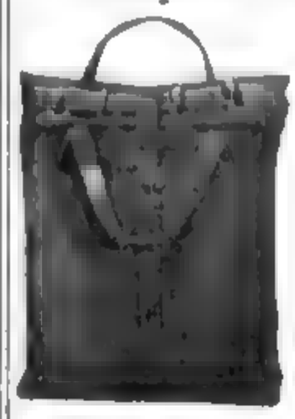
Soon we began to pass groups of soldiers returning from the town. Most of them were in a state of intoxication and paid no attention to us whatever. The road now entered a wooded country. It was well

(Continued on Page 32)



"Restgood combination mattress roll in case furnished with or without folding cot

WILSON'S
Camper's Equipment



Duffle Bag
Serves the purpose of a trunk. Made of heavy, dark brown waterproof duck, and equipped with strong straps and padlock. Size 22 in. wide, 28 in. long, 8 in. thick.

Camper's Valet
A folding toilet kit for the soldier or camper. Made of khaki with a steel mirror, size 6 x 9 inches, and with pockets for toilet articles, etc. Hangs by a grommet. Folds into a compact package.

Trench Mirrors
Made in two sizes with heavy khaki cases and with snap fastener. Mirrors have a hole at top for hanging to nail. Sizes 6 x 9 inches and 3 x 4 inches.

Folding Wash Basin
A folding pan of water-proof brown khaki. About 1 foot in diameter and 7 inches high, metal ring at top, capacity six quarts. A great convenience to the soldier and camper.

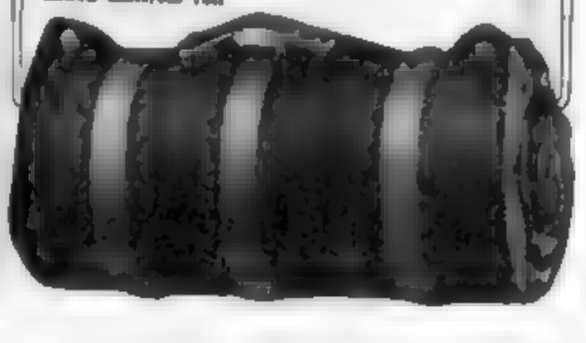
Folding Bucket
A collapsible bucket of heavy brown water-proof khaki, capable of holding two and one-half gallons. Folds absolutely flat when not in use.

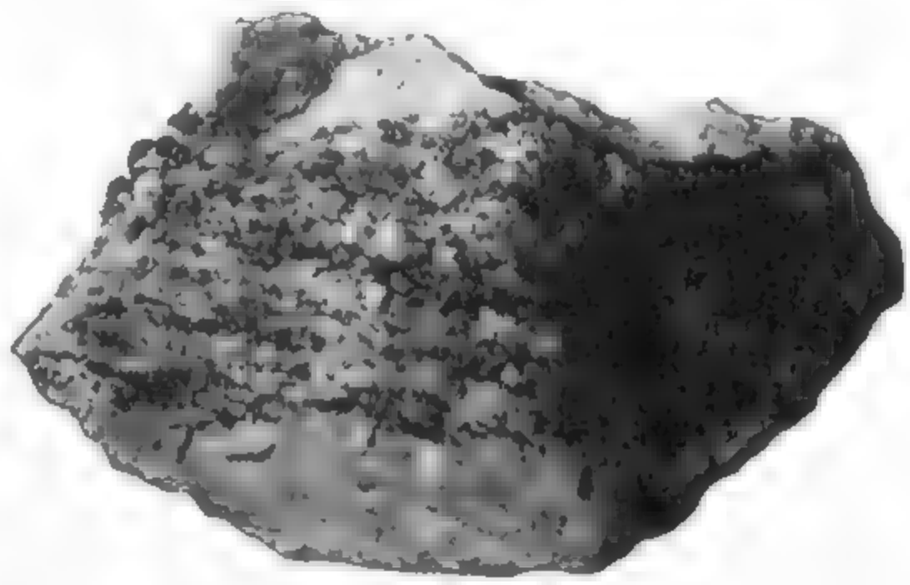
All of the above and other camp goods are illustrated and described in a handsome folder which we will send you free on request.

Consult your local dealer or write us for Booklet and we will see that you are supplied Address Dept. S-8.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

"Restgood" combination mattress roll





ZINC ORE

Here and there throughout the country nature hid away a metal so essential to mankind that a great American industry has grown up around it. *This metal is Zinc.*

Zinc protects the millions of miles of telegraph and telephone wires from rust. It gives greater weather resistance to paint. It puts durability into automobile tires. Without Zinc there would be no such metal as brass. Zinc is used in dyes, dentistry, medicine, batteries and glass—its uses are almost endless.

The New Jersey Zinc Company is the pioneer in the development of Zinc. Its mines and smelters are located wherever the best Zinc Ore is obtainable. Its processes are the result of 70 years of experience and research.

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CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building
Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

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The "No-wate"
is a very economical hot weather suit.

It is clean, cool and comfortable.

The "No-wate" is exceptionally well-made, is tailored to retain its shape and above all has the "R & W" style and individuality.

Now being shown at all leading dealers.

Look for the "R & W" label; it is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 30)

made and walking was easy. We were talking in whispers and had decided to scout the bridge well and ascertain if it was possible to cross unobserved by the sentry. We crossed the railway at a level crossing and the road swung sharply to the right.

As we turned the corner my heart stood still. Thirty feet from us was the bridge, and standing outside his sentry box was an armed sentry with helmet and greatcoat on. A light gleamed from the interior of his box and shone across the bridge, which was a traffic and railway bridge combined. A nudge in the ribs from my pal, and we stepped boldly out. Before I realized it we had passed the sentry; in fact, I touched him as we went by. At that minute a train thundered across. Whether it was too early to challenge—it was half past seven—or whether the train attracted his attention I don't know, but we had safely crossed the River Lippe, which had been the downfall of many a man before.

We were not safe yet, as directly in front of us was the town of Wesel. There was no way to get round it, so we took a bold course. We crossed the street to avoid the bright lights, passed a large hotel, ducked down a dark street and commenced to breathe easier.

"What's this?"

We had run right up against the German barracks. Nothing to do now but carry on. We did so. I was as cool as an iceberg, and as we passed the outside of the canteen we heard a concertina being played. We did not linger, however. Two girls accosted us but we kept mum. They were birds of prey looking for their victims.

A sharp turn to the right and we crossed a main street and headed north the best way we could. Dozens of civilians and soldiers passed us, but the boldness of our bearing enabled us to get away with it. We now got clear of the town and got on a road leading northwest. There was a car line on one side of it and several trains passed us. They did not have many passengers. This road was evidently a promenade, for we passed several couples, mostly soldiers with their girls, but they were too much occupied with their love-making to notice us.

Soon the road trailed into the country, and about an hour's walk from Wesel, coming to a wood, we turned off and flung ourselves down in the shadow of the trees. My nerves gave way. I broke into a cold sweat. My chum was in a like fix. The strain of the past two hours was telling now. I could not speak, but lay there trying to pull myself together. At length the spasm passed and I was myself again.

Travel by Night

I pulled off my boots and found the left one full of blood. My heel was raw to the bone. Tearing a piece off my shirt I bandaged it up and changed the socks—that is, I put the left one on the right foot and vice versa. We then agreed to wait till midnight and to keep to the road, as my foot was too painful for any cross-country work. As it was raining there would be no one about, and judging from past experiences it did not matter if there was.

Midnight arrived and we set out. Every step was agony, but thoughts of home kept my courage up. Once in a while we would rest, but found that we were stiffer after these spells; so we agreed to keep on till daylight was near.

At two in the morning we passed two men who evidently had come from some station. They had luggage in their hands and we could hear the train as it puffed away. The country was now thickly settled. Every hundred yards there was a farmhouse and huge trees lined the road. Once we left the highway and sat in a field to munch a stolen turnip. No signs of a wood yet, and it was half-past four. Still the rain came down and we limped painfully in the direction of freedom. A quarter past five and no signs of cover. Mud-spattered, hollow-eyed and gaunt with fatigue, we could never pass muster in the daylight.

"Another hundred yards and we shall leave the main road," said I.

"It would be advisable," said Rip.

Five minutes later we turned off and followed some wagon tracks that led east. A quarter of a mile farther on a dark mass loomed up. It was a plantation, and we were saved. Filling the water bottle at a ditch that was full we got on hands and knees and crawled into the friendly shelter and lay down, exhausted. Wet to the skin, chilled to the bone, with nerves on edge, we passed a terrible day. The rain streamed down in torrents and I had a hard job to keep my compass dry. We could hear the cocks crowing at a near-by farmhouse, and once we heard voices, but no one penetrated to our hiding place.

By three in the afternoon we were in a pitiable condition. The ground was sopping with water and we leaned against the trees for support, while the rain streamed gently down our necks. I tried to crack stale jokes to cheer up my companion, but I am afraid that as a humorist I was a dismal failure.

The day wore on, and at twenty minutes of six we filled the water bottle at the ditch and staggered back to the main road. After five minutes' walking we got warmed up and felt cheerier. A cyclist passed us with a cheery good night, and on we trudged. Soon we were on the outskirts of a village called Isselburg, and we hesitated. It was early—seven o'clock. If we were seen skulking round the outskirts we were liable to cause suspicion and should very probably get pinched; so with a bold and confident air we entered the village. It consisted of a long straggling main street with several by-lanes and was paved with cobblestones. We passed several people hurrying in the opposite direction.

Approaching the Frontier

Farther down we passed the courthouse. A gendarme stood in the doorway. We got on the pavement, bade him good night and kept moving. A train was puffing in the distance and came to a halt, so we concluded there was a station there. Shortly after, we met several people coming from the train. One of them in passing told us we would have to hurry if we wanted to catch the train. My chum thanked him and pretty soon we reached the station. The train had gone and all was quiet round it. We passed by, turned west, and a hundred yards farther on we crossed the railway tracks and sat down in the middle of a plowed field to get our bearings.

We were now five kilometers from the Holland frontier, and the utmost caution was necessary, as there were two lines of sentries to get through. It was a case of going across country now, and after a brief rest we started out. Our direction was due north, and with compass in hand I led the way. After forty yards of heavy going we got bogged and had to retrace our steps. We went east a bit and tried again. Back to our original starting point we came, and cautiously picked our way west, then north; but nothing doing. We were up to our knees. We floundered back to the field and I relieved my feelings with a few choice words.

As we were sitting there, puzzling our brains, I saw two bright lights approaching from the east. There was no noise, so it was not a train. I was watching them intently when they swerved to the north and swiftly faded out of sight.

"Say, Rip, do you know what that was?"

"No. What was it?"

"It was a cyclist patrol, and there must be a good road there or else they could not go so fast. Come on! There's nothing in freezing here!"

"It's a bit risky, Jack, old man."

"Yes, but we can be cautious. I'll watch the front and you the rear. If we hear anyone coming we can lie down just off the road."

"Right-o! Fire away!"

We then felt our way carefully toward the road, and it turned out to be a narrow concrete path leading north, and we tiptoed along it, stopping every few yards to listen. We heard someone approaching, so we stepped off the path and lay down in the nice cold, cozy mud. Ugh! I can feel it yet. Two minutes later four women passed us. They were jabbering at about a thousand to the minute. Another two minutes and we were on our way.

The concrete path ceased abruptly and the rest of the going was sloppy. After passing three houses on our left the road got better and there was a high hedge on our right. I was busy thinking, when my pal pulled my sleeve and told me there was someone close behind us. We turned off and crawled through the bottom of the hedge and lay watching. Three men and a woman passed by, going in our direction.

They had gone only twenty or thirty yards when suddenly we heard a yell: "*Halte!*"

(Concluded on Page 35)

Cut Shoe Expense

Think how much shoe expense would be saved if all soles wore well. Neōlin Soles *do* wear well—very well. Comfortable, and waterproof, too.

Neōlin
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Soles

Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

See displays in shop windows

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

Borden's Evaporated Milk

Good!—and Good for *Him*

You remember, don't you, how you waited 'round for the dasher. The memory of those treats you enjoyed is something you will treasure all of your life. Nothing tastes half so good, now. Home-made ice cream will bring equal joy, today, to your kiddies.

Leading dietitians recommend ice cream as one of the most nourishing and healthful of all foods.

Delicious ice cream is economical when made with Borden's Evaporated Milk—and you know that it is pure.

Jessica C. Bailey

Special Home Economics
Lecturer on Domestic Science

Vanilla Ice Cream

1 cupful Borden's Evaporated Milk
1 cupful hot water
1 cupful sugar
1 egg
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful vanilla
1 cupful Borden's Evaporated Milk

Beat the egg, add the sugar and salt and pour in the diluted evaporated milk. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture coats the spoon. Then remove at once from the hot water, strain and chill. Add the vanilla and the undiluted evaporated milk, pour the mixture into an ice cream freezer and pack it in three parts of crushed ice to one of rock salt. Let stand ten minutes and freeze.

Mrs. Allen's Recipe Contest—*$2,500.00 in Prizes*

For the best recipe from each State and from Canada calling for the use of Evaporated Milk, submitted before August 1, 1915, the Borden Co., will award a cash prize of $25.00; for the second and third best recipes prizes of $10.00 each will be given; for every recipe accepted for publication $1.00. In the event of tie for the first, second or third best recipes the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

Remember—there will be three prizes *for every State in the Union* and three for Canada.

The prizes will be awarded by a committee of competent judges to be announced later. Recipes will be judged on three points:

1 economy, 2 excellence of finished dish, 3 form in which recipe is submitted. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as possible after the prizes have been awarded.

Address: Borden's Condensed Milk Company, 108 Hudson Street, New York.

Your grocer has Borden's Evaporated Milk. Write for our free Recipe Book.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
213 Borden Building New York

For passenger cars —'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. For trucks—'Nobby Cord' and Solid Truck Tires. Also tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

When Dependability Counts

Now—when dependability is at a premium—United States Cord Tires are proving their war-time worth.

On cars, trucks and airplanes—wherever they can do a share—they are performing prodigies to speed victory.

At home and on the firing line, United States 'Royal Cords' are giving graphic evidence of the reliability that has so firmly established their leadership in passenger car use.

United States 'Nobby Cords' are multiplying the usefulness of thousands of trucks—saving time, labor and cold hard cash.

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United States Cord Tires sum up the spirit of the day—endurance, dependability and utmost thrift.

Layer on layer of tough, powerful cords give United States Cord Tires the stalwart strength that endures—and endures—and endures.

At any task that tires can do, you will find their capacity for work absolutely unlimited.

United States Tires are Good Tires

(Concluded from Page 32)

Then a dead silence. Oh, horrors! What an escape we had! Two or three minutes more and we should have blundered onto a German sentry. We lay still, and after a time got courage to whisper. Our plan was to crawl to a point between two sentries. We had heard that they were a hundred to two hundred yards apart.

On hands and knees we dragged our weary bodies on. We had covered a short distance when a small ditch of running water stopped us. Nothing daunted, we crawled along the bank. A farmhouse loomed up, and oh, joy! there was a plank across the stream. In a jiffy we were over and struck north once more, lying flat every few yards and listening.

A noise like running water came to us from our front and I crawled up to reconnoiter. I found a stream about thirty feet wide. The noise came from a weir where the water dropped, and along the top of the fall was a very narrow bridge built of iron, and in the center was a huge gate. It was twelve feet high and heavily spiked, and spread right out and touched the stream.

My chum had crawled up now and we clambered over. It was a stiff job but we made it. We commenced crawling again, and fifty yards farther on struck a canal. This certainly was a land of water and we did not like it a bit. However, we carefully crawled east and found a narrow bridge. We crossed it and found ourselves in some allotment gardens. It was a puzzle all right. Were we over or were we not?

A dark mass loomed up north of us and we could distinguish houses. We evidently were at the end of a village. After resting for twenty minutes we tiptoed up to the side of a house, slid easily along the wall and peered round. There was a bright light about twenty yards up the street. It evidently came from a café. In front of us was a road. We crossed it carefully and found ourselves up against a strong barbed-wire fence. It was ten feet high and well built.

"What the hell is this?"

"Looks like some private ground. Let's go down a bit."

After tiptoeing down the road about forty yards my chum said, "Say, Jack, we have just passed a sentry box."

Dutch Hospitality

My heart was in my mouth. We looked at each other and both saw light at once. Tearing off our overcoats we flung them over the barbed wire and clambered over. I was scratched and torn and fell with a dull thud on the other side. My heart felt very light and I had a feeling as if all was well. So it was.

Ten minutes later two armed men stepped out to meet us.

"Halt!" they cried.

And as I peered through the darkness I could distinguish the square-topped shako of the Holland-frontier guard. We soon told them that we were Britishers who had run away from Germany, and they shook hands with us and told us we were welcome. Rippengal and I shook hands and offered up a silent prayer of thanks.

The sentries took us to the guardhouse and the corporal in charge put us in an empty building that was evidently used for a jail. There were two mattresses and plenty of blankets, so at a quarter of two on the morning of October twenty-fourth we peeled off our wet clothes and tumbled in for a long needed sleep.

I lay for an hour thinking. We had left hell behind us, and all the good things of the world were before us. As I thought of my comrades who would suffer for our success tears came to my eyes. Then a curious feeling of exultation came over me. I had beat the Germans! They had not been able to hold me and I was free! You who have never been penned up and treated like a wild beast have no conception of the word "free." After two and a half years of starvation, torture and misery I was practically at large.

At eight o'clock in the morning the corporal of the guard brought us in a hot breakfast. No meal, before or since, tasted like that one, and we enjoyed it with all the relish that comes only to a starving man. I then rolled over and tore off some more sleep, but was awakened at noon by the arrival of an officer and his orderly with a good dinner. The officer spoke good English and we sat in bed and ate our dinner and talked. He welcomed us to the hospitality of Holland and congratulated us on our luck.

"Did you see any sentries?" said he.

"No, sir, but we heard one challenge."

"Well, you are lucky, because there are two lines of them on the German side."

I then told him about the sentry box, and he laughed and said, "I can explain that. About ten minutes past one, just before you came up, two Russians had blundered into the wire and been caught by the German sentries. They were taken to the guardhouse and the Germans were in the café when you got over."

"Well," said I, "one man's loss is another man's gain, and I am much obliged to the Russkis."

"Well, boys," said he, "you will have to go to the quarantine camp at Didam for fourteen days. We have to be very careful about infection."

Back in Blighty

He then wished us good luck and went away, and we returned to the business of sleeping.

Next day we left Dinxperlo, which was the name of the village, and took the train for Didam. We arrived at two P. M., and went through the usual routine of such places. Everyone was very kind and I occupied my time sleeping and reading and writing innumerable letters.

After eleven days, as I had a clean bill of health, they let me go, and I was given a ticket for Rotterdam. I arrived all right and about two o'clock I stepped into the British Consulate and received the congratulations of the staff.

An orderly belonging to the Naval Brigade which is interned in Holland then took me to the Harwich Hotel, and I can never forget my sensations as I stepped into the cozy dining room. Snowy white linen and bright silver dazzled me, but I was quickly made at home and enjoyed a good old English dinner, washed down with a bottle of English beer.

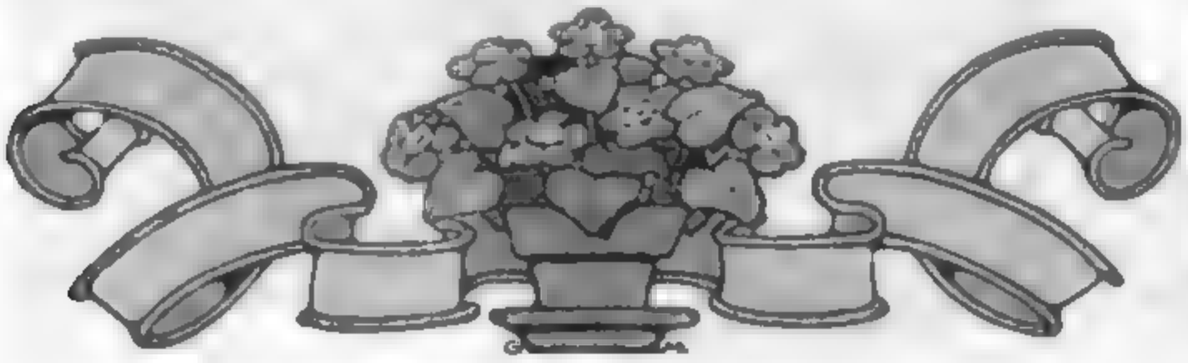
After that I was rigged out from head to heels with civilian clothes, as we were not allowed to leave Holland in uniform. That night I attended the theater. A play called The Speckled Band was put on by the dramatic company of the interned Naval Brigade, the proceeds going to the British Red Cross. All the élite of the city were there, and as I sat among that well-dressed throng and talked to the charming girls beside me I could hardly realize my good fortune. It seemed like a dream and I said to my companions, "Please, oh, please, don't wake me up!"

We were several days in Rotterdam and took in all the sights of the city. We then embarked on the steamer Woodcock for Blighty.

A distressing incident occurred on the way across. We had been notified that the Germans had been out the night before with a submarine mine layer and we were steaming at half speed when the steamer Lapwing, which was the sister ship to ours, struck a mine and went to the bottom in seven minutes. She was only a hundred yards from us and the concussion shook us up a bit. All hands were saved, however, and we steamed on to the land of the free.

At ten-thirty on the morning of November twelfth we set foot in England, the land for which we had suffered so long; but it was done with a good heart and if the occasion should ever arise I am fully prepared to do it again.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Private Scott.



THE flower boxes in the windows of many of our buildings are only outward and visible symbols of the freshness and cleanness that prevail within the kitchens and throughout all the Heinz establishments.

57

HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

IT is difficult to describe a flavor. That is why we cannot express in words the appetizing taste that Heinz Vinegars give to foods. And that is the purpose of vinegar—to impart a flavor—not simply a sourness. All of the care taken in selecting materials, the skill in preparation, the aging and the bottling of Heinz Vinegars are for the purpose of creating and retaining that rich, mellow tang which has made Heinz Vinegars worthy of a place among the 57.

These vinegars, which have made so many of our own foods so desirable, are offered you, so that you can put something of the Heinz flavor into the food you prepare.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons.

HEINZ
Imported Olive Oil
In bottles and cans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

BORN *of the* NECESSITIES *of* WAR

"An army marches on its stomach," declared Napoleon. It was in 1795. France was torn with revolution, and foreign enemies battered at her borders. The armies of France required food—food of better quality, food that could be stored. Largely as a military measure, the French Government offered a bounty of 12,000 francs to the patriot who should discover an improved method of preserving food.

Among those who strove for the prize was Mons. Appert, who, in 1804, perfected an acceptable method—won Napoleon's bounty and received world-wide recognition as the discoverer of the science of preserving food. It is the now well-known method of placing the article of food to be preserved in a can, heating it, and then sealing the can hermetically.

Though born of the necessities of war, Appert's discovery soon became an art of peace. Commercial canning commenced at once in Europe, and only a few years later in America.

In California, now the center of the fruit canning industry, the canners followed close on the heels of the gold seekers, and many of these men were the pioneers in founding the organization that now packs the well-known DEL MONTE Brand of California Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

And today this great canning business of California—this industry which owes its existence to the work of Mons. Appert—is playing its part in this Great War. For America needs food—food for our Navy, food for our Armies in training camps, hospitals and in France, food for the Armies of Civilians who must stay at home. And DEL MONTE canned foods are helping to fill this need.

By its very nature, canning is a vital factor in food conservation. The delicious fruits and vegetables of California,—peaches, pears, apricots, plums,—asparagus, tomatoes, peas, beans, and scores of other products that would otherwise go to waste, are preserved by DEL MONTE canning.

DEL MONTE is helping to win the War—helping on the battle front, and helping in the housewife's kitchen. Patriotic housewives are using DEL MONTE Products because they displace wheat, fats and other foods that must be conserved.

The industry that was born of War a century ago in France is helping America today to wage War with the Allies in France.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Mons. Appert.
Discoverer of the Science of Canning

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
CALIFORNIA
CANNED FRUITS
AND VEGETABLES

ACES HIGH

(Continued from Page 17)

ever watched Germans dance at a Turnverein picnic he or she will know what I mean.

From Pau the student is transferred to the finishing school at Plessis-Belleville. My impression of this place was the same as that obtained at Avord—very bad. This was the last school to which we were sent before being put to work at the Front, and I really believe there is a reason for making it so unpleasant, namely, that the pupils learn to loathe the place so much that they are anxious to go to the battle front, and therefore refrain from stalling. The barracks were impossible for a fastidious man to live in, and I resided in town at the hotel, such as it was. During this time and while I was at the Front, fighting for France cost me fifty dollars a month.

At Pau we had practiced machine-gun shooting, but with the guns on the ground mounted on tripods. We had also had rifle and revolver practice to train the eye for accuracy. At Plessis-Belleville we had our first work with an aërial Lewis machine gun mounted on a Nieuport plane. In the middle of the field there was a circle of smooth sand. A man under cover of a tunnel watched to see how many times we hit the target during a flight. The gun was mounted on the upper plane and a lever on the controlling stick was connected to the trigger by a flexible shafting similar to a speedometer shafting. Squeezing this lever would fire the gun.

For this type of gun there is an open sight in front of the pilot's eyes and the pupil is required to go up over the target, pique to a vertical position and take aim by maneuvering the machine. In other words, the entire battleplane is aimed, for the gun is mounted rigidly. It is synchronized with the rotation of the propeller so as to fire between the blades as they whirl. When it gets "out of time" a shattered propeller is the result. Squeezing the lever opens fire and the gun shoots until the squeeze is released. Each gun holds one drum containing forty-seven bullets, and usually, there is no more than one drum carried. It is quite difficult to reach up and reload while still giving careful attention to the machine, unless flying at a very high altitude. The score is taken by the man who watches below.

After the student has learned to hit the stationary target he is advanced to practice peppering a moving one. This is a cross about four feet in diameter and is attached to a twenty-foot bar which revolves about a pivot post, describing a circle about forty feet in diameter. By a pulley arrangement the man in the tunnel makes the cross revolve at a speed relatively proportionate to the average speed of a battleplane spiraling.

The pupil is then required to ascend to a height of eight hundred feet and shoot at the target while it is in motion, aim being taken by following the device round, and maneuvering the machine. The student fires the entire time and a percentage of the hits is taken, computed by counting the holes made in the canvas cover.

Training in Marksmanship

Some of the Frenchmen shoot very badly while learning. Instead of taking aim with the machine in a vertical position they fire while at a slant, and this sends the bullets flying in all directions. Often we used to have to scatter to take cover. I remember watching a novice one day, and as the bullets started coming my way I grabbed a Frenchman and to tease him held him in front of me for protection. Of course this was as good as nothing, for the bullets could easily penetrate both of us, even though we all insisted that his head was solid enough to make bullets bounce off. But even that is good shooting for some of the erratic Frenchmen. However, they peg away at it, are very apt and learn quickly.

On one occasion the captain of the school went up to shoot. He had a red Nieuport machine which had belonged to the ace, Georges Madon, and after blazing at the target he hit it only five times out of the forty-seven. I went up to shoot next and hit the target four times. When I descended the captain started to scold me for not shooting well, as this was far below my average, so I told him I did not wish to have the effrontery to better his splendid record. He laughed and walked away.

One thing that is pleasing about these French aviation officers is that most of them possess a sense of humor.

That first glimpse of the fighting Front—the first-line trenches, the barbed-wire hedges guarding No Man's Land, the annoying odors, and yonder the German furrows—is something for which every boy over there behind the lines looks expectantly. To be sure, there is a certain satisfaction in getting there at last, just as there is satisfaction in seeing anything that you have read about for a thousand days or more.

But the satisfaction is not the sort one feels when viewing the Grand Cañon of Arizona or Niagara Falls for the first time. These phenomena—Nature's wonderful combination of earth and water and the depths of air—are things of beauty in themselves, whereas that stretch of war Front, originally the work of Nature but vandalized by man, is not a thing of beauty.

No, the satisfaction of my initial glimpse of the barren Front was that of being alive—the joy of having gone through the highly specialized training and graduating all in one piece with no parts missing or damaged. "I am a lucky stiff!" I told myself.

The boy who fights on land is happy that submarines did not get him en route to France and that sickness or accident has not caught him since; but the sky skirmisher has to be thankful for a third-dimension reason—that he did not drop while having wings attached.

The Green-Robed Crow

My first view of the shell-torn terrain, near La Panne, Belgium, was from on high. The officer in command of Escadrille N-155, French Flying Corps, wasted no time in putting me to work in the air. It was early the same day I arrived there that I made my first flight—on the wings of the morning, as it were.

The American members of this particular flying squadron constituted the Lafayette Flying Corps, a name given the American boys in honor of the great Frenchman. The Lafayette Flying Corps, however, was distinct and separate from the Lafayette Escadrille, whose members have done such notable work. The Lafayette Escadrille is a part of the French Flying Corps, there being ordinarily fifteen men in an escadrille. However, at the time I was at the Front there were twenty-four in the Lafayette Escadrille; and originally there were about thirty or thirty-five members. There were not enough machines to accommodate this number, so some were transferred to the Lafayette Flying Corps.

All of the machines used by Escadrille N-155 were Nieuports, with the exception of a couple of Bréguet observation planes. "N" was a distinguishing letter, standing for Nieuport. The escadrille using an "S" in its insignia—usually painted on the vertical rudder—indicated that it used Spad machines; "Sop" stood for Sopwith planes, and so on. All of them had their own emblems as well. One was a stork, and this particular escadrille, headed by the famous Guynemer, became known as "The Storks." Another used a lion's head; one a tiger. Our N-155 emblem was a black crow adorned with a green robe, though I never could learn just what it represented. Some of the Americans said it stood for a well-known brand of whisky, while rumor had it that the crow emblem was some German proprietary advertisement and that in adopting it the French corps had had a joke inflicted upon it.

In starting out that first day I was not supposed to go gunning for Germans. What I was to secure was a thorough familiarity with this remarkably fast air boat and bring it back again. Only in case of being attacked was I to give combat; and there was not much chance of that, for I was told to stay well within the lines. Our escadrille was encamped about five miles from the front line of trenches and it was highly necessary that I familiarize myself with the neighboring country and its relative position on the map, so that I should know where to look for our field when desiring to land. It could be distinguished by the Roman amphitheater near by.

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Within half an hour or so I was quite used to the feel of the machine and had learned its whims; all airplanes, no matter if twin models, have some slight difference which soon becomes apparent to the pilot. At high and low levels, in dives and *renversements* I tried her. Cloud clipping, puncturing the steamy lumps of mist, was fun. Sometimes I would plunge into one without knowing how deep it was and would remain lost for some seconds. Considering that this was in winter, it was very cold work. Flying for hours before breakfast was productive of very sharp hunger.

Identifying roads—those tiny white threads on the surface of the earth—next occupied my serious study. It is really not so hard as it appears to the unpracticed eye. It is very much like reading a sheet of music—simple enough after you learn to read notes proficiently. In some respects I was disappointed at not seeing a single enemy scout during the two hours I was in the air.

When I landed the captain asked me how I liked the scenery and I replied "First rate." Then he told me something in French, which I could not make out at the time, but I subsequently found out that what he meant was that there in Belgium they kept the clouds well dusted and that I should seldom find it necessary to fly backward to keep the dust out of my eyes. Any time I thought there was too much dust he would let me take up the vacuum cleaner. He was a gay captain.

My second day at La Panne, however, gave me my first patrol experience. In order that the reader may understand to a degree just what I did I shall try to explain briefly the theory of aërial warfare and its elementary tactics.

The main work of an escadrille is divided roughly into four divisions: First, driving the enemy out of the air in the particular sector in which that escadrille is operating, no matter what type of machine the enemy may be using. This is known as chasse-patrol work.

The enemy will come along to a certain sector with a great flock of fighting planes. Then the Allied artillery commander at that point will flash to the nearest escadrilles for air reënforcements, and fast Allied *avions de chasse* will start out at once if possible—that is, if they can be spared at the moment. Sometimes the Germans will maintain the air supremacy for a day or two on a certain stretch of Front and damage our artillery more or less; but within forty-eight hours—seldom more than that—we have them chased off to other parts. At times we follow the enemy from point to point, and of course strategy, coördination and good generalship decide this.

The second sort of work is reconnaissance, or scouting. In this, fast chasse planes are used for observation purposes in cases where a regular observation-type plane, a two-seated affair, is not able to get the required information quickly enough. These reconnaissance planes are sent over the lines on some specific mission and usually return immediately. Special high-speed photograph work is also included in this—cases where photographs are required at once and the machines ordinarily used for the purpose would be too slow.

Planes for Chasse Work

Third comes *reglage*, or regulating artillery fire by observing where the shells fall and sending corrections by radio to the battery; this also includes routine photography. All of this is day stuff; but the fourth, bombing, is principally night work.

Chasse work is the top of the service. The men engaged in this are the pick of escadrilles, flying the fastest single-seated planes made. All such men are acrobats of the air, having graduated from the highly dangerous school of acrobacy. They are the air fighters who go out looking for fight, in addition to which they have other duties. When on the offensive, sometimes alone and sometimes in squadron formation, they aim to clear the skies of enemy fighters, photographers and bombers. These are the boys that go out to shoot down the captive observation balloons, which is one of the meanest jobs in the service, owing to the protection the balloons have from their battleplanes and antiaircraft barrages.

On the defensive the chasse pilots are called upon to protect their slower sister machines, such as the two-seated scouts with pilot and observer, photography machines, and so on. When a photographer is sent over the enemy lines his machine is usually accompanied by two or more fast chasse planes. They continually hover about the photographer and protect him from onslaught while he is making the required pictures of battery locations, supply trains and other sorts of activity of military value. When bombing is done by daylight, which is quite rare, the chasse pilots have to ward off attacks by enemy battleplanes. Likewise these fast boys act as policemen for their own observation balloons, which are held captive on a cable about four thousand feet in the air and about five miles or so back of the lines, the observers in the baskets of these huge gas bags watching continually how shells are landing in enemy territory and reporting to field headquarters by telephone.

The beginning of the year 1918 saw the French using principally, for chasse work, such fast planes as the newer type Nieuports, Spads, and the most recent of all, the 145-mile-an-hour Morane-Monocoqs, which have all-metal fuselages. This parasol type bids fair to supplant the other types for fast work. The British used chiefly the Bristol scouts, Sopwiths, and so on. The Germans had their Albatrosses, which were not so fast as the Spads, though equal in speed to some of the Nieuports. However, the Albatrosses could not compare with the French planes in climbing ability, for the German insists upon building his machine too heavy.

A comparison between an Albatross and a Spad standing side by side shows clearly the racial characteristics—the Teutonic, heavy and burly; and the Latin, light and trim, relying for its strength upon perfect balance and beautifully calculated torque and tensile strength rather than mere bulk.

Speedy Picture Service

In connection with scout work or regulating artillery fire it must be borne in mind that for an observer a slower machine is more desirable than a fast *chasse avion*, as far as seeing what is going on is concerned, though an observer often wishes his plane were faster when trying to get home and penetrating an antiaircraft barrage. The *reglage* machine, a two-seater carrying pilot and observer, soars over the enemy's lines and by wireless tells his artillery where its shells are falling. The artillery, of course, by mathematical calculation of the trajectory of their shells, taking into consideration atmospheric condition, controls where these shells land by increasing or decreasing the firing angles. As fast as the shells fall the observer advises his battery by radio of the corrections necessary. It is simply uncanny how accurate field and heavy artillery can be much of the time, hitting their target repeatedly at ten-mile range or more. When captive observation balloons are used for this purpose an ordinary telephone wire is used, and the observer talks to headquarters. Of course balloons are kept five miles or so behind the lines, whereas the airplanes may go directly over the enemy's position which is under fire, in order to spot the shots.

Photography planes are used for various purposes—to locate hidden enemy batteries, to ascertain the approximate number of men in transport to a certain point, to snap supply trains and railroads, and obtain other valuable information with remarkable accuracy, for things which may fool the observer's eye cannot fool the camera. Oftentimes a photograph of some especial feature, such as a new battery operating, will be under the careful scrutiny of officers within seven minutes after it is snapped from a height of two thousand feet or more above the enemy's lines. And frequently a German battery will not have been set up more than fifteen or eighteen minutes before the French have located it by aërial photo, calculated its position and are proceeding to disable it by direct hits.

This may sound absolutely impractical, but it is done. War makes the impossible quite possible. Here is the way it is accomplished: An observer in a photography machine sees an enemy battery open fire, or he may be sent up and across the lines to locate it after it has started business. He succeeds in getting his lens directly over the location, snaps and speeds back to the lines, taking more photos for checking-up purposes as he returns, in order that there may be no error as to location.

"But," you say, "it takes time to develop and print these photographs."

Yes, but they do not bother to print; merely develop right there at the escadrille

(Continued on Page 41)

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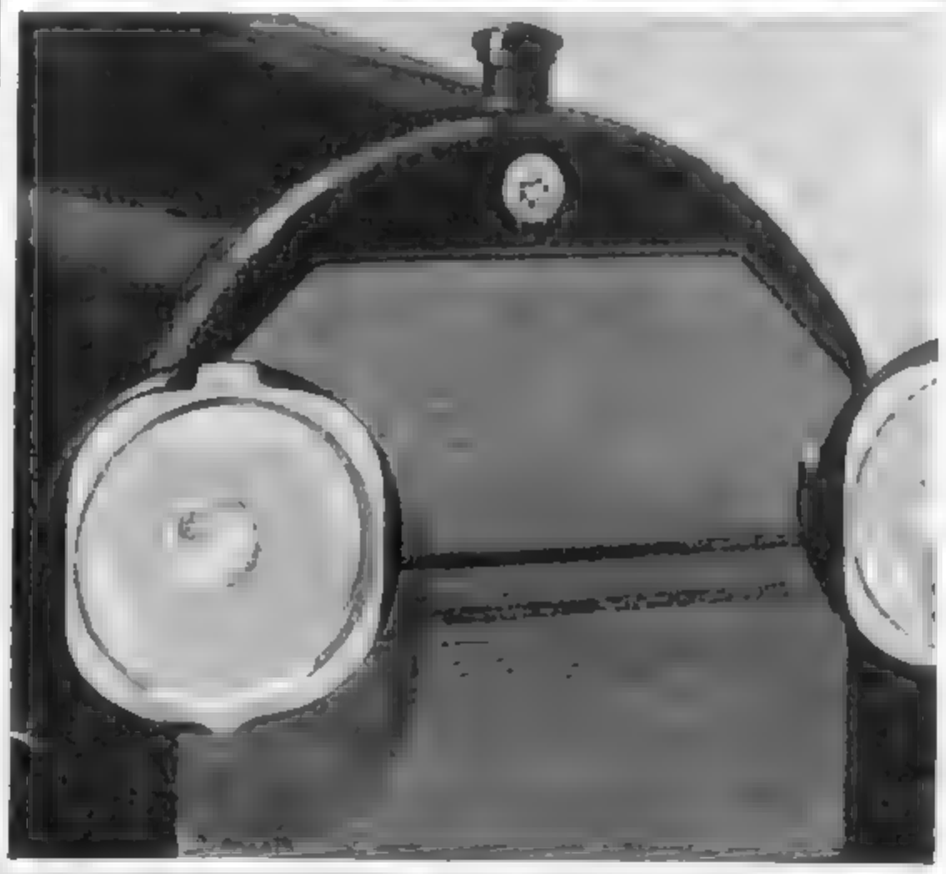

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CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 38.

the moment the pilot lands with his plates. As soon as the image is visible on the negative, without waiting for it to dry or to make a positive, it is inserted in a powerful stereopticon and thrown on a screen. Meantime the officers are consulting a map of the approximate location as described by the observer and distances estimated by him. Then, by comparison with the screen, the conclusion is reached that the hostile battery is in such and such a square on the map, so many feet south of this road, so many feet west of that—and the artillery and its reglage planes do the rest. The importance of the "eyes of the artillery," which are the airplanes, is most obvious.

Of course most of the men engaged in artillery regulation work and scouting are radio experts. Chasse pilots of the French Army as a general thing have no knowledge of telegraphy. It is not deemed necessary for an air fighter to have his machine equipped with a heavy wireless outfit, which would decrease the machine's speed and climbing power. However, in the signal corps of the United States Army I understand that all of the cadets are taught radio work.

Various types of two-seated planes are used for reglage and photography, and these, of course, are always armed with at least two or three guns—a rigid one in front and a swivel-mounted mitrailleuse in the rear seat—sometimes two. Upon certain occasions, however, a camera is carried by a single-seater battle plane, a particular instance of which will be mentioned later. It must be remembered that the fast chasse machine is not nearly so stable as slower types, for having a smaller spread of wing surface, sometimes only thirteen square yards, it has to fly at high speed to stay balanced in the air. The greater the wing area the more adapted a plane is to slow-speed work and weight carrying.

For reglage and photography the French use double-seated Bréguets, Dorans and Caudrons, all of which are of the tractor type—that is, the propeller is in front and pulls the craft. The pusher type is the sort that has the propeller or propellers behind the wings—a much slower design.

The Germans use Rumplers—big, cumbersome "flat cars on wings," also L. V. G. machines, for this work.

Specialists in Bombing

Bombing is a highly specialized end of the service, where good eyesight and judgment in aiming the "dewdrops" are of prime importance. It is in this work that ability to judge speed and guess distance counts for so much. To drop bombs from a stationary balloon floating over a fort is something that a child can do; but to drop high explosives from a fast-moving airplane at a certain target on the ground, bearing in mind that the missile is being acted upon by three forces—gravity, momentum of the plane at the time the bomb is dispatched and transverse wind pressure—is a very different matter. In other words, a bomber is a soldier of the air who must possess exceptional ability to start with and must be developed by months of practice to a high point of efficiency before he is of much value to his army.

Much is printed in the newspapers about the amount of damage being done by the Germans' dropping their bombs. Frequently the extent of this damage is mentioned, whereas very few details are published regarding the damage done by Allied airplane bombs. The reason for this is that the Germans will not publish the truth about their losses; and, as a rule, it is impossible for the Allies to learn just the actual intrinsic value of enemy equipment destroyed.

However, I can state from first-hand observation that the Allies, in the spring of 1918, were dropping ten bombs to the Germans' one; and furthermore, we were accomplishing infinitely more than the enemy, for we do not raid cities where no military advantage is to be gained. We refrain from blasting up hospitals and residential sections and confine our work to damaging enemy railroads, supply stations and munition plants.

When the Americans begin their operations on the huge scale now planned they will be releasing more than one hundred times the number of bombs the boches can hope to drop. And furthermore, the French, English and American bombers are better marksmen than the Germans ever will be, for the simple reason that they are able to remain cool and collected and use their heads, where Fritz is inclined to lose his head. I do not say it because I happen to be an American. I say it because it is a fact, and I believe that the American bombing flyers are destined to become the best bombers at the Front, both in the trenches and in the air.

My opinion is that the average United States bomber played baseball at school and at college, and throwing a baseball accurately is something more than mere physical labor. There is a sense of aim, direction and distance judging, just as clearly evident as the sense of hearing or smell, and the college or back-lot ball player develops this. You have noticed their remarkable accuracy and control in pitching balls over the plate. Control is acquired with practice, but sense of aim is natural and in this Americans excel the enemy. Furthermore, it matters not whether a boy with a good sense of aim is "winding up" in a pitcher's box or sighting from an airplane—his baseball experience will help him to score.

Bréguet tractors, Letord tractors and Voisin pushers are what the French are using for bombing; likewise a few Caudrons. The Farman pusher type has become practically obsolete.

Gothas and Rumplers are the favorite bombing planes of the boches, though they still use a few Fokkers. Rumplers have the reputation of being very lucky in hitting hospitals and orphanages, while Gothas probably do more damage of military value.

Let the Old Bird Come

In addition to the above-mentioned types there is the Morane parasol monoplane style of machine used by the French, which is highly efficient for certain sorts of special work. The descriptive word "parasol" means that the machine differs from the usual type of monoplane or biplane in that its entire fuselage, motor and propeller are suspended about two feet below the wings, so that the planes form a sort of umbrella.

It was on my second day of work at the Front that I saw a real combat in the air for the first time. I had been sent out on patrol duty with two experienced French fighters and one other, whose nationality I cannot recall. Our party was out looking for trouble. We found it, just as I had anticipated, for usually when looking for trouble I have been successful in locating it. We flew first at a comparatively low level and then at high levels. The officers wanted to ascertain if I showed any symptoms of drowsiness or had nosebleed, or whether twenty thousand feet up without oxygen would affect my ears or cause hemorrhages. Strange to say, some of the boys who get through the schools satisfactorily and appear to be able to stand high altitude do not work out successfully at the Front. After a few days they become affected in one way or another. Some of the pilots take occasional puffs of oxygen at very high levels, but I was soon to discover that I did not require it even at an altitude of twenty-four thousand feet. I also managed to keep from freezing at the temperature below zero.

Flying in search of Fritz that second day at the Front I did not feel like a novice in the slightest. Whether it was the support of the other men or my anxiety to see the first enemy plane I do not know, but I felt considerably more at ease than I ever imagined I should some months before, when I used to look forward to my first encounter.

We climbed to a height of about fourteen thousand feet, and I was on the tail end of the line, watching the others attentively. Scanning the skies, which seem fifty times as large when at such a height as that, I suddenly saw a tiny insectlike thing in the clouds several thousand feet ahead. Then quite naturally I looked toward the leader of our patrol and immediately he began to signal to us by wabbling his machine and speeding up more. He had sighted the enemy at about the same instant I had.

At last I was in the war! At last I was to see what a real air fight was like!

I have heard and read many stories of the trenches—the awful moments immediately preceding the climb over the top and into No Man's Land; I have heard about the uncanny "elbow touch" of the poilu as he feels the hand of the sergeant at his arm and instinctively touches the elbow of the next man, as a sort of nerve-steadying, comforting thing; I have heard tales of how men nearly choke and stifle as

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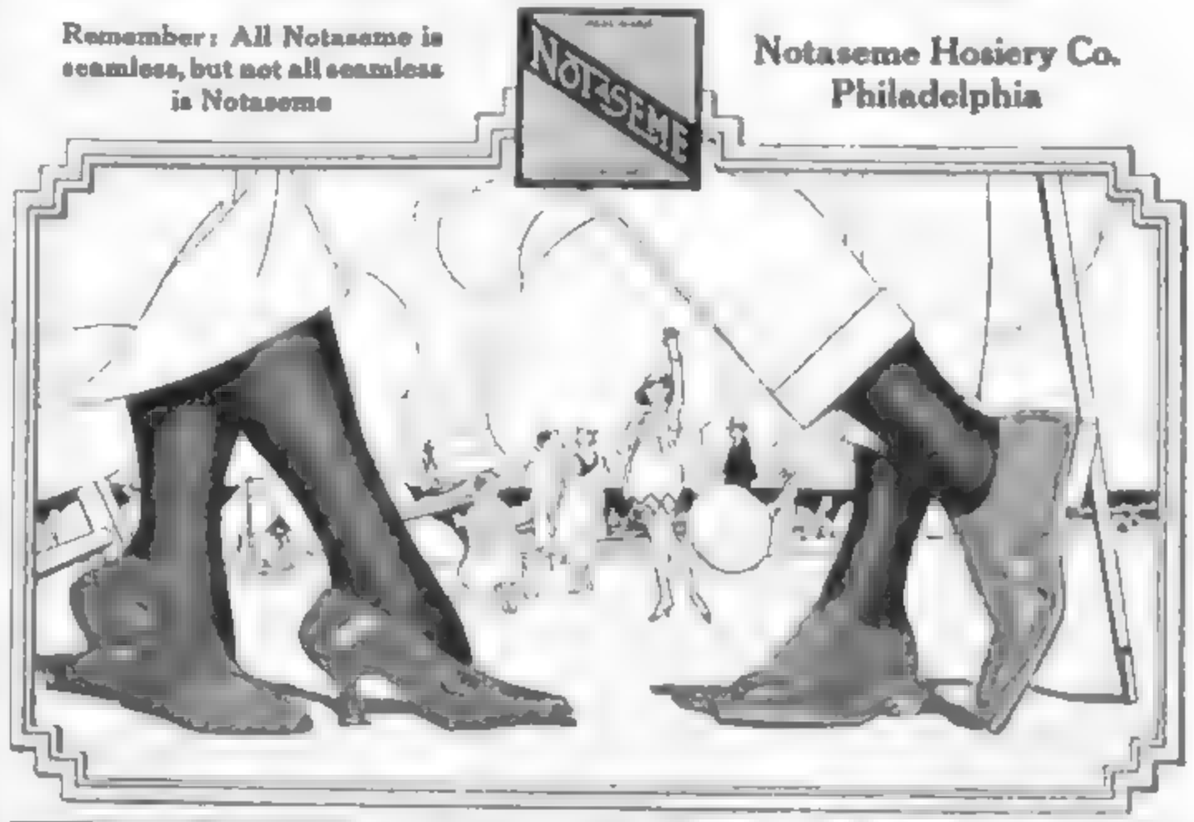

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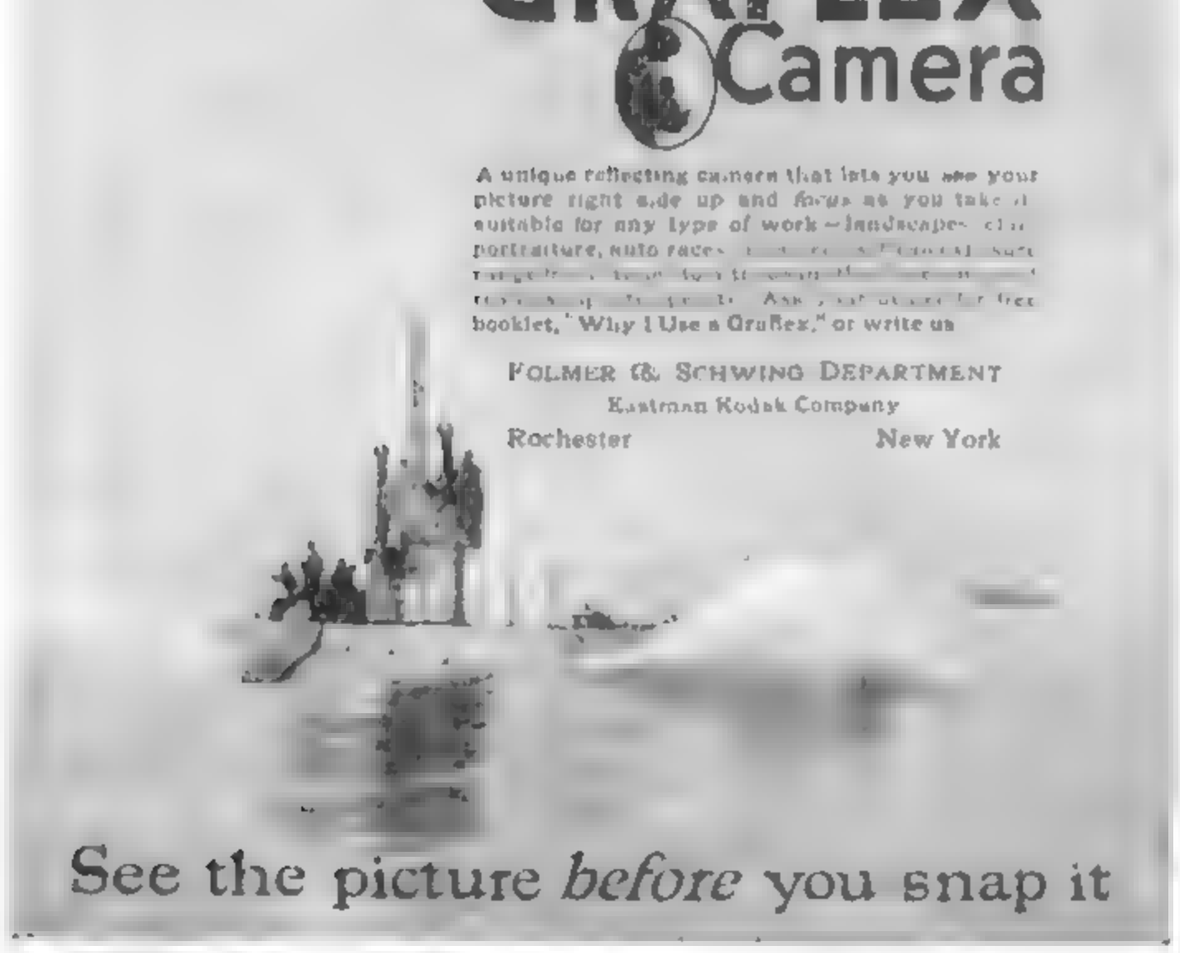

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the swelling in their throat occurs in this moment of life-and-death peril; the heart that either pounds like a trip hammer or else stands still for what seems like minutes; I have heard all of these things and I believe that they are true; but when I first saw that Fritz plane I had no such sensations.

My heart did not commence to thump so that it could be noticed—possibly because I have had heart trouble since childhood. I was not a bit nervous. There was no sudden surging of blood through my veins; my hand did not shake; I had no feeling of dread or that weak sensation in the small of the back, but was perfectly calm and collected. Yet—I was wholly aware of the danger ahead. I knew full well that I might not come out of it alive, but I was not fussed to the slightest degree. The excitement had a negative effect upon me.

The leader kept up his wabble by moving his control back and forth to make certain that we saw him, and then says I to myself, says I, "Go to it, kid!"

"All right-o!" I answer myself. "Let the old bird come!"

Now he is coming too; but I am gambling ten to one that he does not see us yet. By its silhouette I see that it is a fleet Albatross—having studied the lines of enemy planes from a very up-to-date flying corps book diagram—and certainly if he sees us he ought to know better than to tear for us head on at the same level. Meanwhile I am taking my cue from the leader of our patrol. He has climbed up somewhat so as to be able to dive without losing too much speed, just as I knew he would, for I had been well instructed in this formation attack. I maneuver for a position a little closer to my mates, climbing slightly so as not to be left behind; but not too close, for that Fritz is coming fast, and as soon as our leader opens the attack by diving for him our second man, three hundred feet or so astern, will dive the instant the leader veers off after passing Fritz. My turn will come third.

At last Fritz wakes up and begins to open fire on me! I am sure he is firing at me, for the tracer shells commence to whip past. But, as per instructions, I hold my fire, waiting for my mates to start sending bullets first. Now Fritz starts to pique, and he piques just too late, for the head of our squadron, with his mitrailleuse snarling, is diving for him and on his tail in no time. But our man misses, and just as he passes the boche, veering off to the left, my mate just ahead of me dives for Fritz and blazes with a steady stream of copper. I slow down slightly so as not to meet the enemy before my mate gets out of the way. Fritz keeps on diving, making his angle sharper now, and I notice that his wings are camouflaged on top. There goes our second boy past him like a bullet and I am almost on top of the enemy! Zip! An acrobatic lightninglike twist and our second man makes for the right!—the opposite direction from the first attacker, thereby avoiding possible collision.

Now it is up to me—at least I believe it is—but just as I pique into position for my plunge and wait for my gun sight to catch its bead on the boche, instead of those camouflaged wings I behold a burst of flame and, as in surprise I hesitate to press the triggers, behold the enemy suddenly plunges into a nose spin. A French incendiary bullet had struck the gas tank—probably another had struck the pilot.

My gun is silent, nor has it spoken. We three circle round to watch the flaming comet reach earth, so as to identify the spot and report the combat. We also note the hour and what the altimeter registers.

Seeing that it is three to one I am just as well satisfied that I was not a factor in the fight. Then comes the thought of what war is. We have just happened to catch Fritz unprotected. Usually he flies in big groups and scores most of his hits by attacking with superior numbers. In this instance we simply beat him to it. Like an avalanche the thought suddenly strikes me—war is not a game. War is not something in which two sportsmen engage. War is a thing all by itself—a deadly business—something not to be glorified, but something that civilization and democracy must wipe from the face of the earth. And how must it be done? It must be accomplished by taking every advantage of the enemy when possible, just as the enemy takes every advantage of us.

That was the thought that came to me after the first encounter as we waved a salute to each other and went looking for more enemy planes.

This thought occurred to me as I sailed back toward the escadrille. It all seemed too tame to be considered a baptism of fire. Well, if I considered things tame at that moment I had plenty of opportunity to change my mind, for a few seconds later we ran into a barrage of antiaircraft shells.

When we landed back at the escadrille I learned that the other boys felt fairly certain that the machine they had downed was the same one that shot down one of their pals when our man's mitrailleuse jammed a few days before. Its peculiar mottled camouflage identified it, not positively but with reasonable certainty. It had been a revenge combat and the French laid particular store by these revenge combats, as I was to learn subsequently. Yes, revenge and reprisal are factors in war, just as in a Third Avenue melodrama. But somehow I could see nothing sweet about it.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Sergeant Wright. The third will appear in an early issue.

AMERICANS FOR AMERICA

(Continued from Page 23)

had in twelve other districts, in twelve counties, many public schools having only four or five pupils, owing to the competition of German schools. There are other districts where children spend three days in German schools, where they learn nothing but German, and where, having been filled up with German, they are not in condition to learn anything else. We have one public school in one district where there are but two pupils, while within a stone's throw there is a German school having thirty-three pupils, taught nothing but German.

"Of 379 teachers investigated, 350 were Germans. In three counties where these German schools predominated the German national hymn was generally sung, until our State Council of Defense protested. In one hundred of these schools the American national hymn, up to thirty days ago, had never been sung.

"It needed this war to uncover the situation into which our country had been rapidly drifting. We would not believe it in Nebraska. In our state many years ago we passed a measure known locally as the Market Law. That was passed at the behest of the German Alliance. That law requires that whenever twelve patrons of a school district shall indicate a certain foreign language should be taught, the chosen one shall be taught. The school board has no choice.

"At the last legislature, two years ago, a determined effort was made to defeat that law, but the German Alliance, backed by the German-language newspapers and a few of the English-language newspapers that did not have the courage or vision to see what there was going on, defeated the repeal of that law. And the same legislature defeated a proposition to introduce into our graded schools a course of Abraham Lincoln.

"One speaker on the floor of the legislature stated that he would rather put $100,000 in a hog barn.

"To-day our legislature is in special session. When I left a few days ago the House, without a dissenting vote, had passed a bill to repeal the Market Law. Our State Council of Defense sent out a request asking every school that is American in purpose to substitute the English language for the German. In cases of the public school, in most instances, without an act of the legislature we persuaded the school boards to throw it out. In many cases in private schools, by the very power of that righteous request we have persuaded them to throw it out."

Lafe Young, former United States Senator, told of practically similar conditions in the state of Iowa. Such facts need only to be told loyal Americans to bestir them to action. And when Senator King, of Utah, introduced a resolution in Congress to revoke the charter of the National German-American Alliance, and the Senate Judiciary Committee instituted a comprehensive inquiry into the whole thing, what was found

(Continued on Page 44)

Are We Entitled to a Net Profit of Fifteen Cents

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Is Palm Beach a Stylish Garment?
Some people think that to be comfortable is to offend the fashions. That's an antiquated notion, one that Palm Beach relegated to the scrap heap years ago.
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(Continued from Page 42)

seems unbelievable—a manifest connection between the schemes of Pan-Germanism fostered by Prussian autocracy and the spreading of German propaganda in America through control of the schools. Of the methods by which the Germans used their political power in the state legislatures to secure the enactment of laws that would enable them more easily to spread German Kultur, and of their bold opposition to all neutrality policies of the American Government that by force of circumstances worked to the disadvantage of Germany, the record is full and complete.

The why and the wherefore of it is plain. We have heard of the Pan-Germanistic movement as it was reflected in teachings within the German Empire. But we have known very little of—or have paid less attention to—its adjunct, the League for Germanism in Foreign Lands, an organization that had the backing and encouragement of the Imperial German Government. As early as 1894 the Alldeutsche Blaetter, the official publication of that league, revealed its true purpose thus:

"Germany's position as a world power is unthinkable without the possession of colonies, is unthinkable if we do not take care that our fellow Germans in foreign lands are held in the bonds of Germanism."

That same periodical went on to say that the sphere of activity of the league is "every spot on earth where Germans live and are conscious or wish to be conscious of their membership in the All-German nation."

Just twenty years later—1914—when the European War broke out, the German press had many nice things to say about the German-American Alliance for the laudable way in which it carried out these objects. Indeed in attempting to embarrass the United States Government and force pro-German policies on Congress the military service sought to be rendered Germany was first discovered; and only now, by digging into the records and papers of the leaders of the movement, is it being discovered what an ugly taint of un-Americanism is fastened on many men of American birth but German descent who devoted themselves to Germany's interest as against the policies of our own Government. It is confusing to call them German-Americans, for that implies a fifty-fifty distribution of loyalty, when as a matter of fact the American part was purely nominal and the impulse was seventy-five per cent German. Official records of the German-American Alliance contain, to be sure, many a speech and utterance openly claiming that the best patriotism one could show his adopted country, America, was to implant firmly German ideals and German Kultur.

German Political Aims

Schools and education were the instrumentalities of action. Said the official quarterly of the League for Germanism in Foreign Lands in September, 1909: "Work done in the interests of the German school abroad is a noble service rendered to the German nation; for one of the most effective means of perpetuating Germanism in foreign countries is the school; within its sacred walls the strange land is transformed for children, teachers and parents into the German Fatherland."

How much the Germans in America were in accord with this sentiment can be judged by an excerpt from a committee report adopted by the convention in 1906 of the National German-American Alliance:

"Nationality and language are indissolubly bound together. If we are to preserve the former for ourselves and our descendants we must cherish the latter and protect it as the most precious treasure. One of the chief purposes of our alliance therefore is the founding and the perpetuation of efficient German-American schools and the introduction and extension of instruction in the German language into the public schools of this country."

Thus we have a clear and express statement, an official statement, of the fact that the reason why it was intended to have German studied in America was to perpetuate the German nationality here. Indeed the Imperial German Government looked upon the German language as a political instrument wherewith to consolidate Germans everywhere. Language is a powerful means of fusing peoples into a national weapon, and when it is taught by teachers who are interested in the inculcation of political ideas as well it becomes a propaganda of inestimable value to the government behind it. The National German-American Alliance, an institution actually chartered by our Congress in 1907 when it, as well as the rest of America, little suspected the purposes to which the society could be subverted, was the medium whereby the bond was to be perpetuated between the German colony in America and the monarchy of the Kaiser.

But it was long before 1907 that the German grip fastened itself on American educational institutions. As early as 1901 local societies made up of German members, the Männerchors and mutual-aid societies, were grouped in city alliances, which in turn were organized into the state alliances, and all were united in the central organization. There is some dispute as to the exact translation of the German name of the society—"Deutsch-Amerikanischer Nationalbund"—some translators declaring that, to the mind of the German, it conveys the meaning "Alliance of German-Americans for Nationalistic Purposes"—that is, preserving the German nationality; while others call it the German-American National Alliance, and let it go at that. But if there are fine shades of meaning about the official title of the organization there is no such doubt about the character of its work.

Poisoning Public Opinion

There is complete evidence of a thoroughgoing, carefully planned activity from the very beginning to influence legislation in America for the benefit of German nationalistic purposes. With every club or society of a German character the alliance sought to be in touch. There were branches and subdivisions in nearly every state, branches in the cities and towns of America, and through them the national alliance endeavored to reach every social, educational, musical, religious and gymnastic organization in which Germans took part.

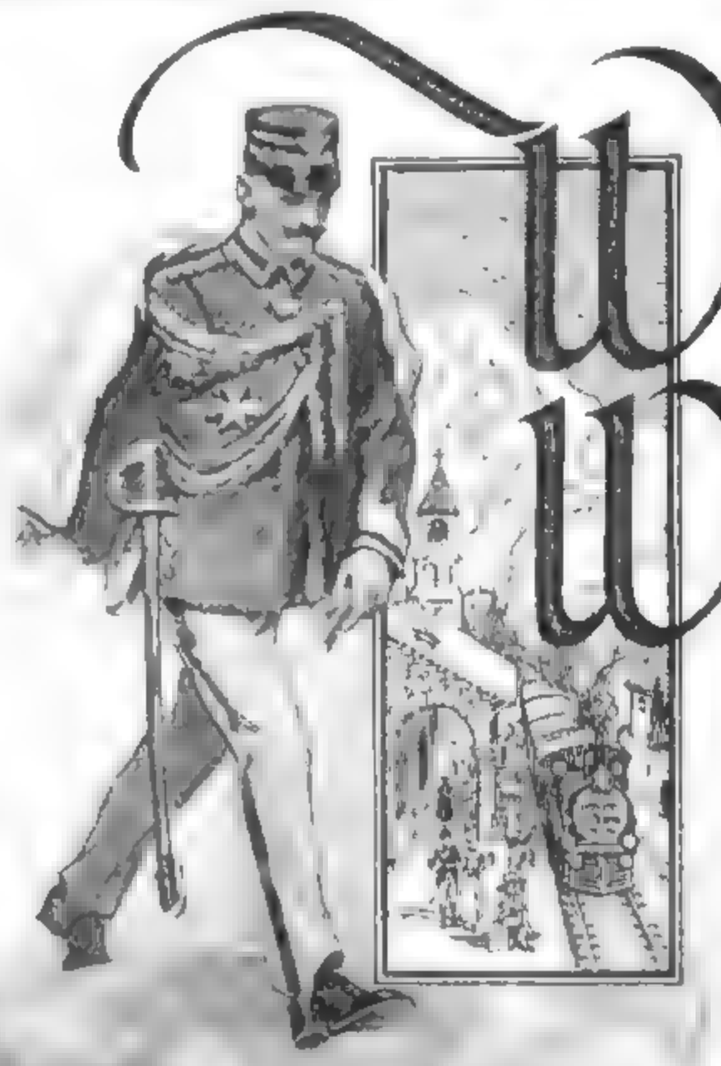
Every effort was made to extend German instruction in all classes of educational institutions. Wherever there were private, parochial or other schools in which the German language was used they were encouraged. Efforts to have German taught in the elementary classes of the public schools were made on a nation-wide scale.

Proofs of a documentary character also exist of a plan to secure, by influencing authors and publishers, the publication of a series of textbooks which should minimize the English origin and traditions of American civilization and glorify in every way the achievements of Germans in America. And from what was said about General von Steuben, from the celebrations and memorials and statues and the historical emphasis on the part that military instructor played in our Revolution, one was often left with the impression almost that the well-known George Washington was hardly a factor. Books of this kind were introduced in the public schools wherever the Germans could control or influence the school boards.

All of which wouldn't have been so bad and might have been attributed to a pardonable vanity about one's race and origin were it not for the fact that at the same time the alliance carried on a bitter campaign against a nation with which the United States was at peace—our parent country, England. Everywhere appears the most bitter hostility toward England and things English. And this was happening many years before the European War broke out. It meant that a solid block of German-speaking individuals were not merely content to preach the ideals and customs of the land from which they sprung but they sought to have us adopt as well Germany's inherent hostility to England. They could not have been doing it simply to draw the United States into war with England, but they were doing it as part of the Pan-Germanist scheme of preparing for the inevitable war that German militarism was expecting. When war came it was of incalculable value to Germany to have in all foreign lands a solid group of millions whose power and influence were sufficient to bring pressure upon the governments—such as our own—to follow policies favorable to Germany. Those groups are still trying to thwart us to-day in Central and South America.

The alliance used every means to keep its aims before the German public in

(Continued on Page 47)



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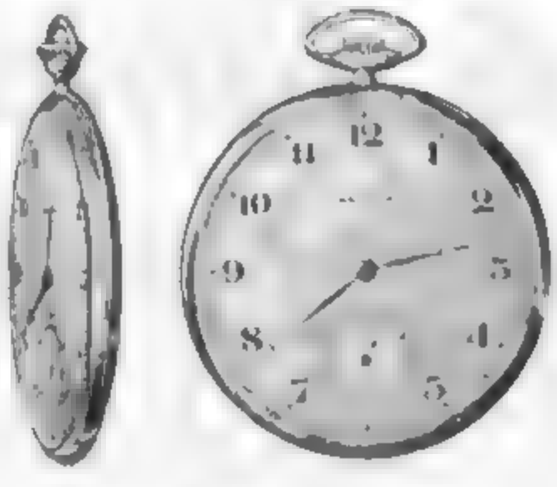

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And, in addition, it "cranks" the engine as often as required, blows the warning signal, or heats the steering wheel in the winter, etc.

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(Continued from Page 44)

America. It maintained close communication with similar organizations in Canada, and in Brazil and other South American countries. Very voluminous archives, card indexes and references of all sorts were classified. Much of this material was published in the official bulletin of the organization, of which Charles J. Hexamer, of Philadelphia, was the president. His activity was so pleasing to the German Government that he was decorated in 1904 by the Kaiser with the Fourth Order of the Red Eagle.

More than two million members was the claim the alliance made as to its size. It certainly kept in touch with more than ten thousand local societies, most all of which automatically became instruments for German propaganda at the outbreak of the European War, harassing newspapers, holding public meetings and demonstrations of protest against policies of our own Government, and generally assuming the rôle of partisans to an extent that easily belied the kind of neutrality that they professed to favor.

Germany's own connection with this is not difficult to prove. When the Russian revolutionists overthrew the Czar's government at Petrograd they got their hands on secret archives galore and published things right and left. Among the disclosures was a copy of a circular telegram sent shortly after the war began by the Imperial German Government to all its ambassadors and ministers throughout the world. That telegram said:

"It is brought to your knowledge that in the countries where you are accredited there have been founded special bureaus for organizing propaganda in countries of the coalition at war with Germany. The propaganda will have for its aim the inception of social movements accompanied by strikes, revolutionary explosions, separatist movements and civil war, as well as an agitation in favor of disarmament and the cessation of this bloody war."

The "separatist movement" was for many years agitated in Germany with the approval of the Imperial Government. It contemplated the binding together of Germans in foreign countries, organizing them into firm separate nationalities irrespective of the nationality of the state wherein they resided, the thought being that they would of course serve the interests of Germany in time of war.

Hexamer's Article

Germans in America responded with feudal obedience. Here is an extract, for instance, from an article by Charles J. Hexamer, president of the National German-American Alliance, which appeared in the official organ of the society in September, 1914, just after the outbreak of the European War:

"In every city there should be a bureau of literature with an efficient press agent established, a press agent who should react immediately in the English language upon all hostile attacks and statements of ignorance of irresponsible reporters of English newspapers.

"Furthermore in every branch of this organization collections should be inaugurated whose proceeds should be kept for the use of the national executive of the National German-American Alliance right up to the time when the national executive in accordance with the purpose of these collections may apply them for our relations in Germany or at any other place where a crying need is directed to us."

This was followed by a summons "to all German instructors, all who have studied in German universities and to every German who is literarily inclined" to handle the American press, which meant a counter-propaganda designed to make Americans disbelieve German aggression in Belgium and the horrors that German Kultur had imposed on peaceful neighbors and the civilized world.

Newspapers in Germany were prompt to praise the American citizens of German descent for performing such good "military service" to Germany. That military service, to be sure, was nothing more nor less than embarrassing the United States Government by seeking to make it adopt pro-German policies. There were organized in this country, moreover, several societies that did not have the official sanction of the German-American Alliance or any direct connection, but whose officers and members were identical in many cases with the executive committees of state and city alliances; and all worked to influence the United States to be unneutral and pro-German.

The embargo conference at Chicago in 1915 is a case in point. It pretended to be an organization of Americans, but its funds were discovered by the Department of Justice to have come from German sources. Of similar character were the Friends of Peace, the American Neutrality League, the American Independence Union, the American Truth Society and Labor's National Peace Council. It has been proved that Franz von Rintelen, the bomb plotter, now in the Federal penitentiary, furnished hundreds of thousands of dollars to some of these organizations. The National German-American Alliance did not act as a whole or officially toward these organizations, but individuals did who received their inspiration from the alliance. And so the work of Germanizing America went on before we entered the war—and many years before the European War itself came.

Berlin Appreciative

All of this was duly appreciated in Berlin, where the newspapers, referring to the work of the "German brothers" in America, were profuse in their praise. The Pan-German League "pointed with pride," for had not its policies of a decade of years proved fruitful? Indeed the organizations which undertook to split American sentiment had the approval not merely of the Pan-German League and the League for Germanism in Foreign Lands, but of the German Government itself. Those two societies had been for years agitating to secure the adoption of the Delbrück Law, and finally succeeded in 1912. It provided that "citizenship is not lost by one who, acquiring foreign citizenship, has secured on application the written consent of the proper authorities of his home state to retain his citizenship." Doctor Delbrück himself thus explained the law that year in a speech to the Reichstag:

"The Empire of Germany has also quite another interest now in attaching to itself all Germans who have emigrated, for the motives of emigration have in great part become quite different from what they were formerly. The German who emigrates now no longer does so with a view of separating himself economically and politically from his country; on the contrary, the large majority of those who emigrate go with the object of serving their country economically and politically. . . . It is true that we recognize that there are cases where the German citizen abroad may have an interest in acquiring side by side with his old nationality a new nationality, the possession of which would still allow of his usefully representing the interests of his Fatherland."

It meant that the Germans who went to America could become naturalized if it helped them in their business and to financial prosperity, but at the same time they would not forfeit their German citizenship.

This was not peculiar to America. There are and have been similar alliances in many countries of the world, all engaged in the same work. They are working in Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Northern France, Switzerland, Bohemia, Moravia, the Baltic provinces, Russian Poland, the Russian provinces along the Black Sea and elsewhere in Europe, and in the South American countries, such as Chile, Argentina and Brazil.

Though figures are not available for recent years, there were up to 1902 no less than 5240 schools spread throughout the world where only German was spoken. Brazil had six hundred of them in the southern provinces, where the Germans hoped some day to separate and establish a real German colony—something that came as near being a violation of the Monroe Doctrine as anything the Prussians attempted before 1914.

About five hundred of these schools existed in the United States in 1902, and they have been increased since. They didn't receive any financial backing from the German Government, but were supported by religious bodies of German origin. They became in many cases outspoken in spreading German propaganda, and some have not even ceased since the United States entered the war. This is entirely aside from the many public schools where the population is almost entirely German. In the state schools in Nebraska and Wisconsin, for

(Continued on Page 49)

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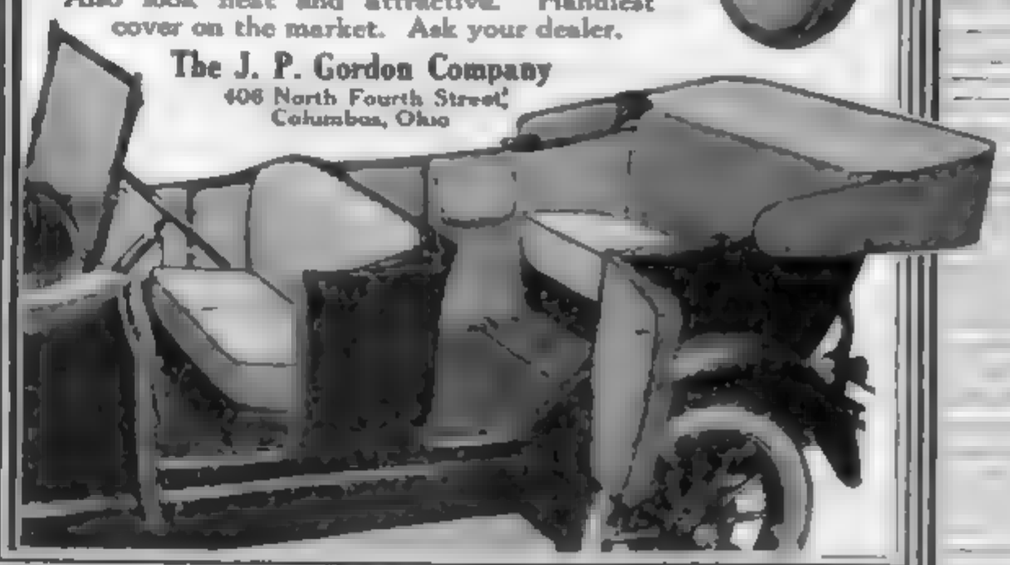

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Crowell-Lundoff-Little Construction Service is exceptionally interesting to executives responsible for new buildings in any of the following classes:

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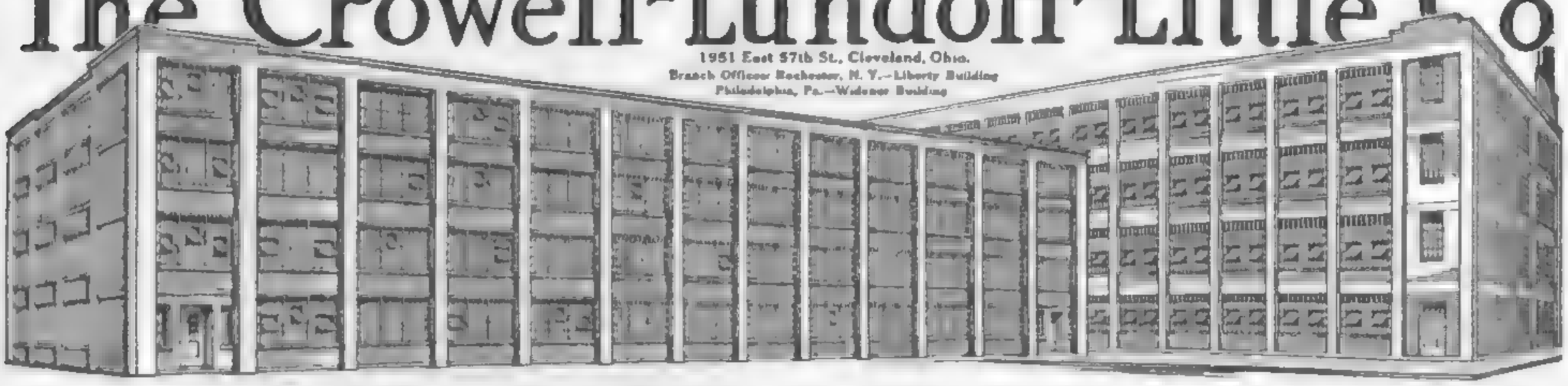

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(Continued from Page 47)

instance, maintained by taxation, there are German teachers of German descent and of strongly developed German affiliations. In certain parts of Texas the state law requires that during nine months of the year school shall be held four months in English and five months in German.

The connection of the German-American Alliance with the teaching of the German language in the public and private schools has been manifestly close.

Speaking of the "growing influence of Germanism in Ohio," the official quarterly in Germany glowed with pride over the meeting of the State Alliance in Cincinnati in 1910:

"The convention was unanimous in the belief that for the extension of German Kultur resort should be had to legislation, and that the political candidates, in order to get the votes of Germans, must promise to carry out these demands. In Ohio Germanism is at all elections the needle on the scales, and it is determined to use this favorable position."

In the same survey of Germanism in Foreign Lands appears this news note in December, 1909:

"The New York Alliance of the German Catholic Verein adopted the following resolution at its last general convention: 'German is to be the language used in the State Alliance and in all vereins which make it up. German should be used in the families, among the parents and in intercourse with the children.'"

In other words, the press of Germany followed very closely what was being done by the National German-American Alliance in the United States and commented editorially upon it with a great deal of zest.

German Ambition Exposed

Here is an extract incidentally from a contribution to the Pan-German Gazette, written in 1902 by Robert Thiem, an American of German descent resident in our midst:

"The Germanization of America has gone ahead too far to be interrupted. Whoever talks of the danger of Americanization of the Germans now here [in America] is not well informed or cherishes a false conception of our relations. In a hundred years the American people will be conquered by the victorious German spirit so that it will present an enormous German Empire. Whoever does not believe this lacks confidence in the strength of the German spirit."

There was no doubt in Germany of what her representatives abroad were doing, and there was nothing vague either about the aims of the parent societies in Germany, backed by the Imperial German Government, with respect to the German colonies in such countries as America. It is written in black and white in the pages of the Pan-German League's official publications. Selected from these official statements of policy is one extract, written in February, 1903, which is typical of all the rest. It says:

"It is therefore the duty of everyone who loves languages to see that the future language spoken in America shall be German. It is of the highest importance to keep up the German language in America, to establish German universities, improve all the schools, introduce German newspapers, and to see that at American universities there are German professors of the very highest ability who will make their influence felt unmistakably on thought, science, art and literature. If Germans bear this in mind and help accordingly the goal will be reached. At the present moment the center of German intellectual activity is Germany; in the remote future it will be in America. The Germans there are the pioneers of a greater German culture which we may regard as ours in the future. . . . Germans need only to grasp the situation and the future is theirs. Let them show that they mean to maintain German spirit and then emigration may be directed to America with impunity."

Turn now and examine the official bulletin of the National German-American Alliance, translations of which have been filed with the Senate Judiciary Committee, and see the record of achievement in the schools of America. The year 1911 is typical. In the February number of the official organ, under the heading A Victory for the Nebraska State Alliance, appear these paragraphs:

"The State Alliance of Nebraska has come out victorious in a fight against a school regulation of hostile intent toward the community schools. . . . The bill against the German parish schools, introduced by Representative Moody, has been defeated. It provided that every child should attend the public schools at least three months in the year, and to a certain extent the parish schools be placed under the jurisdiction of the county superintendent of schools. . . .

"Immediately after its introduction the directorate of the State Alliance took up the battle against the bill and the secretary called the attention of the members of the legislature to the injustice of the measure. The German church congregations also armed themselves for the battle. As the injustice of the bill was made manifest Representative Sink made a motion to lay the bill on the table, and it was passed almost unanimously.

"This disposes of the matter, as it is hardly to be expected that it will again be proposed in the full assembly. The whole case shows how important is united action by our German element. It should be a notification to every German society to join the German State Alliance in order to be always on guard."

In April of the same year "lively proceedings" are recorded in North Dakota, where the president of the State Alliance made this report:

"It was the privilege of your president during the session of the legislature to make the acquaintance of the German pastors of the state who acted as a committee to demand from the legislature certain favors for the German parish schools. If it were not generally known that I had this whole German Alliance of the state behind me the gentlemen who manufacture laws would hardly have taken notice of our request. As it is, gentlemen of the legislature are very careful not to step on the toes of the alliance, for they will need German votes in the future, and they have therefore a proper respect for the German Central Alliance. I have gladly supported the pastors in everything, since their aims and objects coincide wholly with those of our Central Alliance. We should go into the next legislature for German instruction in the public schools, and that beginning with the third class the German language shall be taught alongside the English language. If the German language dies then there will die also German morals and customs which are so dear to us and which work for the good of all the people."

The Propagandists' Progress

There are innumerable paragraphs throughout the yearbooks of the National German-American Alliance which tell in detail of the fights in state legislatures and county school boards for the introduction or preservation of the German language in the school, and bold reference is made to the threats of political power which soon converted the doubtful. One of the publications boasts that in the last ten years the study of French by pupils in American schools increased only seven per cent while the number studying German increased fifty-one per cent.

Definite funds were raised by the German-American Alliance "to combat nativistic efforts"—that is, attempts to Americanize our German population—to increase the number of German schools and aid the seminaries for German teachers, the improvement of history books in the schools, the introduction of books giving less attention to historical relations with England and magnifying German achievements, and the establishment of good relations with other nationalistic or hyphenate organizations.

In a little book by Karl Jünger entitled German America Mobilized, published in 1915, are given more specifically some of the things which the so-called German-Americans did, among them petitions in various parts of the United States to have Bryce's American Commonwealth excluded from the schools. Admiral von Knorr, of the German Navy, wrote a preface for that book, which says in part:

"This war has fused the German spirit of the whole world into a single mighty unit; but nowhere more than in America, that land which before the war was completely flooded and dominated with English gold. What the Americans of German descent have done for Germany by incessant education and indefatigable assistance is so unselfish, so magnificent and so overwhelming that it will remain forever engraved in

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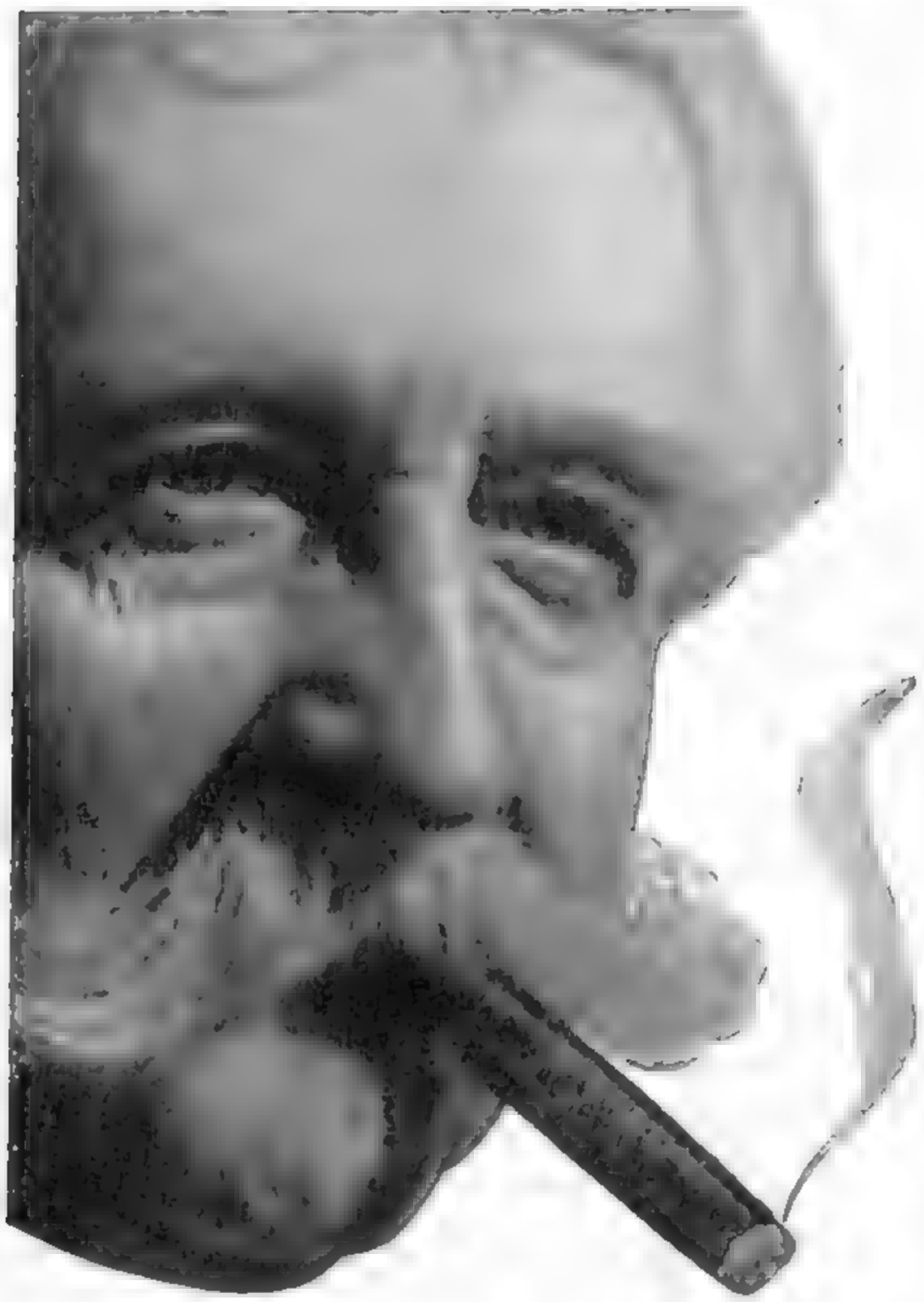

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There is no doubt of it. The National German-American Alliance was the central body that did the trick. By spreading propaganda through the schools and German societies in states, cities and towns the tragedy of Belgium was made to appear as a fabrication, the sinkings without warning of passenger vessels were justified, and incessant efforts were made to get America to cripple the Allies by cutting off the flow of munitions. Through the German-language press and the German colonies, where German teachers taught the American children of German parents, a spirit in favor of the Fatherland was preserved that transcended any enthusiasm that has since been shown for the United States on entering the war.

And the National German-American Alliance had a Federal charter granted it by Congress in 1907! When Senator King, of Utah, started the agitation to have the charter revoked the alliance voluntarily dissolved and thought it would forestall action, but the Senators construed the move as merely an effort to maintain the organization after the war. So the Senate Judiciary Committee unanimously recommended revoking the charter, and at present writing it looks as if Congress would follow that suggestion.

But the discussion incident to the German-American Alliance's activities produced two very live questions: Shall the teaching of German be abolished in American schools? Shall the German-language press be prohibited from circulation?

On the first question Prof. Edward E. Sperry, of Syracuse University, who helped expose the insidious work of the alliance, expressed the opinion to the Senate Committee that German should be wiped out of the elementary schools and grammar grades, where other subjects can be taught with more profit, and that German should be on a par with French or Spanish or Italian in the high schools and should be optional instead of obligatory.

Certainly the Italian population, which is very large in the United States, never insisted that Italian should be taught in the grammar schools, and the French people never carried on such a propaganda, though to be sure French has been and is a kind of international language which can get the traveler by in almost any country in Europe and in other parts of the globe.

The German Press

Many of our American schools, however, have had a German department with a paid German teacher, and the local school boards required all children to study German. In numerous cases this study has proved profitless, and not until taken up in the high schools has it made any impression on the mind of the student.

But, you will say, what harm is there in the simple teaching of the German language? None perhaps if confined to that; but the German Alliance wasn't content with that. It saw to it that teachers of German affiliations and beliefs taught the language, and it saw to it that the textbooks gave a glorious picture of Germany. Even the simplest exercises written by the student were frequently exaltations of German war lords. The spirit and substance of the teaching were to convey an affection for Germany—and in ever so many instances there is proof that the effort was successful. To all intents and purposes German colonies existed as a separate nationality in America.

And what the schools did not accomplish the German-language press supplemented. Shall they be put out of business too? There are various opinions on that in Washington. Many German newspapers have voluntarily stopped publication. Some have licenses from the Post-Office Department and print editorials in the English language alongside the German comment in parallel columns. Some print the news but put a pro-German slant into headlines. Certainly there are some German newspapers that are necessary to the Government, as the large German population must be reached by an educational campaign so that the mothers and fathers of drafted soldiers and the parents of children who are imbued with the true American spirit may be convinced of the error of their ways in clinging still to the fetish of Germanism.

There are ample powers of censorship by which the Government can control what is printed in the foreign-language press during the war, so really the question need not be decided now.

But after the war—well, the feeling that prevailed at the Americanization Conference held in Washington recently and attended by the governors of twenty-two states and representatives of the state councils of national defense was pretty much against permitting such impediments to interfere again with the growth of Americanism in our country. Indeed there were suggestions that laws be enacted revoking the citizenship of Germans and others who had become naturalized but who still were devoted to the interests of the Fatherland.

Many delegates to the conference also urged that the United States insist on declarations of intention from emigrants so that foreigners could not remain indefinitely without taking out American citizenship papers. That raised the point as to whether citizenship by compulsion was wise or effective, since it would certainly lead to embarrassments of a retaliatory character for Americans resident abroad. This much is clear, however, that Germans who still retain, under the Delbrück Law passed by the Reichstag in 1912, a tie to the German Government ought to be compelled to relinquish all such bonds before being granted citizenship in the United States.

Secretary Lane's Movement

There are one hundred races and nationalities in the United States; 33,000,000 of our population are of foreign origin—13,000,000 are foreign-born; 5,000,000 do not read or write or speak English; 2,000,000 aliens of military age are unnaturalized; and there are 1500 foreign-language newspapers published in the United States, with a total circulation of about 11,000,000.

These astounding facts call for immediate relief. The schools and colleges—the educational machinery of the nation—can furnish an absolute cure. Congress can coöperate with the states in Americanizing America. Some of the states already have done successful work. California is a case in point. New York is making rapid strides. At the conference of one hundred at Washington, to which reference was made at the outset of this article, the governors and state delegations compared notes. Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, who called the conference, is behind the movement; and what he takes hold of usually succeeds.

Education, through which the Germans sought to Germanize America, can be effectively given our foreign-born and their children so that they will learn the ideals of free America and not of Germany. American citizenship, Secretary Lane himself said, is a matter of ideals and of spirit. And once the spirit of Americanism touches the newcomers no force will be needed to compel them to be naturalized. It depends upon us whether we can present those ideals with the vitality that will persuade foreign-born people voluntarily to apply for American citizenship. Those who come of their own volition into any organization usually make the most loyal members of it—whether that organization is a local society or a great nation.

But education consists not merely of an improvement and reorganization of our school system. It means attention by the press. English-language newspapers have done not a little to give standing to such institutions as the National German-American Alliance by using the term "German-American" in their columns. The persons described ought to be referred to as American citizens of German descent or just plain Germans. There can be no divided allegiance.

We have many new duties before us. The teaching of German ideals must be prohibited in our schools. No language but English should be taught in the grade schools. In the high schools and colleges foreign languages that will help our youth to understand the rest of the world should be taught, but by unprejudiced teachers and with impartially written textbooks.

Nearly a hundred years ago President Monroe proclaimed a doctrine which told Europe to keep hands off—America for Americans was the cry. There is a new doctrine before the people of the United States to-day: It is to delete the hyphen—and by every power of education among our millions of foreign-born and native-born to begin at once the process of making Americans for America.

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THE WHIRLWIND IN AUSTRIA

(Continued from Page 12)

printed in eleven languages, showing that the government recognizes at least that many different peoples. Even before the war there was dissatisfaction between and among all these various races. The Austrians hated the Germans, the Hungarians detested the Serbians, the Slavs and Rumanians hated all the rest of their neighbors and fellow citizens, and the Poles and Bohemians were outcasts and has-beens. Throughout the reign of Emperor Franz Josef comparative peace was maintained because Count Tisza knew how to play one faction against the other, and in everything he did he had the support of the emperor. But Tisza had to be a fighter and an uncompromising opponent. During the fifteen years that he was the virtual dictator of the monarchy he fought over sixty personal duels with political opponents, each time remaining the victor with the sword as he was in the battles of intrigue, and internal as well as international politics.

When the old emperor died Emperor Charles succeeded him, and the question which was asked in Central Europe at the time was: "What will be the attitude of the new emperor toward Count Tisza?"

The answer was given within a very short time by the announcement of the retirement of Baron Burian as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Burian had been appointed by the old emperor at the suggestion of Tisza because Burian was a Hungarian nobleman belonging to Count Tisza's party. He was a man who believed in the alliance with Germany, a man who hated Serbia, Italy and Russia. He was a bitter opponent of the Poles and Slavs. He had no patience with the Bohemians, and it was his political creed that Austria-Hungary as a nation should be ruled by Hungarians.

When Emperor Charles accepted Baron Burian's resignation the Pan-Germans were elated. The new emperor, they thought, would defy the Hungarians. Count Czernin, a Czech nobleman, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs and Count Tisza's friends in Vienna, including the faithful but energetic Count Forgach, were dropped. Count Tisza was overthrown as the Minister President of Hungary, and the dyed-in-the-wool pro-German Hungarians, including Counts Julius Andrássy and Albert Apponyi, came into power. The new emperor was praised by Berlin and by the German party in Austria. Germany believed that she had conquered the Dual Monarchy by winning the youthful ruler. After the coronation of the emperor in Vienna and Budapest the internal fight began. This was the first political storm—the beginning of the whirlwind.

Count Tisza's Personality

I was in Austria-Hungary when it started. I had been to the German-Austrian front in Rumania in company with a number of foreign correspondents and was returning to Berlin when the present ruler of the Dual Monarchy was crowned in Budapest and Vienna. I had met a number of Hungarian political leaders upon my former visits to Budapest, and though I did not know them intimately I often discussed Hungarian politics and foreign affairs with them.

Count Tisza is a man who is easily approached. He speaks English fluently. He is tall, strong and domineering. Face to face with him in his library in the palace of the Minister President, high upon the banks of the Danube in Ofenpest, one had the feeling of being in the presence of a man who had his will in everything. While speaking he looked directly at the visitor, and the plain spectacles which he wore magnified the pupils of his eyes perhaps three or four times, so that which impressed every caller was the eyes of this Iron Count. I had the impression that he was as cold-blooded as a Prussian general and that his heart was as hard as the rocky cliff upon which his palace was built.

Always that was the image of Count Tisza which I had, until one day I called at five o'clock to keep an appointment which I had with him in Ofenpest. When I walked across the public square I saw Count Tisza coming out of one of the government buildings several hundred feet away, carrying his little granddaughter in his arms. He was dressed in a long black overcoat and silk hat.

I entered the palace, presented my card to the liveried doorman, who wore so many decorations that his chest was covered with gay-colored ribbons and medals, and was ushered into the waiting room overlooking the balcony, where several members of Count Tisza's family were standing awaiting his return. The Iron Count appeared on the balcony smiling and apparently in the best of humor. Within a few moments he disappeared. I was ushered into his office, and there I met, not the smiling man I had seen through the window on the balcony, but the firm, cold, formal dictator of the Dual Monarchy. In the presence of his family Count Tisza seemed to be a human being. In his office and in parliament, where I saw him later, he was a political machine, a human fortress of reaction. He opposed reforms. He believed in the divine rights of the Hungarian nobles. He hated his political opponents, and they hated him. He would not speak to Count Andrássy, who was the most pro-German of the Hungarian nobles, and Count Andrássy would not be seen in the same club, the same public dining room or the same lobby in parliament with Count Tisza. The Iron Count was publicly condemned, slandered and denounced and privately criticized and defamed, but as long as Franz Josef lived Tisza was the man who kept the monarchy united and loyal to the Hapsburgs.

Berlin's Back Door

It was a bold and determined move on the part of Emperor Charles when he selected Count Czernin as foreign minister and when he supported the opponents of Tisza in Hungary. He risked more than many of his friends and advisers thought he could gain. He risked, in fact, everything—his life, his crown and the future of the monarchy. But Emperor Charles was young and fearless. He had selected Count Berchtold and General von Arz, chief of his general staff, as his intimate and confidential personal advisers. They were not friends of Count Tisza. The emperor gambled upon success without Tisza and, as events have since shown, he lost.

The reasons for his failure are the reasons for the recent crisis in Vienna. It is the story of a political storm developing into a whirlwind.

Not very long ago I met a diplomat in Switzerland who until last December was living in Vienna. He was an intimate friend of the family of the Duchess of Parma, the mother-in-law of the emperor. He saw Emperor Charles frequently at the palace of the duchess and at Austrian headquarters in Baden. He had had years of diplomatic experience in Austria and Italy and, being a man of distinction, he was a trusted visitor in the imperial palaces.

Emperor Charles, he said in effect, realizes that Austria-Hungary cannot emerge from the war as it is constituted to-day. It cannot be an absolute monarchy when peace returns. After the sacrifices which all the people of the country have made during the fighting they must have more freedom and more political rights. This the emperor not only realizes but believes. During the past year the emperor has been at work on a plan of reorganization. He believes in an Austro-Hungarian federation of states. He believes that each nation within the monarchy should be given its independence in internal affairs, a separate constitution and congress. The emperor, so this diplomat advised me, believes that the only way the nation can survive the reconstruction period is by making the monarchy a confederation united in the crown of the Hapsburgs. The emperor would remain the ruler of Austria-Hungary, but each nation would have its own viceroy.

It was for the purpose of realizing this ideal that Emperor Charles broke with Count Tisza, who was opposed to any and all reforms or changes within the monarchy. The emperor's policy in selecting Count Czernin was to have a minister of foreign affairs who could and would work in harmony with Berlin, with the so-called party of moderation. But Count Czernin, while endeavoring to carry out the policies of his ruler, became more and more a tool of Dr. Richard von Kuehlmann. Vienna became the back door to Berlin. While the German Minister of Foreign Affairs and Count Herthng, the Chancellor whose present political importance bears the same relationship to Von Kuehlmann as the moon

(Continued on Page 55)

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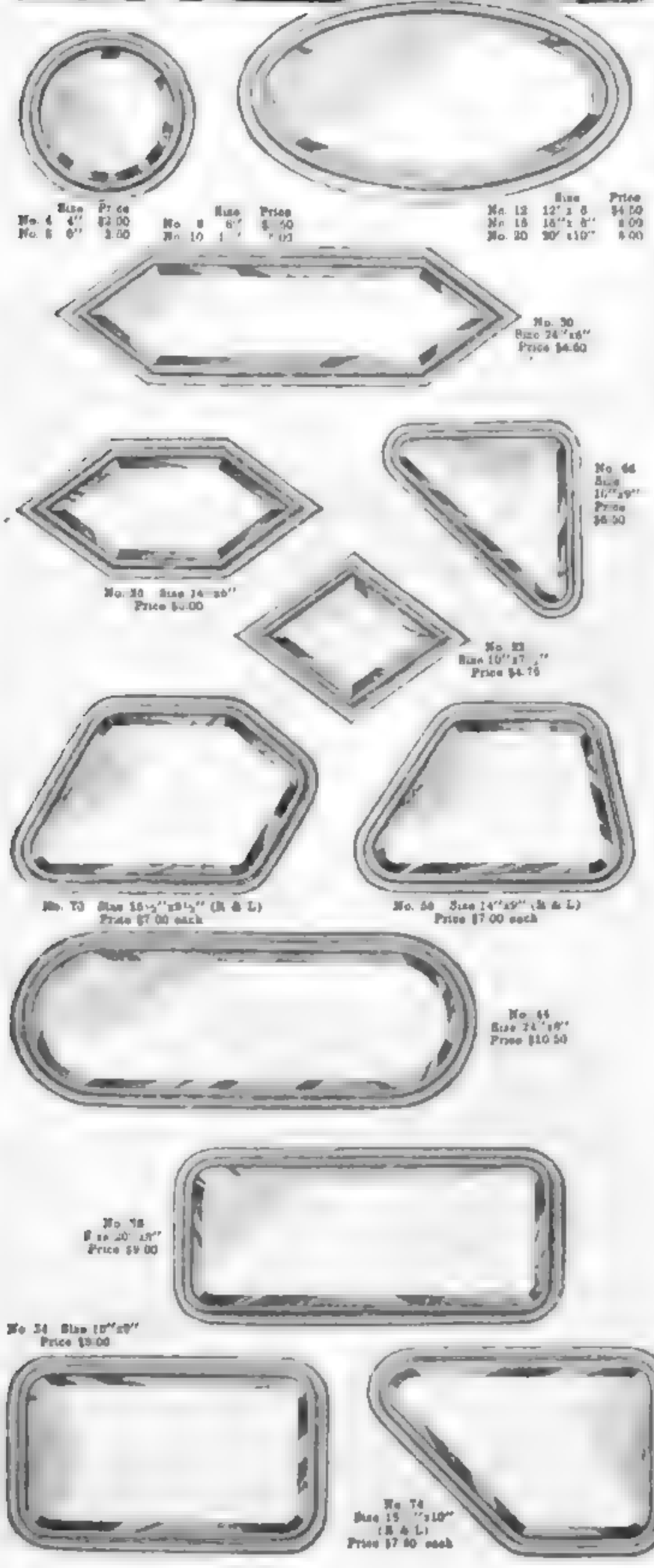
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First invention making open tops beautiful, practical and permanent

Plate glass windows for flexible curtains of your car's open top *in place of unsightly, unserviceable celluloid!* Plate glass windows with nifty nickel rims that give your car as classy an appearance as a limousine!

Johnston Curtain Windows of Bevel Plate Glass are the first invention since the perfection of the automobile that makes it practical to use plate glass in flexible curtains. And the invention is so clever that the windows are unconditionally guaranteed not to break, rattle, leak or sag. They last as long as the car itself; and are always spick and span.

Class is added to any car by the installation of Johnston Curtain Windows of Bevel Plate Glass! They have been adopted by twenty-nine leading automobile makers who are equipping one, two or all models; *and these makers know!* More than 200,000 privately owned cars have been fitted with them, yet they have been on the market but a brief time.

Johnston Curtain Windows *are an asset*, not an expense! Sizes and shapes, shown at the left, are a matter of personal taste or selection. Mechanically and artistically they are faultless! They make possible *perfect observation with the top up!*

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This trademark on the nickel rim is your guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

Johnston Curtain Windows
of bevel plate glass for open cars

are a creation that marks the only successful and practical method for installing plate glass in a flexible curtain. *And, that invention is patented!* When you see the "Johnston" trademark stamped on the heavily nickeled rim, you know that the construction is as permanent as it is beautiful. Insist that you have the Johnston, *the curtain window adopted by twenty-nine leading makers!*

Johnston Curtain Windows are sold and installed by top trimmers, top makers, automobile supply stores, car dealers, garages, tent, awning and harness makers and upholsterers. If you cannot be supplied promptly *do not fail to write us.* We will see that Johnston Curtain Windows reach you immediately. Installation can be readily and easily made.

We have a mighty readable little folder that answers your questions and shows all designs, sizes and prices. *Will you send for it?*

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JOBBERS: Johnston Curtain Windows of Bevel Plate Glass are a clean-cut, profitable jobbing proposition that involves no service or comebacks. They add a profit to your business that does not now exist! Wire or write us for complete information.
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29 Leading Cars Use Johnston Curtain Windows

as standard equipment on one, two or all models. You should specify Johnston Curtain Windows on your new car or "doll-up" your old one. These car makers know:

Apperson	*Elgin*	*King*	*McLaughlin*	*Pan-American*	*Stutz*
Chandler	*Ghent*	*Kissel*	*Mitchell*	*Peerless*	*Templar*
Cole	*Haynes*	*Moline-Knight*	*National*	*Premier*	*Velie*
Deering-Magnetic	*Holmes*	*Murray*	*Oldsmobile*	*Stearns*	*Winton*
Doble	*Jordan*	*McFarlan*	*Owen-Magnetic*	*Stephens*	

Johnston Curtain Windows are Guaranteed to give Absolute Satisfaction

(Continued from Page 53)

to the sun, maintained in Berlin that peace could not be made until the world acknowledge a German victory, Count Czernin stood at the entrance to the Ballhausplatz with a smile and a ready handshake, prepared to receive any wandering statesman who might by chance wish to discuss peace. In this manner Germany camouflaged her weaknesses and mistakes; rattled the sword in Berlin and presented a militaristic front.

Germany's maximum peace terms were sent out from Berlin. Her minimum conditions were voiced in Vienna. At the back door Czernin asked for a peace of understanding, for disarmament and a league of nations. While Berlin boasted, Vienna begged, Germany knowing all the time that if she could not force the Allies to discuss peace after or during an offensive in France she might be able to entice them through the back door. Then Germany would do all the talking and deciding for the Central Powers.

All this while, however, the young ruler was playing with fire. He was secretly endeavoring to draw France, England or the United States into a discussion of peace without informing his minister of foreign affairs or Berlin about his activities. He was listening to the complaints of the Slavs. He was talking with the Bohemians. He was cordial to the Poles. He supported the anti-Tisza Hungarians. He knew that the Slavs, Bohemians and some of the Poles were anti-German. Still he did not defy them as the old emperor had done and as Berlin expected and desired. He found, too, that the Tisza party was bargaining with Berlin; that Germany was intriguing against him. He saw the Bolshevik agitation growing, and he feared it. According to the Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung, there is an Austrian International Bolshevik organization already in existence. Besides, there are two other anti-German and anti-monarchy societies known as the Freie Jugend and the Poale Zion. Though the Emperor feared these organizations he was rather inclined to compromise and placate them. This antagonized the German party in Austria, and the German Government sent political spies to Vienna, Prague, Pilsen and other cities to blacklist all the workers and sympathizers of these organizations. Germany conducted the same propaganda in Austria that she did in Bavaria. All those who did not believe in a "strong German peace" or in a "Hindenburg peace" were listed. The leaders were imprisoned. Germany came into Austria to "clean house," but found it a difficult task because the Bolshevik Austrians were not the only opponents of the German alliance. There were noblemen in high court circles who were as anti-German as some of the radical socialists.

Lammasch's Secret Report

As Switzerland has become the international political exchange for belligerents and neutrals alike, it was but natural that some of these anti-Pan-Germanists should come here to discuss peace informally with the Allies. In January, according to disclosures in the German press of Vienna, a Hofrat Professor Lammasch, member of the Austrian House of Lords and a personal adviser of the emperor, was in Berne on a special confidential mission. Upon his return, so a Doctor Friedjung stated in an article in the Vienna Neue Freie Presse, Professor Lammasch wrote a personal report to Emperor Charles recommending that Austria notify the German Emperor and the Allies that after the war Austria-Hungary would break away from the German-Central Power alliance.

This report was evidently submitted without the knowledge of Count Czernin, because most of the public denunciation of this suggestion came from the political friends of the foreign minister. The publication of Professor Lammasch's recommendations was the first event which shook the confidence of the German Government in the young ruler. His flirtations with the Allies at that time were as boldly criticized in Germany as was possible without bringing about a break between Vienna and Berlin. When the criticism developed into a national scandal Professor Lammasch appeared in the House of Lords and publicly denied that he had made the recommendations which were attributed to him. But in saying this Professor Lammasch was simply doing in advance what his imperial master did a few weeks later when the French Government published the letter of Emperor Charles to Prince Sixtus of Bourbon. "He lied," to use the term of M. Clemenceau.

When Count Czernin spoke, after the emperor's visit to the famished districts of Bohemia, he attacked the Czechs and denounced them as traitors. For this he was applauded in Berlin and denounced at home. When he ended his address there were shouts and hisses from the audience. A general debate followed, but about this development there were only two lines in the Vienna radical press and nothing in the government journals.

"We are not permitted to publish the debate which followed." This was the significant statement which the Arbeiter Zeitung made at the conclusion of the columns of space it gave to Czernin's remarks.

Czernin's downfall was precipitated by the disclosures of the French Government regarding Emperor Charles' 1917 sympathies for the French claims to Alsace and Lorraine. It was caused by internal troubles; by the political whirlwind. The anti-German Poles, the Slavs, the Hungarian conservatives and the Pan-Germanists caused it. Emperor Charles, too, was to blame. But each of these antagonists had different ends in view; separate objects to realize. The Poles were dissatisfied and were hostile to the Hindenburg-Czernin peace with Russia. The Vienna laborers denounced it. As expressed by the Arbeiter Zeitung, the working people "do not want peace at any price. We wish only a peace which really fulfills the principles stated by Czernin; a peace which really puts his theories into practice. For this reason the peace concluded in the east, with which Czernin had so much to do, does not appeal to us, because we fear the price is too high; because we fear very much that these peace terms, which show that we can have little confidence in Czernin's theories, have only placed peace in the west further in the background."

Intrigues of the Slavs

The Slavs were intriguing against Czernin because they believed him to be too pro-German. They called him "General Hoffmann the Second" after Emperor Charles had made him a lieutenant general in the Austrian Army. The Hungarian conservatives said that Czernin was leading the monarchy to wreck and ruin by talking about peace. They hated him because he hated Tisza. The Pan-Germanists, represented by agents of the Von Tirpitz Fatherland Party in Austria, opposed Czernin because he talked more about peace than victory; because he did not wave the flag of military industrialism. All of these racial organizations and political parties were campaigning in Vienna to upset the Austrian cabinet; to embarrass the young ruler and oust Czernin. Finally they succeeded and the first gust of the whirlwind hit the Ballhausplatz, where the Austro-Hungarian foreign office stands.

Emperor Charles and Count Czernin had been attempting to carry out a very dangerous policy. The emperor was pledged to election reforms in Hungary. On April 28, 1917, in a handwritten letter to Count Tisza, he stated that he wished the Minister President to submit recommendations. The emperor favored an independent Poland attached to the crown of Austria, but he found opposition at German great headquarters. The young ruler was anxious to make peace before this year's fighting in order that Austria-Hungary might obtain loans and food from the Entente. There is no doubt but that early last year the emperor favored the French aspirations in regard to Alsace and Lorraine. Immediately after his coronation the emperor was exceedingly friendly to the United States, but when diplomatic relations between Vienna and Washington were broken and Count Tarnowski had not been received in the White House as Dr. Dumba's successor, he became "anti-Wilson." He declared to his officers at great headquarters that he would never send an ambassador to Washington as long as President Wilson was chief executive. He spoke in somewhat the same manner about Prince Sixtus of Bourbon Parma. Last December the emperor remarked to the Duchess of Parma, his mother-in-law and the mother of the prince:

"I have never criticized Sixte for fighting on the other side. Every man has a right

(Concluded on Page 59)

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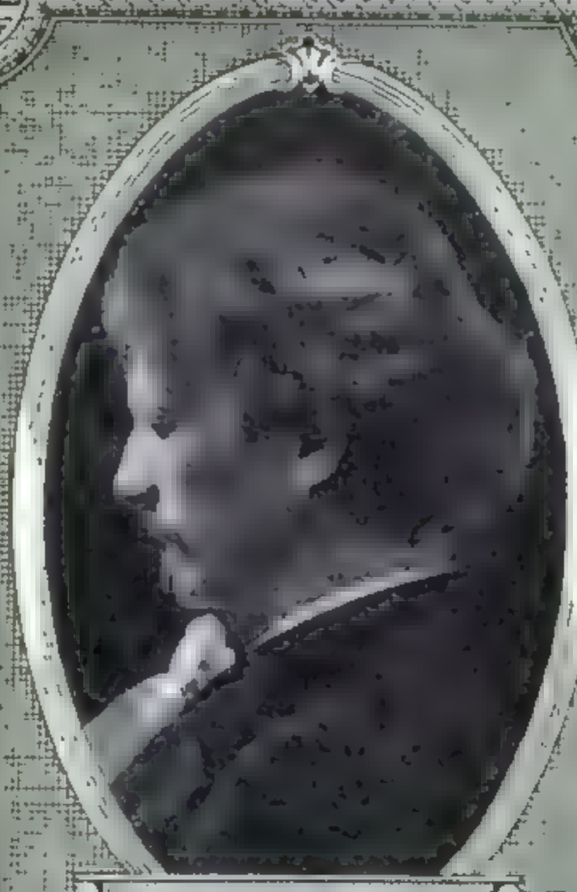

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establishes an enviable reputation as
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Once upon a time a man was getting out a Booklet

IT was his most ambitious merchandising campaign. The booklet was to be the climax of it all.

The big idea, the heading, the statement of fact, the crescendo of argument, the climactic close, the illustrational motif, the borders, the engravings, the thumbnail sketches, the high-spots of colors—he wrestled with all these—

THEN he thought of the paper.

His booklet got across. But—had the choice of paper been the first step instead of the final step, his job would have been much easier and its success much greater.

Effective planning of better printing *begins* with the "dummy" and choice of paper.

Effective planning of printing means more than choosing the right paper for the right job. It means building your whole printing program from laying out the dummy to starting the press, upon the foundation of standardized paper.

Hand your artist and engraver a sample of the Warren Standard that you are going to use. They will know that you know good printing and how to get it. Better art and engraving will be the result because they will use that particular Warren Standard as the basis for their work.

And the printer? He tunes his presses, ink fountains, folders and binders to Warren's Standard Papers. He trusts them because they *are* standard. A Warren Standard has been created for each established book-printing paper need. It is well that you should know these Standards before you plan printed matter of any kind.

In weight, thickness, tint, receptivity to engravings, performance in the pressroom, binding and folding qualities one sheet of Warren's Standard Printing Papers is as much like any other sheet of the same grade as human skill can make it. Warren Standards of manufacture, inspection, testing and proving take care of that.

To make it perfectly plain what the different Warren Standards are and to show how each fills a definite printing need the 1918 Warren Suggestion Book has been prepared. It contains specimen leaves of Warren's Cameo, Warren's Cumberland Coated, Warren's Lustro, Warren's Silkote, Warren's Printone, and the other seven Warren Standards. Each page is a beautiful example of exactly the work that *you* have a right to expect from any sheet of this same standard.

If you knew one-tenth of the ways in which this book makes for greater security in planning printing, less trouble and less expense in executing it, you would send for a copy today. The extreme reluctance with which sales and advertising managers loan this book even for a short time is a good index of how precious it is. Sent only to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

S. D. Warren Company, 200 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Constant Excellence of Product

(Concluded from Page 55)

to choose for himself"; and then, after a pause, he added: "I can never receive Sixte again."

At that time this remark of the emperor could not be understood, because it was known among members of the family that the emperor had been writing him about peace terms. When M. Clemenceau published his letter regarding the "lost provinces" this was explained. It was stated that the emperor, as far back as December, 1917, knew what Prince Sixtus had done and he feared the day of reckoning.

While the emperor was privately conducting peace negotiations, his Minister of Foreign Affairs was working with Berlin along totally different lines, and then the crash came. M. Clemenceau exposed the duplicity of Vienna, and the whirlwind struck Vienna within a block of the royal palace. Emperor Charles came nearer to losing his throne in April than any monarch of the Central Powers has since the beginning of the war.

Count Tisza's Succession

But those interests which suffered the most by Czernin's downfall were Germany's. This was indicated by the demonstrations of the German party throughout Austria and by the fact that Emperor William decorated Czernin with the iron cross first class upon his retirement. As a Vienna dispatch to the Frankfurter Zeitung stated on April sixteenth:

"In Salzburg to-day the black flags are waving from a large number of houses. This silent political demonstration shows more plainly than words what importance is given to the resignation of Czernin and how much the Germans feel the loss of this statesman."

Not only was Czernin's fall a blow to the present German Government, which had been using him in peace maneuvers, and a surprise to the outside world, which believed that he was working in harmony with Emperor Charles and Berlin—before the French disclosures—but it was followed by wholly unexpected developments. The consensus of opinion at the time of Czernin's resignation was that a fiery Pan-German, such as Count Andrássy or Prince Hohenlohe, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Berlin, would succeed him. Instead of consulting Berlin about a successor, Emperor Charles accepted the advice of the man whose counsel he ignored and refused. Instead of compromising with Berlin he made peace with Budapest. He chose the lesser of two evils. The appointment of Baron Burian was not a victory for Germany. It was, in fact, the reincarnation of Count Tisza as the dictator of the Dual Monarchy.

The manner in which Count Tisza succeeded in naming his friend Baron Burian as Minister of Foreign Affairs is described by the Vienna Neue Freie Presse as follows:

"The emperor invited Count Tisza to accompany him to Alcsut—a suburb of Vienna—by automobile. During the journey Count Tisza had an opportunity of presenting his ideas regarding the political situation. Following in another auto were Baron Burian and Adjutant General Prince Lobkowitz. Upon the return journey seats were changed. To the left of the monarch in the royal auto was Baron Burian; in the other motor Count Tisza and Prince Lobkowitz. According to all indications the decision of the monarch was ripened upon this journey and Baron Burian was intrusted with the direction of foreign affairs. Upon the return from Alcsut, Baron Burian and Count Tisza were invited to lunch. After this meal the official appointment of Burian was announced."

The Dual Monarchy Tottering

Emperor Charles and Count Tisza were the only two men in the whole monarchy who bridged the crisis.

But the storm has not passed. It is only beginning. Germany cannot and will not be satisfied with Tisza's success. Tisza, despite his opposition to democratic elections in Hungary, is not a man who will support Germany's Central European plans. This much the Allies have gained by the Vienna crisis. Tisza favors a strong Hungary, a powerful monarchy, and he knows, as Hungarians of all parties know, except the Andrássy-Apponyi group, that a Germanized Central Europe will mean the death of the Dual Monarchy. So Germany will not rest until she has brought about the overthrow of Burian and Tisza. Germany, from to-day on, not only is an opponent of these men but she is an enemy of Emperor Charles.

Besides Germany there are other nations who will launch an offensive toward Vienna and Budapest. They are the Slavs, Poles, Bohemians and Croatians. Count Tisza, to these oppressed peoples, is a red flag. The Austrians and Poles who sympathize with the Entente and who wish an independent Austria after the war, an Austria free from offensive alliances with Germany, are not going to cease their agitation. Although they may be temporarily checked, such men as Professor Lammasch and his coworkers will not give up attempting to break the chains of allegiance.

But the chief political fight in Austria from to-day will not be over the alliance with Germany but between the Pan-German annexationists and the Tisza Hungarians for control of the monarchy after the war. The coming battle will center round Emperor Charles. The campaign to break away from Berlin will be secondary. Because of her geographical position, because of the support which Germany has given her during the war, Austria-Hungary is not in a position to break with Berlin even if her emperor and statesmen wished to do so.

Compare the position of Austria with that of Germany in the Central Powers. Germany is the chief nation; Austria is an ally. Germany still has a strong army and navy; Austria-Hungary has a secondary army and almost no navy. Germany has assumed the political and military leadership; Austria-Hungary has been forced to do as she was ordered. Germany is loaning Austria one hundred million marks monthly.

Germany's Starving Ally

There is no other nation which will loan Austria money under the present circumstances. Some Austrian communities are without bread; in others the people are starving. Though the Germans are badly undernourished, still they are in a position to loan food to Austria, as Germany did in January of this year, when Vienna was on the verge of a famine. This is the comparison to-day. Austria could not break away from Berlin unless the Allies were in a position to supply money and food. Though the Allies could supply money, they do not now possess the tonnage with which grain could be shipped to Austria. Thus from a practical standpoint of money and food the Dual Monarchy is wholly dependent upon her Prussian neighbors.

After the war the position of Austria-Hungary will be even more insecure. Germany will have so many vital problems of her own to solve that she will not be in a position to help her ally as she did when her military and political coöperation was needed. Germany will have the remnant of a merchant fleet. Austria will have nothing, because most of the ships which she had have been sold during the war to the United States and other powers. If Germany needs food after the war she will bleed the Ukraine, and Austria will be given the crumbs. Before the war the Dual Monarchy owed Germany six billion five hundred million kronen. Loans have been multiplied so during the war that it is now estimated that Austria-Hungary will have to pay Germany six hundred million kronen annually in interest alone.

Austria's Salvation

Germany will naturally have to "take care" of her ally after the war if she expects to develop her plan of a strong Central Europe, because Austria-Hungary is one of the most important connecting links to the Balkans and Turkey. "Berlin-Constantinople" or "Hamburg-Bagdad" will be a dream, a line on a map, unless the Dual Monarchy can be placated, supplied and controlled. Though there are some Pan-Germans and some members of the Fatherland Party who think that this can be done, there are many more Austrians and Hungarians who are looking not to Germany for help after the war but to the United States and England. And this is the real reason some of the statesmen of the monarchy are talking so earnestly about a League of Nations, about international arbitration and disarmament.

Austria's salvation lies in a democratic peace, in an understanding with the western nations.

As long as the political whirlwind in Austria is as threatening as it is to-day it will be impossible to forecast what the future developments will be. The fact that Emperor Charles has compromised with Count Tisza indicates either that he hopes to win the Iron Count to his plans for an Austro-Hungarian federation or that he believes the scheme impossible under present circumstances. This time the young emperor has followed the precedents of Franz Josef. But Tisza is getting old and he may not prove to be as strong to-day under Charles as he was when he won the title of the Iron Count. Emperor Charles may have to break with him again and cast his lot and his crown with the Pan-Germans. He may be compelled to salvage his bankrupt, hungry empire and be satisfied to be a Prussian puppet. No one can tell what damage this political whirlwind in Austria will do before it disappears. It may wreck the nation as quickly as it has wrecked the careers of her statesmen.

The Plea of the Ports

I

THE cry of the sea-swept cities swings up from the golden sands:
"Send us help from the mother soil. Send us your masterhands.
Our flag floats far to the south'ard, where the coral atolls lie;
To the north, amid the snow and ice, its colors flush the sky.
From east to west the scandal passes from lips to lips:
'Masters of trade, what they have made they send by stranger ships.'"

II

Time was when Yankee clippers cleared from a Yankee port,
Sailed by Yankee skippers who did not trade for sport.
From the icy seas to the north'ard, flush with the oil they bore;
From Shanghai east to Liverpool; from Hull to Singapore
Our clipper Yankee bottoms swept all the southern seas;
Brought all we knew of comforts, of luxuries, of ease.

III

We learned the lesson overwell—the money made in trade;
We lost our clipper bottoms and forgot how they were made.
We learned among the workshops to sweat and toil and die;
But we could not tell the offshore swell that runs 'neath a mackerel sky.
We forgot the straining canvas. We could not read the seas.
And this we paid for the love o' trade that brought us luxuries.

IV

We drained the old bark channels that bred our sailormen;
With our faces to the mountains we would not heed again
The gray-backed, salt-sea rollers, and the fierce Atlantic swell,
With its stinging, racing spindrift and the sodden sea-wind smell.
Gone are the old black wharfheads, gone are the wooden ships,
With them who, like our fathers, "Went down to the sea in ships."

V

We loaned you the sons of our bodies; send us your sons again
To the roaring salt-sea beaches, to help with the work of men.
With the skill that you have taught them in your cities of the plain,
We will make them master craftsmen with the guild right of the main.
They shall hold no common license to sail their fathers' seas
But that they won with pike and gun and bloody agonies.

—George Brydges Rodney.

No matter where you live, enjoy the latest musical hits *while they are still "the latest."*

New York's newest and biggest song hits, as fast as they come out in

musical comedy, vaudeville or cabaret

come out, too, on

Pathé records

Tonight—right in the comfort of your own home—you and your family can loll back in your easy chairs and hear these self-same hits that the audiences along the "Great White Way" are hearing—

20360 { Rock A Bye Your Baby With A Dixie Melody (Lewis-Young-Schwartz) / Arthur Laods, Baritone } 10" 75c
{ What I Will Do With Him Some Day (Sterling-Langdon-Arthur Laods) / Arthur Laods, Baritone }

20351 { And Everything. Irene Nuhad Wynne, Coraldon Sham (Hoffman-Kahn-Jolson) / Louis Winsch, Baritone } 10" 75c
{ K. K. K. Katy (C. Horal) / Louis Winsch, Baritone }

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Ask the local Pathé Dealer to play these pieces for you.

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Ask the Pathé Dealer for complete list of this famous tenor's records. He sings exclusively for Pathé.

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NO other thing so dramatically demonstrates the importance of the pneumatic tire to the future of the motor truck as Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston Highway Rapid Transit Line.

This pioneer experiment in long distance motor transport, forerunner of a new and broader phase of truck employment, could not possibly have attained its present effectiveness with any other type of equipment.

Only the pneumatic tire affords the speed essential to its swift schedule, the cushioning power required to prevent ruinous depreciation, the tractive efficiency necessary to insure progress over the difficult roads.

Only the pneumatic tire assures full protection for the load in such service, the high gasoline and lubrication mileages desirable, the safety imperative to practical highway travel at the speed these trucks maintain.

The stage of doubt or uncertainty concerning the usefulness and value of Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks today is past and gone.

For nearly a year Goodyear's seven-truck fleet regularly has shuttled back and forth over its 1500-mile circuit on these tires, to the emphasis and verification of their every virtue.

Not alone in this service, but in the most varied and exacting usage in more than 250 American cities, has the speed, efficiency and economy of Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks been convincingly proved.

The truck manufacturer or operator who does not now seriously consider them in relation to his own business is disregarding perhaps the foremost factor in the motor truck's future development.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mrs. Charles Beatty

THE military appearing lady above is Mrs. Beatty, shown in the act of saluting Queen Mary of England. The picture was taken when Her Majesty was inspecting the Women's Reserve Ambulance of the Green Cross Society, of which Mrs. Beatty is commandant.

Henry Raleigh

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are already familiar with much of the work of the illustrator of The Amazing Interlude and other stories, but his two masterpieces are shown with him in the snapshot at the foot of this column. Next to his family in his affections comes his motor boat, in which he spends all his spare time. Just now Mr. Raleigh is taking a short leave of absence from illustrating to try his hand at lithography.

Jessie Bonstelle

An Autobiography

IN THESE days when so many big things are being done by so many big people, one feels like an atom when he begins to review his own life and deeds. Therefore I am a bit reluctant to write of myself.

Up to now the theater and its mission has been the biggest thing in my life, and my whole thought, time and energy have been devoted to it. But in face of the suffering caused by this great world-war the theater has become a secondary issue in my life, except as it can be useful toward the great work of giving aid and relief, both financially and spiritually, to "Our Boys" and their families, and the poor innocent sufferers abroad

A year ago I should have said I was proudest of being an actress, manager and producer; to-day I would say I am proudest of being one of the original directors and officers of the Stage Women's War Relief. *(Concluded on Page 110)*

Theodore Dreiser

THEODORE DREISER is the writer of whom certain critics cry "Thank God for a realist," and whom they hail as "America's foremost novelist," while certain other critics wail —— But why rub salt in an open wound? There is no middle ground in the Dreiser controversy.

At thirty Dreiser wrote Sister Carrie, a novel that has the distinction, among others, of having been brought out by six different publishers since its initial appearance about fifteen years ago. At thirty-five he was editor of a woman's magazine; at forty he quit editing to devote all his time to writing, at forty-five he sold a short story to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Make your own Moral. Speaking of ages and morals, it was only a few years ago in the dim, glorious, peaceful past, that Dreiser discovered Europe. The late Sir Hugh Lane, founder and donor of the National Gallery of Art in Dublin, and Grant Richards, the London publisher, acted as his chaperons. These loyal scouts worked in relays, relieving each other every twelve hours. Ah, what a chronicle A Traveller at Forty might have been!

(Concluded on Page 110)

General Ferdinand Foch

"MY RIGHT and my left have been driven in With what is left of my center I will attack," is the message General Foch sent to headquarters just before the advance that turned the tide of the Battle of the Marne and saved Paris.

This is the man who has been chosen as the big boss of the Allied armies.

Stop for an instant and picture the epoch-making changes which have transformed the world in the comparatively few years since the American Indian gave place to the white man's civilization.

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Accuracy is essential in ball bearings and is gauged in ten-thousandths of an inch. From the beginning, accuracy has been a Fafnir maxim, and The Fafnir Bearing Company was a pioneer in the production of high grade, American made ball bearings.

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What Brown Shaping Lasts Do for Growing Feet

The correct development of children's feet depends upon the shoes they wear—for the shoe is practically a mold that forms or shapes the growing foot. The *last* is the form or mold that gives shape to the shoe.

The Brown Shaping Lasts are scientifically designed to give full support to the soft, pliable bones and tender muscles of growing feet—and, from the ages of 2 to 16, to gradually develop the feet in grace and strength to physical perfection.

The Brown Shaping Lasts mark the difference between shoes properly shaped on Nature's lines, and mis-shapen or un-shaped shoes—between Buster Brown Shoes and the ordinary shoes made for children.

Buster Brown Shoes therefore train, support and protect the growing feet—make them strong, sturdy, shapely—keep them free from corns, bunions, twisted bones, broken arches and other foot ailments, now and in the future.

Buster Brown Shoes are durable, dependable, economical—graceful in line and pleasing in appearance. They are sold by good stores everywhere in the United States at $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and up, according to size and style.

Write today for the book, "Training the Growing Feet." It tells how to keep your children's feet in perfect physical condition. It is free. Simply address Brown Shoe Company, Exclusive Manufacturers, St. Louis, U. S. A.

For Girls **BUSTER BROWN SHOES** For Boys of 2 to 16

WAR AS AN INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 4)

80 pounds of coal in its manufacture: it is true, therefore, that 25 such shells represent an expenditure of one ton of coal.

And it isn't only in the consumption of shells that war demands so much—it is in guns as well. To equip fully one complete army of five corps requires 3000 field guns, varying in size from the small three-inch guns to the nine and ten inch howitzers. The greater number of these guns, of course, are in the smaller calibers. The ordinary fieldpiece, or the howitzer of medium size, will fire from 5000 to 10,000 rounds before its life is spent. Big naval guns can seldom fire more than 200 rounds before becoming useless. The amount of steel used in making guns, however, is not so important an item. In this phase of war work the chief item of consumption is man energy.

A Train of Flat Cars Loaded With Howitzers Starting on Their Long Journey to the Battle Front in France

I have said that an army needs 8000 field guns; to maintain this necessary equipment we must keep feeding that same army 3000 new guns annually. It is evident, therefore, that when an army loses 100 field guns great damage is done it. When 1000 guns are lost the happening borders on disaster, for gun plants don't exist that can replace such a loss in a hurry.

Marine Coal Consumption

Right here it is well to drive home one fact—war to-day is largely a manufacturing proposition. There is no limit to the amount of guns and ammunition needed. We must make all the shells we can and use them up as quickly as possible at the most advantageous point on the battle line. It is for this reason that the whole American nation must now become part of one great war machine. Our duty is plain, and it must be viewed as a principle, not a sentiment. We must give our all, not because the Government can demand it of us but because to do so is right. We must learn our lessons instead of crying over them. Had we done this before we should not now be sweating over fundamentals in the school of adversity. We must take up the burden apportioned us, and remember that anyone who now employs labor or consumes material in competition with the Government is an ally of the enemy.

I have spoken of what war directly consumes in guns and shells, but I have stated only part of the story. We have to bridge the ocean with ships, for the American preparations for bases and depots of various kinds behind the lines in France are something stupendous. Our own railroads over there are already in operation, and when the war is over and the story of this great feat is told the world will marvel that so much was safely transported across the ocean in the face of so many perils. As a single example of what has been done already it may be pointed out that the storehouses so far constructed by the United States forces in France if placed end to end would reach from the Capitol in Washington to the city of Newburgh, New York, a distance of more than two hundred miles.

Since the war commenced, in 1914, the total loss in ships has been 11,827,572 tons. Of this amount the British loss has been 7,079,492 tons; and it is to be hoped that on the coming of peace and the rearrangement of ocean commerce America will not forget that Great Britain bore uncomplainingly the ravages of German piracy to keep her pledged word and to preserve the same ideals for which we are now fighting. The launching of 3,000,000 tons by America this year will be but a beginning, for we have 157 shipyards, which will eventually be able to turn out more than 13,000,000 tons annually, provided we realize our expectations.

As our ocean-transportation equipment expands the demands for plenty of high-grade fuel rapidly increase. An 8000-ton cargo carrier requires about 1200 tons of coal to cross the ocean. It will carry from 6000 to 10,000 tons of freight and will travel from 9 to 12 knots an hour. A 15,000-ton troop ship will consume about 3000 tons of coal in crossing and will steam from 14 to 18 knots an hour. At the latter speed the vessel will burn 33 per cent more coal than when traveling at the slower pace. A large vessel, such as the former German ship Vaterland, consumes 10,000 tons of coal to make the trip across and back. The reader can now understand what it means in coal tonnage to ferry such enormous supplies to France. More than 4,000,000 tons of coal are consumed in transporting the supplies necessary to maintain one army abroad, while an additional 3,000,000 tons are needed annually to transport an average of 125,000 men per month to the other side.

Steel Tonnage for Ships

I have written of men, guns and shells in France, and of ships on the ocean. Let us now come closer home and get to the base of the matter. The steel industry of the United States prior to the war was 100 per cent on peace work; what few guns and warships we built were negligible. To-day the steel business of the nation is more than 90 per cent on war work; and there is little doubt that it will soon be giving practically its last pound of production to satisfy war needs. It doesn't require an imaginative mind, therefore, to see that in the construction of new hotels, office buildings, apartment houses, and so on, something will have to be substituted for steel and other products so essential to the carrying out of our war plans.

When we build one 8000-ton steel ship we consume 3200 tons of steel, and before this steel was made we had to haul 6400 tons of iron ore from the mines to the furnaces. The present program calls for 8,205,708 tons of steel ships. More than 83 per cent of this program has been completed. To produce and transport the steel for these vessels will require 14,000,000 tons of coal. Even after the material is landed at the shipyard it is necessary to consume one ton of coal in the construction of two tons of shipping. In arriving at any general conclusion along these lines it is further necessary to take into account the fact that the naval-construction program this year will expand into millions of tons, and here again is another requirement for vast tonnage of steel and coal.

A Begle Load of Shells

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Universal Tools for the Universal Car

Every Ford owner who likes to make his own adjustments and keep his repair bills down, needs a kit of tools especially designed to make Ford adjustments quickly and economically.

Mossberg, master wrenchsmiths, have made a particular study of Ford repairing needs and have designed a special line of all steel tools which are adaptable for those needs. A line of necessities for Ford cars.

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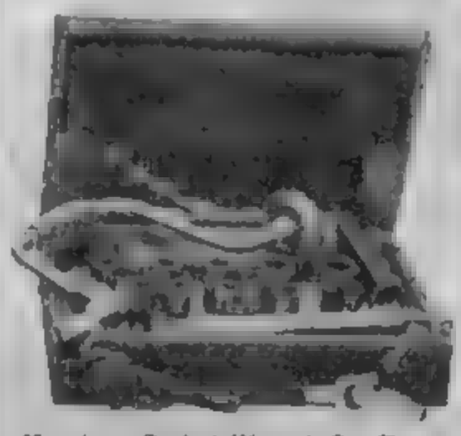
For quick work on Ford cars [illegible] special wrenches are required. The Mossberg special kit is packed conveniently in a water-proof case. Each unit of this kit is guaranteed—[illegible]

Cylinder Head and Rear Axle Housing Wrench; Connecting Rod Wrench; Hub Cap Wrench; Ratchet [illegible] sion Wrench



Mossberg Socket Wrench Set No. 49 for Ford Automobiles

The assortment of wrenches and tools included in this set are those which constant study of Ford repairing needs has proven necessary to quick repairing. The sockets are those particularly needed in Ford work, two of them are tapered to fit small clearance spaces (the rear axle housing, to, cylinder head cap screws and other tight places).

Mossberg wrenches and tools are guaranteed under all conditions. Sold at attractive prices by hardware, accessory dealers and garages. Send for catalog giving full descriptions.

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VISIT the *Crown, Adlake* or *America* dealer in your town. He's a good bicycle man to know.

Ask for these models by name. Look for the trade symbols shown above.

See the snow-white head, the patent dart finish, the lustrous enamel and the ultra-style in every line.

Each model has the genuine, patented, one-piece Fauber Crank Hanger—trouble-proof and efficient always.

Not until you've seen these handsome bicycles can you appreciate their beauty.

Great Western Manufacturing Co.
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World's Largest Makers of Bicycles

This snow-white head with patent dart finish on every Crown, Adlake or America

In addition to building ships the Government must have the material to rush to completion its railroad-equipment program, which calls for 100,000 cars and 1025 locomotives

This is the largest single order ever placed for railway equipment, and will cost Uncle Sam about $324,000,000. However, it isn't half enough, and the reason for this inadequacy is the inability of the railroad officials to secure sufficient steel even to build composite cars. Assuming that 200,000 tons of steel and castings are required for the locomotives, and that 1,000,000 tons of such metals are needed to build the cars, we shall here again have an enormous coal consumption amounting to nearly 5,000,000 tons.

Mr. Schwab is optimistic. He believes we can supply the needed materials to carry through our enormous war program, and he proposes to increase his shipbuilding plans 50 to 60 per cent. This may be possible, provided the extensions are made in regions not already congested by manufacturing plants and restricted by limited railroad gateways. However, there remain the question of raw material and the problem of labor.

The War Industries Board in Washington is in almost daily receipt of orders from our Allies for thousands of tons of steel plates and other materials, while right now our plants are six months behind and are filling orders placed with us in the latter part of 1917.

The railroads need between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 tons of rails, but the various producers are rolling so much projectile steel on our rail mills that the output of rails is jeopardized. At the present time the production of steel rails is at such a low rate that the mills have nearly two years' work ahead of them. As in dozens of other cases it will soon be a question of which shall we make—shells or rails? Plants cannot be enlarged in a day. It requires one year to build a blast furnace, and with known requirements for more than 45,000,000 tons of pig iron the production in April was running at the rate of only 41,400,000 tons annually. The first two weeks in May brought into blast 10 additional furnaces, but there is small likelihood of all urgent requirements being met, notwithstanding that the production of steel will be about 3,000,000 tons greater than the output of pig iron, due to the large utilization of scrap.

An Imaginary Meeting

The reader who has followed this rather elementary discussion of our primary problems has undoubtedly come to the conclusion that we have a task that will require our maximum effort and necessitate all Americans, from the youngest to the oldest, to accept the principle that this nation, for the present, is engaged in a single line of business—making war.

Eleven per cent of our total steel production this year will go into shells alone, and this output would not be an excessive supply, even though all of this ammunition could be given to our own Army. Should we take over 100 miles of battle front and use all the shells that will be produced under this year's program we could fire only 6850 shells a day, assuming an average weight of 40 pounds for each projectile. Such artillery activity would land more than one shell on every foot of the enemy's front line facing us every 24 hours, and this would seem to be quite lively shooting; but it is now considered rather quiet on any sector when only 5000 to 6000 shells are sent across on each side of front in 24 hours. Of course, it is not likely we shall take over 100 miles, or one-third of the Western Front, this year; on the other hand, we are not going to get all the shells we are making. Recently, in Picardy, the Huns fired 17,000 shells at the Americans and killed one man. For this one life the Germans gave the total labor for one day of 440 coal miners and 136 iron miners.

Let us hope the American artillery will collect a somewhat higher toll.

The predominant fact at the present time in our war work is the absolute necessity of the various departments of the Government marching "company front." The big problem of the war is its ramifications. If the army plans get ahead of the navy program trouble is sure to ensue. If the Food Administration makes demands on transportation that do not recognize the needs for coal, or vice versa, then difficulties again arise.

It is because of this fact that the President's war cabinet was formed, and it is due to this cabinet more than anything else that the nation's war effort in recent weeks has been coördinated and made so much more effective.

This body meets with the President every Wednesday, and is composed of Messrs. Baker, Daniels, McAdoo, Garfield, Hoover, Hurley, Baruch and McCormick. Mr. Wilson sits as umpire, and there is no appeal from his decisions. All war matters of major importance are here discussed, and the opportunity is afforded the members to discover the details of interrelation between their various activities. By this means disastrous competition between government departments is eliminated.

In order that the important function of this war cabinet may be clearly understood let me assume to imagine one of these Wednesday meetings, with the President sitting in judgment as a court of last resort. Mr. Hoover opens the conference by stating that the American soldiers in France must have more meat, and that to get it the people here at home must eat more fish. He further states that when we endeavor to buy fish in many markets we can't get it because the supply is short. His investigators have found that a scarcity of linen nets has caused the shortage in fish, and that the lack of sufficient netting is due to the immense demands of the Government for linen fabric for airplanes. Here, then, arises a case for adjustment, and it is decided in a general way how much linen shall go for fish nets and how much for airplane manufacture.

The next question is brought up by Mr. Baker, who complains that the production of gas masks is falling behind, due to the scarcity of coconut shells, which furnish the necessary acid to complete these masks. It is brought out that the food companies that import and utilize the meat of the coconuts cannot get sufficient coal and consequently have been obliged to burn the shells. Here, then, is a fuel problem for Doctor Garfield's attention, and the machinery is started for an immediate correction of the evil.

Next comes a remark from Mr. Hurley that a minor cause of steel shortage is the scarcity of fluor spar, which is used as a flux, and though but 15 pounds of this mineral are needed per ton of steel produced, the matter is important. It is stated that the lessened output of fluor spar has resulted from a lack of cables necessary in the mining of fluor spar, and the cause of the cable shortage is the abnormal demand for cables to go into netting for protection against submarines. Mr. Daniels makes a memo, and the Priorities Board will soon be instructed to provide a remedy for the trouble.

Doctor Garfield now asks for a settlement of the railroad-fuel controversy, and states that the coal miners employed at collieries having no railroad orders, and consequently working only part time due to lack of cars, are growing restless. He points out the injustice of the plan followed by the railroads of giving a full car allotment to the mines that furnish coal to them at a reduced price, and urges the abolition of all discrimination in the allotment of coal cars. He also insists that the railroads purchase coal at the same price fixed for the public. The President takes the matter under advisement.

How to Shorten the War

Here ends my imaginary meeting of the war cabinet, and I ask the reader not to assume I have any knowledge that the illustrative cases cited have ever been discussed in this way, or even at all by the President's war board. I have, however, founded my remarks on facts that have come to my attention, and the instances recorded are typical of our daily problems. My sole purpose has been to point out the close relation of our various activities, and to show how easy it is for one department of our war organization to hinder the development of some other line of essential war work.

No one who underestimates the value of the Wednesday afternoon conferences of our important leaders with the President can fully appreciate the value of this body in adding materially to the force of our nation's war effort.

The time has come for extreme personal sacrifice on the part of all Americans. We must from now on be ourselves and no longer the echo of France or England. We must do those things that will make our efforts more effective, and stop remarking that England or France has not found it necessary to do "so and so." We shall have the biggest industrial burden to carry, for we are going to strike the enemy 3000 miles from our base of supplies, with an ocean intervening. Already some of our boys are languishing in foul German prisons and are dying from disease and scientific starvation.

It is inevitable that more and more of our finest manhood will be in a similar predicament as the days pass, and we must make this a short war, if such a happy result can be brought about, by extending our maximum effort now.

The boys over there must have physical courage that despises all danger; over here we must have moral courage that despises all opinion. Courage is no less true because it is passive. Often the greatest bravery is exhibited in the recesses of private life. Our cause is good; and we must be strong all the way up and all the way down, all the way round and all the way through; first, last and always—strong. Then united by a single purpose we must continue until our enemies no longer believe that they have more rights and fewer duties than other peoples.

Capping a 14-Inch Shell

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Parsons. The second will appear in an early issue

The Lasting Beauty of *Certain-teed* Paint

is due to its high quality. The highest grade materials are used in *Certain-teed* Paint. They are ground exceedingly fine and are mixed thoroughly by modern machinery. As a result, *Certain-teed* Paint has exceptionally great covering capacity and unusual permanence of gloss and finish.

For example, *Certain-teed* Snow White Enamel over Enamel First Coater makes a beautiful pure white surface which endures for years and withstands continual cleaning without losing its fine gloss and smooth finish.

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The Burroughs Calculator $175

Adds
Multiplies
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The Burroughs Calculator is backed by the Burroughs reputation as the world's leading manufacturers of figuring and bookkeeping machines. It is made of the same high grade materials, and with the same care, as other Burroughs products.

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Four Points of Calculator Superiority

Here are four outstanding features of the Burroughs Calculator—which is in every sense a typical Burroughs product:

Lighter

1 The Burroughs Calculator weighs only eleven pounds—light enough for any girl to conveniently pick up and carry to wherever the work requires. The reason for this lighter weight is that several hundred less parts are required because of new adaptations of sound mechanical principles. Weight is further reduced by the use of aluminum for base and case.

Stronger

2 Strength is gained with simplicity because the parts are made sturdier and more durable. Actual use in thousands of offices has established this fact, which means extra service to owners.

Handier

3 The Burroughs Calculator is handier for the operator for several reasons:

It is smaller and lighter.

Rubber-tipped feet make the machine easy to pick up, and prevent marring the desk. And no special desk is required.

The case can be removed quickly and without turning the machine over.

One short forward stroke of the handle clears the wheels.

The dials are distinctly visible, and easily read.

The low, properly inclined keyboard makes for easier, faster operation.

Key action is light and responsive. It is, therefore, easy for the operator to maintain high speed all day long with early morning energy.

More Accurate

4 The column-lock makes it impossible to depress two keys in any column at the same time, thereby preventing errors due to "fumbling."

And the adding wheels are controlled by a positive gear mechanism which makes it impossible to overadd. No matter how rapidly the machine is operated, the dial wheels can not overrun or rotate beyond the movement produced by the keys.

HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 8)

But the quarters of the flying machines, through their vastness and isolation, acquire a certain quality of catching the eye that is entirely lacking for the rest of the picture—the big hangars in the background, suggesting by their shape and number the pitched encampment of a three-ring circus; the flappy canvas shields at the open side of the dromes, which, being streaked and daubed with paint camouflage, enhance the carnival suggestion by looking, at a distance, like side-show banners; the caravans of trucks drawn up in lines; and in fine weather the flying craft resting in the landing field, all slick and groomed and polished, like a landed proprietor's blooded stock, giving off flashes from aluminum and varnish and steel and deft cabinetwork in answer to the caresses of the sunshine.

Right here I am reminded that the temperamental differences of the Allied nations are shown most aptly, I think, in the fashion in which the aviators decorate their gorgeous pets.

Upon its planes, of course, each bears the distinguishing mark of the country to which it belongs, but the bodies are the property, so to speak, of the individual flyers, to be treated according to the fancy of the individual.

Thus it befalls that an Italian machine generally carries a picture of a flower upon its sides. It is characteristic of the race that a French machine usually wears either a valorous, sonorous name or the name of a woman—perhaps the name of the aviator's sweetheart, or that of his mother or his sister possibly. But your average British airman is apt to christen his machine Old Bill or Gaby or Our Little Nipper or The Walloping Window Blind—I have seen all of these cheery titles emblazoned upon splendid big aircraft in a British hangar—and just let it go at that.

I reckon the German, taking his morning hate along with his morning chicory, never will understand how it is the Britisher and the Yankee can make war and make jokes about it and be good sportsmen all at the same time. The German is very sentimental—I myself have heard him with tears in his voice singing his songs of the home place and the Christmas tree and the Rhine maiden as he marched past a burning orphan asylum in Belgium; but his sense of humor, if ever he really owned such a thing, was long ago smothered to death by the poisoned chemical processes of his own military machine. The man who was so bad that he was scared of himself must have been the original exemplar of the frightfulness doctrine. Anyhow he was born in Prussia—I'm sure of that much anyway.

The Young-un's Exploit

But I am getting away from my subject—have been getting away from it for quite a spell, I fear; because in the first place I started out to tell about a meeting and a trip and a dinner and a song and divers other things. The affair dated from a certain spring noontime when two of us, writers by trade, were temporarily marooned for the day at the press headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force because we couldn't anywhere get hold of an automobile to take us for a scouting jaunt along the American sector. All of a sudden a big biplane came sailing into sight, glittering like a silver flying fish. It landed in a meadow behind the town and two persons, muffled in greatcoats, decanted themselves out of it and tramped across the half-flooded field toward us. When they drew near we perceived them to be two very young, very ruddy gentlemen, and both unmistakably English. My companion, it seemed, knew one of them, so there were introductions.

"What brings you over this way?" inquired my friend.

"Well, you see," said his acquaintance, "we were a bit thirsty—Bert and I—and we heard you had very good beer at the French officers' club here. So we just ran over for half an hour or so to get a drop of drink and then toddle along back again. Not a bad idea, eh, what?"

The speaker, I noted, wore the twin crowns of a captain on the shoulder straps of his overcoat. His age I should have put at twenty-one or thereabout, and his complexion was the complexion of a very new, very healthy cherub.

We showed the way toward beer and lunch, the latter being table d'hôte but good. En route my confrère was moved to ask more questions.

"Anything new happening at the squadron since I was over that way?" he inquired.

"Quiet enough to be a bore—weather hasn't suited for our sort these last few evenings," stated the taller one. "We got fed up on doin' nothin' at all, so night before last a squad started across the border to give Fritzie a taste of life. But just after we started the squadron commander decided the weather was too thickish and he signed us back—all but the Young-un, who claims he didn't see the flare and kept on goin' all by his little self." He favored us with a tremendous wink.

"It seemed a rotten shame, really it did, to waste the whole evenin'." This was the Young-un, he of the pink cheeks, speaking. "So I just jogged across the jolly old Rhine until I come to a town, and I dropped my pills there and came back. Nice quiet trip it was—lonely rather, and not a bit excitin'."

The Red Hen's Eggs

Upon me a light dawned. I had heard of these bombing squadrons of the British outfits of young but seasoned flying men, who, now that reprisal in kind had been forced upon England and France by the continued German policy of aërial attacks on unprotected and unarmed cities, made journeys from French soil by sky line to enemy districts, there to spatter down retaliatory bombs upon such towns as Mainz, Stuttgart, Coblenz, Mannheim, Treves and Metz.

The which sounded simple enough in the bald telling, but entailed for each separate pair of flyers on each separate excursion enough of thrill, suspense and danger to last the average man through all his various reincarnations upon this earth. It meant a flight by darkness at sixty or seventy miles an hour, the pilot at the wheel and the observer at the guardian machine gun, above the tangled skeins of friendly trenches; and a little farther on above and past the hostile lines, beset for every rod of the way, both going and coming, by peril of attack from antiaircraft gun and from speedier, more agile German flyers, since the bombing airship is heavier and slower than scout planes commonly are. It meant finding the objective point of attack and loosing the explosive shells hanging like ripe plums from lever hooks in the frame of the engine body; and this done it meant winging back again—provided they got back—in time for late dinner at the home hangars.

Personally I craved to see more of men engaged upon such employment. Through lunch I studied the two present specimens of a new and special type of human being. Except that Bert was big and the Young-un was short, and except that the Young-un spoke of dropping pills when he meant to tell of spilling potential destruction upon the supply depots and railroad terminals of Germany, whereas Bert affectionately referred to his machine as The Red Hen and called the same process laying an egg or two, there was no great distinction to be drawn between them. Both made mention of the most incredibly daring things in the most commonplace and casual way imaginable; both had the inquisitive nose and the incurious eye of their breed; both professed a tremendous interest in things not one-thousandth part so interesting as what they themselves did; and both used the word "extraordinary" to express their convictions upon subjects not in the least extraordinary, but failed to use it when the topic dealt with their own duties and deserved to excess the adjectival treatment. In short, they were just two well-bred English boys.

Out of the luncheon sprang an invitation, and out of the invitation was born a trip. On a day when the atmosphere was better fitted for automobiling in closed cars than for bombings we headed away from our billets, traveling in what I shall call a general direction, there being four of us besides the sergeant who drove. Things were stirring along the Front. Miles away we could hear the battery heavies thundering and drumming, and once in a lull we detected the hammering staccato of a machine gun tacking down the loose edges of a

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Vitalic means bracing sport every time you jump on your wheel. Vitalic means brisk, spry, non-skid going on any kind of a road. Vitalic means a long mileage and unusual freedom from puncture.

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When figured by miles of service, and not by cost per gallon, Veedol proves much more economical than ordinary oils, which evaporate rapidly under the heat of the engine.

Send for this 80-page book on lubrication

The most complete book ever published on automobile lubrication, written by a prominent engineer. Contains Veedol Lubrication Chart, showing correct grade of Veedol for every car, winter or summer. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY
Veedol Department
1927 Bowling Green Building, New York

Branches or Distributors in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Millions of tiny teeth cover apparently smooth metal surfaces. Unless protected by a film of lubricant, these teeth grind together, causing wear

fight that will never be recorded in history, with the earnestness and briskness of a man laying a carpet in a hurry.

The Romans taught the French how to plan highroads, and the French never forgot the lesson. The particular road we traveled ran kilometer on kilometer straight as a lance up the hills and down again across the valleys, and only turned out to round the shoulders of a little mountain or when it flanked a short line of one of the small brawling French rivers. The tall poplars in pairs, always in pairs, which edged it were like lean old gossips bending in toward the center the better to exchange whispered scandal about the neighbors. Mainly the road pierced through fields, with infrequent villages to be passed and once a canal to be skirted; but also there were forests where wild boar were reputed to reside and where, as we know, the pheasant throve in numbers undreamed of in the ante-bellum days before all the powder in Europe was needed to kill off men, and while yet some of it might be spared for killing off birds.

Regarding the mountains a rule was prevalent. If one flank of a mountain was wooded we might be reasonably sure that the farther side would present a patchwork pattern of tiny farms, square sometimes, but more often oblong in shape, each plastered against the steep conformation and each so nearly perpendicular that we wondered how anybody except a retired paper hanger ever dared try to cultivate it. Let a husbandman's foot slip up there and he would be committing trespass in the plot of the next man below.

I shall not tell how far we rode, or whither, but dusk found us in a place which, atmospherically speaking, was very far removed from the French foothills, but geographically perhaps not so far. So far as its local color was concerned the place in point more nearly than anything else I call to mind resembled the interior of a Greek-letter society's chapter house set amid somewhat primitive surroundings. In the center of the low wide common room, mounted on a concrete box, was a big openwork basket of wrought iron. In this brazier burned fagots of wood, and the smoke went up a metal pipe which widened out to funnel shape at the bottom, four feet above the floor.

Sons of the Empire

Such a device has three advantages over the ordinary fireplace: Folks may sit upon four sides of it toasting their shins by direct contact with the heat, instead of upon only one, as is the case when your chimney goes up through the wall of your house. There were illustrations cut from papers upon the walls; there were sporting prints and London dailies on the chairs and trestles; there was a phonograph, which performed wheezily, as though it had asthma, and a piano, which by authority was mute until after dinner; there were sundry guitars and mandolins disposed in corners; there were sofa pillows upon the settees, plainly the handiwork of some fellow's best girl; there were clumsy, schoolboy decorative touches all about; there were glasses and bottles on tables; there were English noncoms, who in their gravity and promptness might have been club servants, bringing in more bottles and fresh glasses; and there were frolicking, boisterous groups and knots and clusters of youths who, except that they wore the khaki of junior officers of His Majesty's service instead of the ramping patterns affected by your average undergraduates, were for all the world just such a collection of resident inmates as you would find playing the goat and the colt and the skylark in any college fraternity hall on any pleasant evening anywhere among the English-speaking peoples.

For guests of honor there were we four, and for hosts there were sixty or seventy members of Night Bombing Squadron Number —— It so happened that this particular group of picked and sifted young daredevils represented every main division of the empire's domain, as we were told there were present Englishmen, Cornishmen, Welshmen, Scots and Irishmen; also Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, an Afrikander or two, and a dark youngster from India; as well as recruits gathered in from lesser lands and lesser colonies where the Union Jack floats in the seven seas that girdle this globe.

The ranking officer—a major by title, and he not yet twenty-four years old—bore the name of a Highland clan, the mere mention of which set me to thinking of whanging claymores and skirling pipes. His next in command was the nephew and namesake of a famous Home Ruler, and this one spoke with the soft-cultured brogue of the Dublin collegian. We were introduced to a flyer bred and reared in Japan, who had hurried to the mother isle as soon as he reached the volunteering age—a shy, quiet lad with a downy upper lip, who promptly effaced himself; and to a young Tasmanian of Celtic antecedents, who, curiously enough, spoke with an English accent richer and more pronounced than any native Englishman in the company used.

I took pains to ascertain the average age of the personnel of the squadron. I am giving no information to the enemy that he already does not know—to his cost—when I state it to be twenty-two and a half years. With perfect gravity veteran airmen of twenty-three or so will tell you that when a fellow reaches twenty-five he's getting rather a bit too old for the game—good enough for instructing green hands and all that sort of thing, perhaps, but generally past the age when he may be counted upon for effective work against the Hun aloft. And the wondrous part of it is that it is true as Gospel. 'Tis a man's game, if ever there was a man's game in this world; and it's boys with the soft fleece of adolescence on their cheeks that play it best.

A Dramatic Toast

Well, we had dinner; and a very good dinner it was, served in the mess hall adjoining, with fowls and a noble green salad, and good honest-to-cow's butter on the table. But before we had dinner a thing befell which to me was as simply dramatic as anything possibly could be. What was more, it came at a moment made and fit for dramatics, being as deftly insinuated by chance into the proper spot as though a skilled playmaster had contrived it for the climax of his second act.

Glasses had been charged all round, and we were standing to drink the toast of the British aviator when, almost together, two small things happened: The electric lights flickered out, leaving us in the half glow of the crackling flames in the brazier, its tints bringing out here a ruddy young face and there a buckle of brass or a button of bronze but leaving all the rest of the picture in flickering shadows; right on top of this a servant entered, saluted and handed to the squadron commander a slip of paper bearing a bulletin just received by telephone from the headquarters of a sister squadron in a near-by sector. The young major first read it through silently and then read it aloud:

"Eight machines of squadron —— made a daylight raid this afternoon. The operation was successfully carried out." A little pause. "Three of the machines failed to return."

That was all. Three of the machines failed to return—six men, mates to these youngsters assembled here and friends to some of them, had gone down in the wreckage of their aircraft, probably to death or to what was hardly less terrible than death—to captivity in a German prison camp.

Well, it was all in the day's work. No one spoke, nor in my hearing did anyone afterward refer to it. But the glasses came up with a jerk, and at that, as though on a signal from a stage manager, the lights flipped on, and then together we drank the airman's toast, which is:

"Happy landings!"

I do not profess to speak for the others, but for myself I know I drank to the memory of those six blithe boys—riders in the three machines that failed to return—and to a happy landing for them in the eternity to which they had been hurried long before their time.

The best part of the dinner came after the dinner was over, which was as a dinner party should be. We flanked ourselves on the four sides of the fire, and tobacco smoke rose in volume as an incense to good fellowship, and there were stories told and limericks offered without number. And if a story was new we all laughed at it, and if it was old we laughed just the same. Presently a protesting lad was dragooned for service at the piano. The official troubadour, a youth who seemed to be all legs and elbows, likewise detached himself from the background. Instead of taking station alongside the piano he climbed gravely up on top of it and perched there above our heads, with his legs dangling down below the keys.

(Concluded on Page 73)

This Letter

brought an order for $20,000 worth of Sterling Tires

IT was written by a Nationally known New York concern—the largest in its line in the world—to one of the greatest of Chicago's companies—and, in connection with other similar evidence, resulted in an order from the latter for $20,000 worth of Sterling Tires to be used during 1918:

New York, February 25, 1918.

. . . . . & Company,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Your communication dated 31st ulto. making inquiry regarding Sterling pneumatic tires was referred to this office by our Chicago Agency and we are pleased to be able to say in reply that the "Sterling" brand of tire has proven most satisfactory all over the Eastern Division in the past three years.

In the Eastern Division of this Company, where we have over 400 Ford Cars running all equipped with "Sterling Tires," we get anywhere from 5,000 to 15,000 miles.

We would say that we get on an average of about 8,000 miles per tire, but in a few instances here and there we have had remarkable mileage recorded of 15,000.

The Sterling Tire Corporation make repairs free of charge and their repair service on the whole has been all that could be desired.

A few complaints have been registered here and there during the past couple of years, but on the whole the Managers of the Sterling Branches have striven in every possible way to give us the right kind of service.

Our experience has been more with the Fabric Non-Skid Tread Tires, but we have used a few of the Cord Tires in the last six months with good results.

We have been able to effect quite a nice saving in tire expense in the past couple of years by using "Sterling" tires and the best proof that we are getting our money's worth is the fact that we again renewed our contract last October for another year.

Yours very truly,

THE . . . . . CO.,
. . . . . Purchasing Agent.

STERLING TIRES are made in all sizes from 28 x 3 to 40 x 8, and are used on everything from motorcycles to 2½ ton trucks. Under date of March 15, 1918, a Pittsburgh customer writes:

"In reply to your inquiry regarding service given us by the 38 x 7 Vacuum Bar tire, Serial No. 20,655, purchased April 13, 1917, would say that this tire gave us a mileage of over 9,000 miles, and was removed from the truck on December 22, 1917."

90% of all Sterling Tires are sold for use on business cars and trucks.

74% of our 1917 sales were to those who had bought Sterling Tires before. The other 26%, representing new business, nearly equaled our increased sales over 1916.

Tires that will stand up and give lowest-cost-per-mile on hard driven, heavily loaded delivery cars and trucks, should and do give even better results on passenger cars.

We like to do business with folks who keep accurate mileage records and who know their cost per mile.

We make no extravagant claims for Sterling Tires. They are just good, honest, sturdy, serviceable tires, but some thousands of commercial concerns have found, *by their own records*, that Sterlings give lower-cost-per-mile than has been secured with any previously used equipment.

We invite inquiry, particularly from commercial houses running from 6 to 600 cars.

The *Vacuum-Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

Sterling Tires are made in both Cord and Fabric Types. They are guaranteed for 5000 miles (6000 miles on 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 sizes).

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

ALBANY, N. Y.	106 Central Avenue
BALTIMORE, Md.	1705 N. Charles St
BOSTON, Mass.	205 Clarendon Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	53 Rogers Avenue
BUFFALO, N. Y.	210 Franklin Street
CHICAGO, Ill.	3031 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street
CLEVELAND, Ohio	5018 Euclid Avenue
DETROIT, Mich.	940 Woodward Avenue
HACKENSACK, N. J.	Main and Passaic Sts.
HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street
JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2082 Hudson Blvd.
NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street
NEW HAVEN, Conn.	232 Crown Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 56th Street
PATERSON, N. J.	67 Ward Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	1238 Spring Garden St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	540 N. Craig Street
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	234 Broad Street
READING, Pa.	104-106 N. 5th Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	565 East Main Street
RUTHERFORD, N. J.	Maple St. and Erie Ave.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	2824A Locust Street
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	518 South Clinton St.
WASHINGTON, D.C.	1621 14th St. N. W
WORCESTER, Mass.	32 Shrewsbury Street

STERLING TIRE CORPORATION
(Established 1908)
Rutherford, New Jersey

EXPORT DEPARTMENT: *44 Whitehall Street, New York*

TO DEALERS:

We wish to hear from dealers who like to handle high grade, dependable goods, and who can and will give the kind of service that has made our direct branches so successful. To such dealers we will give the exclusive agency for Sterling Tires.

To dealers who do not know Sterling Tires and who would like to try them out before tying up on a contract, we have a special, temporary, introductory plan.

Please write the home office.

Sterling Tire Corporation
Gentlemen:
I would like to receive full data on STERLING TIRES.
My tire size is_____
Name_____
Address_____
S. E. P.

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

CORD AND FABRIC TYPES

ARMCO IRON

For This Great Balloon Flue

THIS vast structure—more than one-quarter of a mile long and eight feet in diameter — was made exclusively from 3/16" Armco Iron plates because, as the customer said, "These flues will involve so large an expenditure that we could not afford to make mistakes." The customer is the St. Joseph Lead Co., of Herculaneum, Mo. The balloon flue was installed by The Ruemelli-Dawley Mfg. Co., of St. Louis, and serves to carry the gases from the blast furnaces—where the lead is refined—to the bag-house, and thence to the brick-stack.

In 1912, the St. Joseph Lead Co. made a similar installation, comprising 650 feet of Armco Iron plates, after they had—in their own words—"Completed a series of tests on American Ingot Iron and three other brands of so-called acid resisting metals." In their experience, Armco Iron has over twice the life of ordinary metals. Hence they make the new installation with every confidence in its complete success.

Because of its unusual rust resistance, welding and enameling properties, easy workability, and high electrical conductivity, Armco Iron has been converted to a wide variety of uses.

Manufacturers and users of sheet and plate metal are invited to refer their problems to the Armco Laboratories—the best-equipped commercial laboratories in the United States for the study and improvement of sheet and plate metal. Why not follow the lead of the St. Joseph Lead Co. and benefit by this unusual service?

THE trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

Write for free book on metal conservation, "The Story of Armco Iron"

The American Rolling Mill Company, Dept. 908, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

(Concluded from Page 70)

Touching on this, the Young-un, who sat alongside me, made explanation:

"Old Bob likes to sit on the old jingle box when he sings, you know. He says that then he can feel the music going up through him and it makes him sing. He'll stay up there singing like a bloomin' bullfinch till someone drags him down. He seems to sort of get drunk on singin'—really he does. Extraordinary fancy, isn't it?"

I should have been the last to drag Old Bob down. For, employing a wonderful East Ender whine, Old Bob sang a gorgeous Cockney ballad dealing with the woeful case of a simple country maiden, and her smyle it was su-blyme, but she met among others the village squire, and the rest of it may not be printed in a paper having a general circulation; but anyway it was a theme replete with incident and abounding in detail, with a hundred verses more or less and a chorus after every verse, for which said chorus we all joined in mightily.

From this beginning Old Bob, beating time with both hands, ranged far afield into his repertoire. Under cover of his singing I did my level best to draw out the Young-un—who it seemed was the Young-un more by reason of his size and boyish complexion than by reason of his age, since he was senior to half his outfit—to draw him out with particular reference to his experiences since the time, a year before, when he quit the line, being then a full captain, to take a berth as observer in the service of the air.

It was hard sledding, though. He was just as inarticulate and just as diffident as the average English gentleman is apt to be when he speaks in the hated terms of shop talk of his own share in any dangerous or unusual enterprise. Besides, our points of view were so different. He wanted to hear about the latest music-hall shows in London; he asked about the life in London with a touch in his voice of what I interpreted as homesickness. Whereas I wanted to know the sensations of a youth who flirts with death as a part of his daily vocation. Finally I got him under way, after this wise:

"Oh, we just go over the line, you know, and drop our pills and come back. Occasionally a chap doesn't get back. And that's about all there is to tell about it. . . . Rummiest thing that has happened since I came into the squadron happened the other night. The boche came over to raid us, and when the alarm was given everyone popped out of his bed and made for the dugout. All but Big Bill over yonder. Big Bill tumbled out half dressed and more than half asleep. It was a fine moonlight night and the boche was sailing about overhead bombing us like a good one, and Big Bill, who's a size to make a good target, couldn't find the entrance to either of the dugouts. So he ran for the woods just beyond here at the edge of the flying field, and no sooner had he got into the woods than a wild boar came charging at him and chased him out again into the open where the bombs were droppin'. Almost got him, too—the wild boar, I mean. The bombs didn't fall anywhere near him. Extraordinary, wasn't it, having a wild boar turn up like that just when he was particularly anxious not to meet any wild boar, not being dressed for it, as you might say? He was in a towerin' rage when the boche went away and we came out of the dugouts and only laughed at him instead of sympathizin' with him."

He puffed at his pipe.

"Fritz gets peevish and comes about to throw things at us quite frequently. You see, this camp isn't in a very good place. We took it over from the French and it stands out in the open instead of being in the edge of the forest where it should be. Makes it rather uncomfy for us sometimes—Fritzie does."

All of which rather prepared me for what occurred perhaps five minutes later when for the second time that night the electric lights winked out.

Old Bob ceased from his caroling, and the mess president, a little sandy Scotchman, spoke up:

"It may be that the boche is coming to call on us—the men douse the lights if we get a warning; or it may be that the battery has failed. At any rate I vote we have in some candles and carry on. This is too fine an evening to be spoiled before it's half over, eh?"

A failed battery it must have been, for no boche bombers came. So upon the candle being fetched in, Old Bob resumed at the point where he had left off. He sang straight through to midnight, nearly, never minding the story telling and the Limerick matching and the laughter and the horse play going on below him, and rarely repeating a song except by request of the audience. If his accompanist at the piano knew the air, all very well and good; if not, Old Bob sang it without the music.

They didn't in the least want us to leave when the time came for us to leave, vowing that the fun was only just starting and that it would be getting better toward daylight. But ahead of us we had a long ride, without lights, over pitchy-dark roads, so we got into our car and departed. First, though, we must promise to come back again very soon and must join them in a nightcap glass, they toasting us with their airman's toast, which seemed so well to match in with their buoyant spirits.

When next I passed by that road the hangars were empty of life and the barracks had been torn down. The great offensive had started the week before, and on the third day of it, as we learned from other sources, our friends of Night Bombing Squadron Number ——, obeying an order, had climbed by pairs into their big planes and had gone winging away to do their share in the air fighting where the fighting lines were locked fast.

There was need just then for every available British aëroplane—the more need because each day showed a steadily mounting list of lost machines and lost airmen. I doubt whether many of those blithesome lads came out of that hell alive, and doubt very much, too, whether I shall ever see any of them again.

So always I shall think of them as I saw them last—their number being sixty or so and the average age twenty-two and a half—grouped at the doorway of their quarters, with the candlelight and the firelight shining behind them, and their glasses raised, wishing to us "Happy landings!"

THE FIRE FLINGERS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Repay it by helping someone else when you have the chance. I'm sure you'll have better luck to-morrow."

"You're leaving us alone, ma'am," said Chris.

"I don't understand."

"The silverware, ma'am."

Winifred laughed, and was joined—to his later astonishment when he thought of it—by Richard.

"The silverware is in no danger!"

III

THE sound of a racing motor was heard from the street in front. Winifred, about to leave the dining room, upon hearing the car changed her mind and crossed back to the stand, where she nervously fingered the newspaper.

A moment later the front door was heard to slam. This sound was followed by that of a man's voice, evidently Olwell's, talking thickly.

"James!" called the voice. "Where're you? Ellen! Where's everybody in this house?"

Winifred could hear every word that was said. The two ex-convicts heard the remarks also, and recognized the voice. Olwell's voice was deep, like Richard's; but it had in it a note of brutality absent from the San Quentin man's.

"My husband is sometimes very irritable," explained Winifred in embarrassment.

Richard stooped for his hat, and Chris likewise.

"I think we had better go into the kitchen."

"Please do—if you don't mind!"

Winifred hurriedly crossed to the kitchen door and showed the men out. Explanations were not needed. Olwell had been drinking—all of them had heard his thick speech. He would very likely become furious if he found two ex-convicts seated at his dining-room table. She tarried in the kitchen, however, until she was sure they were comfortable.

Then she returned to the dining room and busied herself rearranging the table. But Olwell had passed on upstairs to his

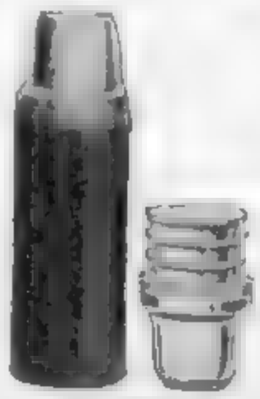
No. 310 Lunch Set $3 75
No. 320 Same with 2 extra food trays

Keeps the Noon Day Meal Fresh and Appetizing

The UNIVERSAL Lunch Box. For the man, woman or child who eats luncheon away from home. The pint size UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottle keeps tea or coffee steaming hot or any beverage ice cold, while the construction of the box is such that it keeps all food perfectly fresh. Made of heavy tin with black enamel finish. Built to stand long and severe usage.

UNIVERSAL VACUUM BOTTLES AND ACCESSORIES

UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Pitcher
No. 9821 Pint $6.50
No. 9822 Quart $8.00



UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Bottle
with Extra Cups
No. 871 Pint 1 extra cup $2.75
No. 872 Quart 3 extra cups $4.75

For an ever increasing list of home and outing uses. Whatever drink you fancy or the season calls for can be kept at its original temperature with all its freshness and flavor and served at any time or at any place.

In the sickroom or nursery, hot water, soups, broths, etc., are kept at proper temperatures, always ready for emergency uses.

For the office desk, dining table or boudoir, for delayed meals or special spreads, the "UNIVERSAL" Vacuum Bottle performs an invaluable service.

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles

With Extra Drinking Cups Nested in Cover

Pints have one extra cup, quarts three extra cups nested compactly in the cover, taking up no more room than the ordinary cover. While there are other bottles of this type on the market a glance at the UNIVERSAL method of construction will at once prove its superiority.

Sold by Hardware, Department and Drug Stores Everywhere
Write to Dept. No. 140 For Free Booklet

Landers, Frary & Clark

NEW BRITAIN, - - CONN.

UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Carafe
No. 2822 Quart $7.25
Other styles $5 75 and upward

UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Bottle
with Extra Cups
No. 891 Pint 1 extra cup $3.50
No. 892 Quart 3 extra cups $5.75

When Is a Washroom Towel Clean?

Half the time you hesitate to use the washroom just because you are a wee bit afraid of the towels.

You can't trust a "laundered" towel. You don't know what it's been through; or who has used it. So called "laundering" doesn't insure cleanliness—and most washroom towels don't even look clean.

Personal Hygiene has just one answer—

a towel that's made for use once by one user—a

ScotTissue Towel

The only towel that economically combines the "for use once by one user" idea with *all* the qualities of a really good towel.

So soft and comfortable that you fairly feel a sense of cleanliness and good grooming after drying your skin with ScotTissue. Absorbent, too—the moisture is gone in a jiffy. No wonder men and women who have used ScotTissue Towels insist on them.

ScotTissue is the logical and economical towel for the office, store, hotel, school, club or factory that maintain high standards of personal hygiene.

Let us prove our statements by a test in your washroom.

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

30 Church Street, New York

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ScotTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

room. The danger seemed over. She expected him to find what he came for and leave without causing any further disturbance.

After a little, Ellen came in from the kitchen.

"Were they hungry?" asked Winifred.

"The hungriest men I ever saw."

"I'm sorry I had to send them into the kitchen, but Mr. Olwell is back. I think he'll leave after a while. You'd better run up and close the hall windows and see that the water is hot at the faucets. Then go to your room."

"Has he been drinking, ma'am?"

"I haven't seen him."

Ellen met the master of the house upon the stairs. Olwell stopped her.

"Oh, here's li'l' Ellen! I don't want you now. I don't wanna see you again to-night."

He passed on down the stairs and through the hall to the dining-room door.

Here Winifred saw him. He was wearing a hat and had his overcoat upon his arm. In his left hand he carried a grip, as if he were starting on a journey; but in his right hand he had a pair of scissors. That which engaged her attention, however, was not the incongruity of what he carried but the fact that his full beard, which he had worn ever since she had known him, nearly six years, had been partly hacked away with the scissors as though he was preparing to shave it off.

"Why ——" she cried.

"And here you are, Mis' Olwell! Whassa matter with this house, anyhow?"

Winifred's first thought was that this man was a stranger. She knew that he was not, but she had never seen him out from behind his beard and had not dreamed that he would look like this. She could not see him wholly even now.

"What have you been doing to alter your appearance?"

"Gotta shave—shave off—shave off my beard."

"Do you wish Ellen to serve your dinner?"

Before replying Olwell set the grip under the table, laid down his scissors, threw his coat over a chair, went to the sideboard, found a bottle of whisky and poured himself a drink.

"Me? Oh, yes, my dinner." He drained the glass. "I had a nice li'l' dinner downtown with some nice people. Nice people. They're out in the car."

He returned to the table, seated himself, opened the grip, and took out a new shaving cup and brush. These he placed on the table beside the scissors.

"Gotta shave. Gotta shave quick."

"You haven't shaved since I've known you," said Winifred.

Olwell frowningly rose and crossed to the stand, where he laid his hat upon the newspaper.

"Whassa matter with you, anyhow? What's it to you whezzer I shave or I don't shave? 'S this my house or isn't it?"

"It's nothing to me."

"What are you doing here, anyhow? You're a spy! That's what you are! You're a spy! You're a spy!"

"You're not yourself, Richard."

He moved over between her and the hall door.

"Who do you think I am? Tell me that? Not myself? Who am I? I've been myself longer'n you c'n remember, and I'm going to stay myself longer'n you c'n remember."

"Will you please stand aside so I can leave you?"

"Tha's jus' what I want. I want you to leave me. That's what I'm here for. I'm gonna make you leave me! I'm gonna run you out of this house—run you out of this house!"

He rubbed at his beard—a ludicrous action, Winifred thought, if it were not that the situation was so unpleasant.

"My bes' advice to you 's—the faster you run the better. Le's see you run."

"Will you let me pass?"

"I'm gonna run you outta this house."

But he did not fulfill the promise of his words.

He reached into his inside coat pocket as if seeking a weapon. His hand fumbled for a moment upon his bill book. This article suggesting a new train of thought, he ostentatiously stood aside, permitting his wife to pass him.

"I'll leave the house at once," cried Winifred.

And she ran through the hall and upstairs to her room.

Olwell listened for a moment until he heard his wife close the door of her room upstairs. After that he waited, still listening, to make sure that she would not reopen it. He had quite forgotten his shaving intentions. His mind was somewhat misty; he knew, however, that he did not wish his wife to see what he was about to do.

Seating himself at the table Olwell now removed a sheaf of bank bills from an inside pocket. He was about to begin counting the amount when he remembered that the room was brightly lighted and the curtains were up. He rose, carefully lowered the window curtains, and then crossed to the side door—the dining room had a separate entrance from the porch—and tried to look out through the keyhole. The fact that the key was in place seemed to satisfy him. He did not think it necessary to turn the key or try the door.

Then he resumed his place at the table and again began counting his money. Had there been an observer he might have noted that Olwell did his counting with his left hand. The sheaf consisted of twenty bills, each of the denomination of ten thousand dollars, held together by a rubber band.

Olwell tried three times to make the count, without success. The fourth time he had better luck.

"'S hard to count ten-thousan'-dollar bills. Hunnerd thousan.' Hunnerd 'nd sixty thousan.' Two hunnerd thousan'. Tha's loesa money. Loesa money."

Replacing the bills he returned the bill book into his inside coat pocket. But he was not satisfied to carry the money there. He removed the bills from the bill book, opened his grip and thrust them in under a suit of pyjamas. He then closed the grip and set it on the floor. Even so he was not satisfied. After a moment's reflection he opened the grip and again removed the bills from their hiding place.

Then he looked round the room for a better suggestion.

His eye at length rested upon the plate of bread upon the table. Some dim recollection of one of the many uses of bread came to him as he sat there pondering. Again he looked round the room. The newspaper on the stand caught his glance. Rising, he crossed and got it, removing a single inside sheet, which he folded once. This he placed upon the tablecloth with more positiveness than he had previously shown.

He knew what he was doing. He was trying to conceal two hundred thousand dollars from the other woman. He had quite forgotten his conflict with his wife.

"Gonna fool her. Proofreader. Gonna fool her."

He now laid a piece of bread on the newspaper and the bills on top of the bread. They were much too large. He then tried laying two pieces of bread edge to edge, and placed the bills on them. They were much too small. He looked at them a moment; then he crossed to the sideboard for a carving knife with which to trim the bread. He did not, however, use the knife. On his way back to the table a new idea came to him. Discarding the knife he took half of the bills, folded them once, and laid them upon a slice of bread. Placing another slice of bread on top of the folded bills he had what looked to be an ordinary sandwich. He made up a similar sandwich for the remaining bills, placed one sandwich over the other and wrapped the two carefully in the newspaper, running the rubber band round the package to hold it together.

The result satisfied him wholly. He stood back and looked admiringly at his sandwiches, lifted them, smelled of them. No one would ever have guessed that they were not what they seemed.

"A two-hunnerd-thousan'-dollar san'-wich—san'wich—sand-wich," he said aloud. "Sandwich."

And he chuckled that he had been able both to think out the result and to name it.

IV

OLWELL now dismissed the matter of money from his mind. Placing the package upon the table he turned to his shaving. He had already laid out mug, brush and soap; his razor for the moment went forgotten, as did also the hand mirror in his grip.

His first care was for hot water. It did not occur to him in his clouded state that it was easier for Mohammed to go to the mountain than it was to bring the mountain to Mohammed. Had he been used to shaving, force of habit would have led him to take his shaving equipment to the bathroom. But somehow he associated hot

(Continued on Page 78)

THE AUSTIN METHOD

March 20

The contract was signed on Saturday, March 16. Ground was broken on Monday morning. This photo was taken two days later. No time lost getting started.

March 27

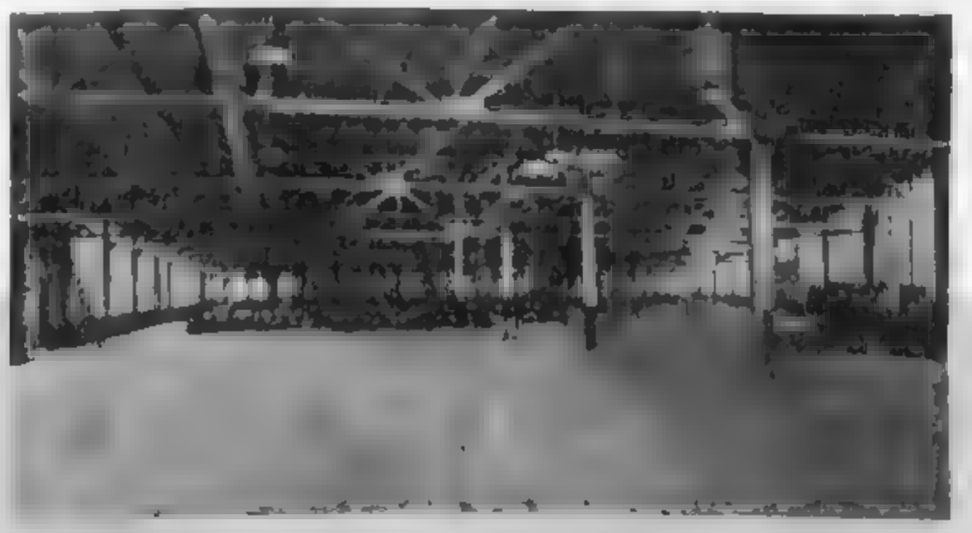
Seven days' progress, with about half of the steel framework in position. This speed is possible because all essential materials, fabricated steel, steel sash, etc., are in Austin stock.

April 9

The roof is up, brick work well under way, and all trades at work.

April 27

One end of the building swept up and some machinery moved in



Exactly on Time, for the National Cash Register Co.

Exactly on time, 30 working-days from date of contract, The Austin Company delivered the building shown here to The National Cash Register Company.

58,000 sq. ft. of floor space, including all plumbing, electric wiring and fixtures, heating, fire extinguisher system and mezzanine floors for toilets—another Austin Standard Factory-Building has been completed in record time broom-clean, windows washed, ready to meet the demands of the increasing business of this well known company.

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This new record is unique because the elaborate system of equipment and the special architectural features were included in the 30 working-day penalty and bonus contract, and the building completed on time.

No time was lost in making preliminary drawings. Austin No. 3 Standard was readily adapted to meet the peculiar conditions required by the National Cash Register Company. On Saturday morning, March 16th, the contract was signed. Photographs of March 27th show at least one-half of the steel frame-work in position. Four working-days before the completion day, the National Cash Register Company began moving in its machinery and equipment.

This is not an unusual Austin performance. It is an example of the kind of service the Austin organization stands ready to give to manufacturers who require permanent and substantial factory structures in record time. All essential materials, fabricated steel, steel sash, roofing, lumber, etc., are now in Austin stock ready for immediate shipment. Austin workmen are trained in every step of the work. You can have a building like this in the same short time.

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PITTSBURGH - 493 Union Arcade. Grant 6071
INDIANAPOLIS 717 Merch. B'k Bldg., M. 6438
CHICAGO - - - - - 437 Peoples Gas Building

Austin No. 3 Standard Factory-Building built for the National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio, in 30 working-days. This building is 340 ft. long and 228 ft. wide at the widest point. Exterior finished in special ornamental face brick to correspond with other N. C. R. buildings.

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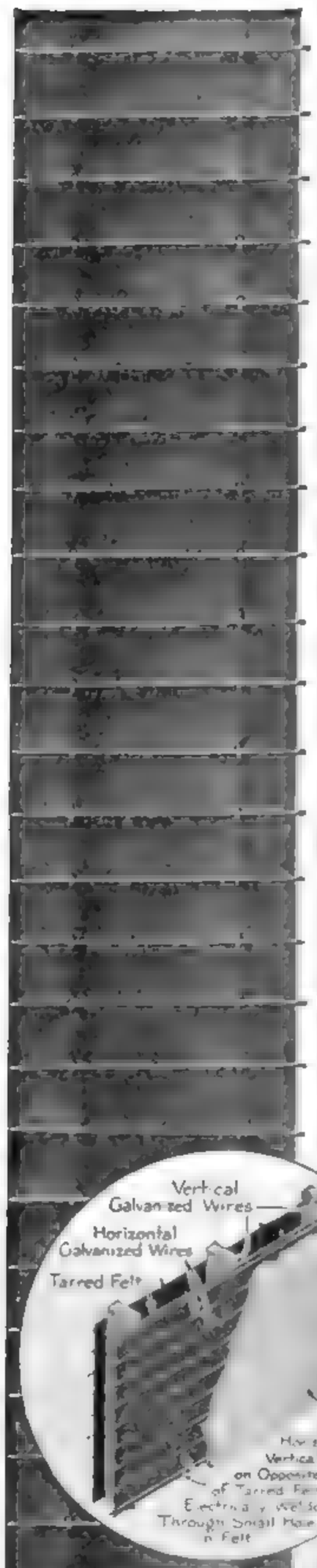
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(Continued from Page 74)

water for shaving with the kitchen. Reaching for the shaving cup and brush he started to find the teakettle.

He saw the two former convicts the instant he opened the door.

Intoxicated men are usually hard to surprise, perhaps because everything that happens is to them more or less unexpected, and the unexpected therefore becomes the expected. Olwell was not expecting visitors in his kitchen. Richard and Chris knew that Olwell was in the house. And yet of the three Olwell was the least surprised.

"S'more of you," he said. And then when they did not reply: "What're you doing in my house?"

The men remained silent, even now. There was nothing they could say that would have any weight with a man in Olwell's condition.

"C'me in here where I c'n see you. C'me on!"

They might have taken to their heels through the back door, but flight did not occur to them. Instead they obeyed Olwell's command, rose, and walked through the dining-room door past the master of the house, who had stepped aside to admit them.

"I know you. You're the two jailbirds I kicked out o' my office."

"We're the men you cheated out of their pay!" cried Chris.

Richard, who realized their position more keenly, tried to calm his companion. Whatever happened, he did not wish to enter into an altercation with Olwell. They were intruders. Olwell was in his own house. The intruder is always wrong. And besides, Chris had openly threatened Olwell with violence only a few hours before. The threat would be used against them.

"Never mind that now, Chris," he said. "Not now. Not here."

Chris after sputtering a moment saw the point.

"All right, Dick. We'll go."

"Not yet," said Olwell, blocking his way. "You stay where you are."

"Don't you want us to go?"

"You can't go out th' door. You—you stay there."

"Then we can't."

Olwell's eyes narrowed in a way ugly to see. His features seemed to narrow also—his scissors had hacked off just enough of his beard to destroy the elegance it had lent his appearance. His manner became more dominating, his words more offensive.

"'Xplain what're you doing in my kitchen 'stime o' night."

Richard resumed his office of spokesman. "The lady, your wife, was giving us our supper," he said. "We were to pay for it by working. That's all."

"Supper! Tha's what you say."

"You think we're lying?" asked Chris hotly.

"No, Chris," warned Richard.

"All thieves lie. But tha's a bad lie."

"Your wife will tell you the same," continued Richard. "Ask her. Ask Mrs. Olwell. We're here at her express invitation."

"Tha' don't change my 'pinion. Never change my 'pinion. My wife's gone away. I'll call the police. 'Xplain your lie to th' police."

Richard and Chris exchanged dismayed glances. They knew only too well what chance they would have in court.

"The police?" asked Chris.

"You surely don't intend to call the police?" said Richard.

"Th' police don't know you're here, maybe," replied Olwell.

He leered at them a moment, then seemed to come to a decision. Placing the brush and shaving cup on the table he crossed the room to the telephone.

Richard felt that they must persuade him somehow not to give them up.

"Don't—don't do that!"

Chris burst into mirthless laughter.

"What have we done? If we had robbed you or attacked you ——"

"I 'scovered you in my house," said Olwell. "No-to-ri-ous scon—scon—convicts. Tha's s'fficient."

"It will mean another prison sentence for us. If you will only ask your wife ——"

Olwell began chuckling, as if at a pleasant recollection. He remembered that his wife had gone out, not to return.

"Mis' Olwell's left this house. 'Smy house. I run her out—run her out."

As to this point, however, he was mistaken. He had indeed heard her ascend the stairs and enter her room; but he had not heard her leave the house. A moment later he became aware that she had not in fact departed, for he saw her standing between the portières at the hall entrance.

Winifred, who was dressed for the street and carried a suitcase, did not advance beyond the curtains.

"I forgot to tell you, Richard ——" she began.

Olwell's tone became uglier; his lips curled into a new sneer; his eyes shone with cold hatred.

"Whassa matter? What're you doing here?"

"I told Ellen to give these men some supper," said Winifred. "I'll be responsible for them. I know who they are."

"Tha's all right, m' dear. I'll give them some supper."

He crossed back to the table, all his brutal intentions in his face.

"'Nd I'll give you some supper. I'm gonna run you out—run you out o' this house."

With that he snatched a teacup from the table to throw it at her.

But for once a drunken man was not expecting the unexpected. As Olwell drew back his arm to throw the cup Richard sprang for him. The result was that he threw wild, and the cup was shattered into fragments against the wall. Even had Richard not interfered, however, Winifred would have received no injury, for she had already withdrawn. The crash of the shattered cup was followed within three seconds by the slamming of the front door as she left the house.

Olwell turned furiously upon Richard.

"I'm gonna kill you f'r that. I'm gonna kill you."

As Richard drew back he followed him, though still without a weapon.

"'Nd then I'm gonna get a—get a divorce. Strange man in my house."

Richard flushed, almost as if he had never been in prison.

"What a cad you are!" he cried.

"Two of you!" continued Olwell nastily. "Which one is li'l' Ellen's?"

The insult to the women was unendurable.

Chris, who had been standing with clenched fists, now advanced toward Olwell, snatching the chair away from in front of him and sending it spinning across the room.

"I'm going to thrash you for that. You've got it coming to you anyhow, and now you're going to get it."

"No, Chris!" said Richard, regaining his self-control.

But Chris no longer was listening. He began advancing upon Olwell, who backed away toward the table.

"That beautiful lady you just drove from this house is our religion!"

Richard followed him and laid his hand on his arm restrainingly.

"It will only mean doing time for us, and can't help Mrs. Olwell," he said.

"He's going to send us up anyhow, isn't he?" asked Chris, his eyes on Olwell. "He can't do any worse than that, can he? He's going to get his, and I'm the lad that's going to give it to him."

By this time Olwell had retreated to the table. He was brave enough—whisky courage—to fight either or both of the intruders. But he did not wish to fight them. He wished to exterminate them. He wished to reach a weapon. The moment he felt the table beneath his hand he whirled, and snatched up the carving knife.

"Left-handed, eh?" cried Chris, continuing his advance.

Richard tried to restrain him, his hand still on his arm.

"No, Chris," he said. "No, Chris. No, Chris."

"Look out, partner! Don't you see he has a knife?"

Olwell, older and not in training, was no match for Chris, even with a knife. A man armed with a knife is a dangerous opponent, provided he knows how to use it or provided the other man is not skilled in defense. Olwell did not know how to use a knife in fighting, and Chris in his acting days had been something of a wrestler and boxer.

The fight was over almost before it had begun. Olwell stood on defense, the carving knife clasped in his uplifted left hand. He was waiting for Chris to come near enough for him to strike him down. Exactly how he was to deliver the stroke, or where, or when, he did not know. Even had he ever known, his muddy brain would have helped him little against his alert

(Continued on Page 78)

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THE SIMONDS BAND SAW

(Continued from Page 76

antagonist. Whisky helps a man to overpower women and children, but not other men.

As the two men faced each other, Chris' right hand suddenly shot out as if delivering a blow. It did not, however, land on Olwell's body.

The next moment the pugnacious master of the house found himself helpless, his left wrist grasped in the viselike fingers of indignant youth; and a moment later he relaxed his hold upon the knife; and a moment later still he was grappling catch-as-catch-can with the man who had forced him to release it; and a moment after that he was thrown heavily to the floor, with Chris on top of him.

"You're mad! You're mad!" cried Richard.

As they fell Richard sprang to their side. Eventually he succeeded in breaking Chris' grip and dragging him to his feet, not so much by superior strength or skill as by the inner compulsion. Chris was beginning to realize his folly.

He did not, however, even yet realize it wholly.

"I hope I've killed him!" he panted, waiting for Olwell to rise.

But Olwell did not rise. He lay where he had been thrown, motionless except for the twitching of his arms and legs. His head in falling had struck against the base of the table.

Richard bent over the prostrate man, examining him carefully. When he rose he was ominously calm.

"I'm afraid you have killed him," he said simply.

"Me?" asked Chris, panic-stricken.

"He's dead."

"He can't be dead! I didn't do anything to him except just throw him."

But Richard after a further examination assured him that it was so.

"Probably a stroke," he explained. "He hit his head against the table, but that wouldn't have killed him, I think. It doesn't matter how he died. The police will say we killed him."

RICHARD'S first impulse when he found that Olwell was indeed dead was to put distance between themselves and the scene of the catastrophe. First, however, they must turn out the lights. To leave the house with the lights going and the dead man lying crumpled up on the floor in full view would be folly. Crossing to the switch he turned off the lights.

"We can't stay here," said Chris. "We'll have to make a dash for Chicago."

"You mean hitch up with some gang of Chicago crooks?"

"I've got you into a mess this time, partner."

"No use running away. They'd surely catch us. Even the crooks would sell us out. Two men can't hide from all the rest of the human race. We may as well stay here and finish our supper."

"I don't believe I'm hungry, partner."

"I'm not, either."

"They'll probably hang us. You remember Jim Baker, at San Quentin. He only killed another convict, but they hanged him. I'm for making a break."

"The thing for us to do is to call the police and give ourselves up."

"Not the police, Dick. Anything's better than the police. We'd have a fighting chance at a get-away."

"Not a chance in the world."

"Sure we would, partner. We'll disguise ourselves so nobody will know us."

"I can see you disguising yourself from me."

"We can do it. We're both trained actors, aren't we? We've disguised ourselves from audiences plenty of times, haven't we? All we need is some good clothes, and a little money, and a little nerve, and a make-up."

"Good clothes! Money! A make-up!"

"We can get them."

"I haven't any stomach for it," replied Richard. "You can try it if you like."

"This man's clothes would do for clothes," said Chris, pursuing his thoughts. "We'll find his room and help ourselves." He looked at Richard appraisingly. "They wouldn't fit me, but they would you."

"I'd hate to be hanged in stolen clothes."

"Borrowed clothes."

"Stolen clothes."

"What good are clothes to him? He's dead. Besides, he owes us money, doesn't he? If he'd paid us our money that we'd earned we wouldn't be in this fix. You know that."

"But what's the use?"

"I tell you, we can dress and make up so that no one will know us!"

"Make up as what? How? I didn't know you had your grease paint with you."

"Make up as anybody! We don't need grease paint. We can barber our beards and hair and eyebrows so as to change our looks enough. We know how. We're used to make-ups."

Chris stood at the table for a moment, thinking, then he walked round it to where the dead man was lying.

"We wouldn't get fifteen feet after they discovered that Olwell was dead," said Richard.

"They don't need to discover it for a while. We can hide him in the cellar or something."

"No cellars!"

"See! We don't even have to hide him! We can disguise him too! We can make him up so as to look like somebody else!"

"To look like whom? The Kaiser?"

"I could make him up to look like you, except that he's hacked off his beard. I could anyhow. I could make him up to look as you would look if you had begun hacking off your beard."

"Suppose you did?"

"See!" cried Chris as the idea took possession of him. "People here don't know you very well. And they're used to seeing Olwell as he looked this morning. Look at him now. If you found him with those clothes of yours on him, and your discharge papers in his pocket, and with his hair trimmed closer on top, convict style, wouldn't you say it was the convict Hatton?"

"Dangerous business, Chris."

"Any more dangerous than standing still and doing nothing?"

"That's it. I'd rather be acting a part myself than lean so hard on a dead man. I'd rather make up and pretend to be Olwell than have him pretend to be me."

"Then why not? Why not do both?"

"Because it wouldn't work. I don't look like Olwell. To act the part of another man you have to look like him. I once played the part of Menæchmus Sosicles in the Menæchmi, by Titus Maccius Plautus, who was born more than two hundred and fifty years before Christ. Menæchmus Sosicles looked just like his twin brother, and when he came to Epidamnus he was mistaken for his brother by everyone who saw him. Even his brother's wife thought he was."

"You're like Olwell in size."

"That may be."

"Your hair and eyes are near enough the same color. Your face is different, but the chances are he's worn his beard for so long that even his friends have forgotten exactly how he looked with it off. If I shaved off your beard and trimmed your hair and your brows, who would know? You are a good enough actor to imitate the tones of his voice."

"It wouldn't do, Chris. Never in this world."

"Won't you try it?"

"No, Chris. An attempt at a disguise would only tighten the rope round our necks when they caught us."

"Then what?"

"We must notify the police—and the sooner the better."

"The police it is."

Men like to make plans, but when the time comes they are apt to act on impulse. Chris had no more than accepted Richard's suggestion about the police when the doorbell rang out in front. The sound was not a loud one—merely a faint tinkle. It was not an alarm of fire. And yet the crashes of it seemed to reverberate through the silence of the house as if they would never die down.

The two men exchanged terrified glances.

"What's in there?" asked Richard, indicating a door to the right of the kitchen door.

Chris as the nearer sprang to the strange door and opened it.

"It's a kind of back parlor."

"We'll have to lift him inside. We can't leave him here."

The tingling was repeated, this time at length. Under its stimulus the two men hastily lifted Olwell's body and carried it out into the back parlor. Chris, whose idea of disguise was still uppermost in his mind, hurriedly returned for the scissors, shaving cup, soap and brush.

Then they waited inside the locked door to see what would happen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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RED GAP AND THE BIG-LEAGUE STUFF

(Continued from Page 11)

almost to the roots, where she'd wear her teeth down. And a block later he said she hadn't ought to be calling everyone comrade that way—it sounded too much like a German. Still and all, he said, there was something about her. He didn't say what.

So now the Latin Quarter had begun, and in no time at all it was going strong. It seemed like everybody had long been wanting to get away from it all but hadn't known how. They gathered daily in Metta's studio, the women setting round in smocks, they all took to wearing smocks, of course, while hungry-eyed Vernabelle got the men to tell her all about themselves, and said wasn't it precious that a few choice spirits could thus meet in the little half-lighted hour, away from it all, and be by way of forgetting that outer world where human souls are bartered in the market place.

Of course the elderberry wine was by way of giving plumb out after the second half-lighted hour, but others come forward with cherished offerings. Mrs. Dr. Percy Hailey Martingale brought round some currant wine that had been laid down in her cellar over a year ago, and Beryl Mae Macomber pilfered a quart of homemade cherry brandy that her aunt had been saving against sickness, and even Mrs. Judge Ballard kicked in with some blackberry cordial made from her own berries, though originally meant for medicine.

Lon Price was a feverish Bohemian from the start, dropping in almost every day to tell Vernabelle all about himself and get out of convention's shell into the raw throb of life, as it was now being called. Lon always was kind of light-minded, even after the state went dry. He told Vernabelle he had a treasured keepsake hid away which he would sacrifice to Bohemia at the last moment, consisting of one quart bottle of prime old rye. And he was going to make over to her a choice building lot in Price's Addition, right near the proposed site of the Carnegie library, if Vernabelle would put up something snappy on it in the way of a Latin Quarter bungalow.

Lon also added Jeff Tuttle to the Bohemians the day that old horned toad got down from his ranch. After going once Jeff said darned if he hadn't been a Bohemian all his life and never knew what was the matter with him. Vernabelle had him telling her all about himself instantly. She said he was such a colorful bit, so virile and red-blooded, and she just knew that when he was in his untamed wilderness he put vine leaves in his hair and went beautifully barefoot. She said it wasn't so much him as the inevitability of him. She'd said this about Cousin Egbert, too, but she was now saying of this old silly that he had a nameless pathos that cut to her artist's heart. It seems Cousin Egbert had gone round a couple times more looking for glass blowing and getting disappointed.

And there was new Bohemians every day. Otto Gashwiler, that keeps books for the canning factory, and Hugo Jennings, night clerk of the Occidental Hotel, was now prominent lights of the good old Latin Quarter, passing their spare moments there where they could get away from it all, instead of shaking dice at the Owl cigar store, like they used to. And Oswald Cummings, of the Elite Bootery, was another. Oswald is a big fair-haired lummox that sings tenor in the Presbyterian choir and has the young men's Bible class in the Sabbath School. Vernabelle lost no time in telling him that he was oh, so frankly a pagan creature, born for splendid sins; and Otto seemed to believe it for a couple of weeks, going round absenthike as if trying to think up some sins that would be splendid, though if anyone but a Bohemian had told him this he'd have blushed himself to death. It shows you what a hold Vernabelle was by way of getting on Red Gap.

It was sure one season of triumph for Metta Bigler, who lurked proudly in the background as manager. Metta's mother wasn't near so thrilled as Metta, though. She confided to me that Bohemians was a messy lot to clean up after, raining cigarette ashes over everything; and also it was pretty hard to have raised a child to Metta's age only to see her become a cigarette fiend overnight, and having these mad revels with currant wine and other intoxicants—and Metta was even using a lip stick!

And Metta's mother wasn't the only one in town looking sidewise at these Bohemian doings. There was them that held aloof from the beginning and would give their bitter reasons at every opportunity. These was the ultra-conservative element of the North Side set, and what they said about the new Latin Quarter was a plenty. They said it was mostly an excuse for drunken orgies in which all sense of decency was cast aside, to say nothing of cigarettes being brazenly smoked by so-called ladies. They said thus here talk about getting away from it all meant the ruin of the home upon which all durable civilization must be built; and as for wives and mothers going round without their stockings, look at what befell proud Rome! And it was time something was done to stem this tide of corruption.

Mrs. Cora Wales and Mrs. Tracy Bangs, president and vice-president of our anti-tobacco league, was the leaders of this movement and sent in a long complaint to the chamber of commerce urging instant action or a foul blot would be splashed on the fair name of our city, to say nothing of homes being broke up. They was ably backed up in this move by a committee from the civic purity league.

And of course this added to the attractions of the Latin Quarter, giving each Bohemian a new thrill. Vernabelle said it was by way of being ancient history; that from time immemorial these little groups of choice spirits who did things had been scorned and persecuted, but that every true Bohemian would give a light laugh and pursue his care-free way, regardless of the Philistine. And so it went, venomous on both sides, but with Vernabelle holding the bridge. She'd brought new stuff to town and had a good working majority in favor of it.

Downtown one day I meet Metta in the Red Front grocery buying olives and sardines in an excited way. I suppose it's for one of her unspeakable orgies, but she tells me it's something special and I must be sure to come.

"Dear Vernabelle," she says, "has consented to give an evening cycle of dance portrayals for just a few of the choicer spirits. I know there has been dreadful talk about our little group, but this will be a stunning bit and you are broad-minded, so do come."

I could just see Vernabelle consenting, almost peevishly; but it sounded like it might be disorderly enough, so I says I'll come if she promises to leave at least one window down at the top, me not having a gas mask.

Metta thinks a minute, then says she guesses she can leave one window down a mite; not much, on account of the nature of Vernabelle's dance costume. I says if such is to be the nature of her costume I'll come anyway and risk being gassed. Metta chides me gravely. She says the costume is perfectly proper to the artist eye, being a darling little early Greek thing; built on simple lines that follow the figure, it is true, yet suggest rather than reveal, and if the early Greeks saw no harm in it why should we? I tell her to say no more, but reserve me a ringside seat, though near a window if one can be opened; say, as far as the early Greeks would have done at such a time, on account of the punk sticks.

And of course I wouldn't miss it. I'm there at eight-thirty and find quite a bunch of Latin Quarter denizens already gathered and full of suppressed emotion. The punk sticks of course are going strong. Vernabelle in a pink kimono says they supply atmosphere; which is the only joke I ever heard her get off, if she knew it was one. Bohemians Lon Price and Jeff Tuttle are hanging over the punch bowl, into which something illegal has been poured. Jeff is calling Vernabelle little woman and telling her if worse comes to worst they might try being Bohemians on a mixture his men up on the ranch thought of for a New Year's celebration. He says they took a whole case of vanilla extract and mixed it with one dozen cans of condensed milk, the vanilla having a surprising kick in it and making 'em all feel like the good old days next morning.

Vernabelle says he reminds her of some untamed creature of the open, some woodsy

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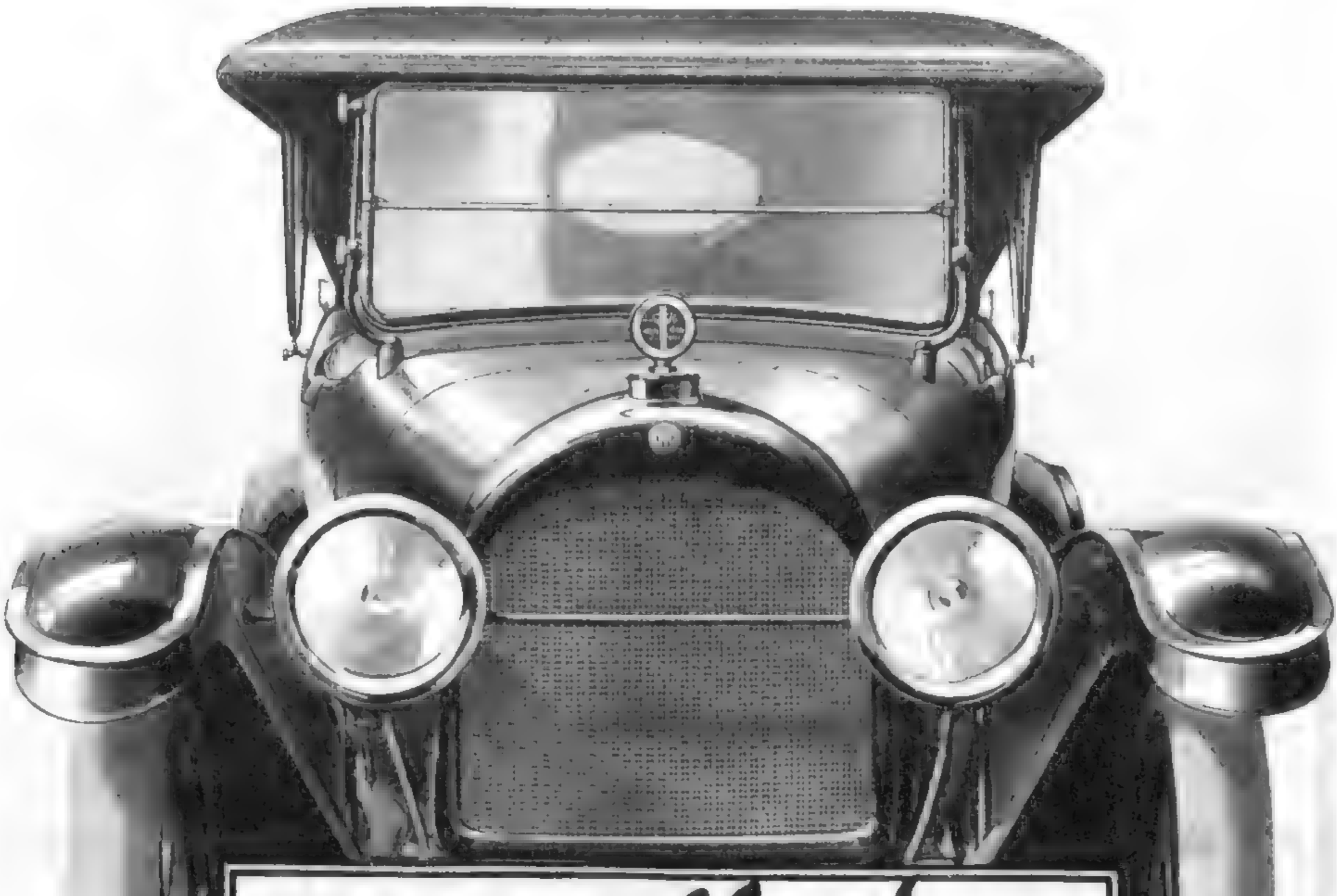

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monster of the dells, and Jeff says that's just what he feels like. He's going on to tell her some more about what he feels like, but Vernabelle is now greeting Oswald Cummings, the pagan of splendid sins, from the Elite Bootery. She tells Oswald there is a cold cruelty in the lines of his face that reminds her of the emperor Nero.

Finally about twenty choice spirits who did things was gathered for this half-lighted hour, so everybody set down on chairs and the couch and the floor, leaving a clear space for Vernabelle; and Professor Glückstein, our music teacher, puts down his meerschaum pipe and goes to the piano and plays a soft piece. The prof is a German, but not a pro-German, and plays first rate in the old-fashioned way, with his hands. Then, when all the comrades get settled and their cigarettes lighted, the prof drifted into something quite mournful and Vernabelle appeared from behind a screen without her kimono.

The early Greeks must of been strong on art jewelry. Vernabelle clanked at every step with bracelets and anklets and necklaces. She had a priceless ruby weighing half a pound fastened to the middle of her bony forehead. Her costume was spangled, but not many spangles had been needed. The early Greeks couldn't of been a dressy lot. If Vernabelle had been my daughter I could of give her what she deserved with almost no trouble. The costume, as Metta had said, not only followed the lines of the figure, so far as it went anywhere at all, but it suggested and almost revealed that Vernabelle had been badly assembled. The Bohemians kind of gasped and shivered, all except Jeff Tuttle, who applauded loudly. They seemed to feel that Vernabelle was indeed getting away from it all.

Then come this here cycle-of-dance portrayals. The first one wasn't much dance; it was mostly slow snaky motions with the arms and other things, and it was to portray a mother cobra mourning her first-born. At least that's the way I understood it. Another one was called "The Striving Soul," to which the prof played something livelier. Vernabelle went round and round, lifting her feet high. It looked to me like she was climbing a spiral staircase that wasn't there. Then she was a hunted fawn in a dark forest and was finally shot through the heart by a cruel hunter—who was probably nearsighted. And in the last one she was a Russian peasant that has got stewed on vodka at the Russian county fair. This was the best one. You couldn't see her so well when she moved quick.

Of course there was hearty applause when it was all over, and pretty soon Vernabelle come out again in her kimono. Panting like a tuckered hound she was when the comrades gathered to tell her how wonderful she had been.

"That music tears me," says Vernabelle, putting her hands to her chest to show where it tore. "That last maddening Russian bit—it leaves me like a limp lily!" So she was led to the punch bowl by Comrades Price and Tuttle, with the others pushing after and lighting cigarettes for her.

It was agreed that the evening had been a triumph for Vernabelle's art. Almost every Bohemian present, it seemed, had either been tore or maddened by that last Russian bit.

Vernabelle was soon saying that if she had one message for us it was the sacred message of beauty. Jeff Tuttle says, "You've certainly delivered it, little woman!" Vernabelle says, oh, perhaps, in her poor, weak way—she was being a limp lily against the piano then—but art is a terrible master to serve, demanding one's all. Comrade Price says what more could she give than she has to-night. And then, first thing I know, they're all talking about an intimate theater.

This was another part of Vernabelle's message. It seems intimate theaters is all the rage in New York, and the Bigler barn is just the place to have one in. Vernabelle says they will use the big part where the hay used to be and paint their own scenery and act their own plays and thus find a splendid means of self-expression the way people of the real sort are doing in large cities.

Everyone is wild about this in a minute, and says how quaint and jolly Bohemian it will be. The Bigler barn is just the place, with no horse there since Metta bought one of the best-selling cars that ever came out of Michigan, and Vernabelle says she has written a couple of stunning little one-act pieces, too powerful for the big theaters because they go right to the throbbing raw of life, and it will be an inspiration and uplift to the community, of which all present can be proud. Lon Price says he will furnish a good drop curtain free, painted with a choice nine-room villa with just a line mentioning Price's Addition to Red Gap, Big Lots, Little Payments. And he's quite hurt when Vernabelle tells him no, that they must keep entirely out of the slime of commercialism. I don't think Lon ever again felt the same toward Vernabelle—calling his business slime, that way.

However, the party broke up full of plans for the new intimate theater, leaving an empty punch bowl and a million cigarette ends.

And right here was where the Philistine opposition braided feathers in its hair and done a war dance. Members of the little group that did things spoke freely the next day of Vernabelle's art in the dance and her early Greek costume, taking a mean enjoyment in the horror they inspired among pillars of the church and the civic purity league. It is probable that in their artistic relish they endowed Vernabelle with even fewer clothes than she had wore. At any rate they left a whole lot to be inferred, and it promptly was inferred.

The opposition now said this was no job for a chamber of commerce; it had become a simple matter for the police. The civic purity league had a special meeting, at which the rind was peeled off Vernabelle's moral character, and the following Sabbath one of the ministers gave a hot sermon in which the fate of Babylon and a few other undesirable residence centers mentioned in the Bible was pointed out. He said that so-called Bohemia was the gateway to hell. He never minced his words, not once.

And the Latin Quarter come in for some more shock assaults when the talk about an intimate theater in the Bigler barn got out. The regular theater was bad enough, said the civic purity league; in fact they had started a campaign against that the month before, right after a one-night engagement of the Jolly Paris Divorcées Burlesque Company, which, I gathered, had not upheld the very highest standards of dramatic art. And if the town was going to stand for anything more intimate than this show had provided, why, it was time for drastic action if any wholesome family life was to be saved from the wreck.

Feeling ran high, I want to tell you, and a few of the younger set fell out of the ranks of good old Bohemia—or was yanked out. Luella Stultz's father, who is old-fashioned, it was said, had give Luella a good licking for smoking cigarettes, and old Jesse Himebaugh had threatened his daughter Gussie with the reform school if she didn't stop trying to get away from it all. Even Beryl Mae's aunt put her foot down. Beryl Mae met me in the post office one day and says auntie won't let her be a Bohemian any more, having threatened to take her new ukulele away from her if she goes to that Latin Quarter another single time; and poor Beryl Mae having hoped to do a Hawaiian dance in native costume for the intimate theater, where it wouldn't be misunderstood!

Things was just in this shape, with bitterness on every side and old friends not speaking, and the opposition passing the Bohemians on the street with the frown of moral disgust, and no one knowing how it would all end, when I hear that Cora Wales has a niece coming from New York to visit her—a Miss Smith. I says to myself, "My lands! Here's another Miss Smith from New York when it looks to me like the one we got is giving us a plenty of the big-league stuff." But I meet Cora Wales and learn that this one's first name is Dulcie, which again seemed to make a difference.

Cora says this Dulcie niece is one of New York's society leaders and she's sorry she invited her, because what kind of a town is it in which to introduce a pure young girl that never smoked or drank in her life and whose people belong to one of the very most exclusive churches in the city. She had hoped to give Dulcie a good time, but how can she sully herself with any of our young people that have took up Bohemianism? She being fresh from her social triumphs in New York, where her folks live in one of the very most fashionable apartment houses on Columbus Avenue, right in the center of things and next to the elevated railway, will be horrified at coming to a town where society seems to be mostly a little group of people who do things they hadn't ought to.

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

Dulcie is a dear girl and very refined, everything she wears being hand-embroidered, and it would of been a good chance for Red Gap to get acquainted with a young society girl of the right sort, but with this scandal tearing up the town it looks like the visit will be a failure for all parties.

I tell Cora on the contrary it looks like a good chance to recall the town to its better self. If this here Dulcie is all that is claimed for her she can very probably demolish the Latin Quarter and have us all leading correct society lives in no time, because the public is fickle and ever ready for new stuff, and as a matter of fact I suspect the Latin Quarter is in a bad way because of everything in town of an illegal character having been drunk up by the comrades. Me? I was trying to get some new life into the fight, understand, being afraid it would die natural and leave us to a dull winter.

Cora's eyes lighted up with a great hope and she beat it off to the Recorder office to have a piece put in the paper about Dulcie's coming. It was a grand piece, what with Cora giving the points and Edgar Tomlinson writing it. It said one of Gotham's fair daughters would winter in our midst, and how she was a prominent society leader and an ornament of the fast hunting set, noted for her wit and beauty and dazzling costumes, and how a series of brilliant affairs was being planned in her honor by her hostess and aunt, Mrs. Leonard Wales, Red Gap's prominent society matron and representative of all that was best in our community, who would entertain extensively at her new and attractive home in Price's Addition. And so forth.

I'm bound to say it created a flurry of interest among the younger dancing set, and more than one begun to consider whether they would remain loyal to Bohemia or plunge back into society once more, where stockings are commonly wore, and smoking if done at all is hurriedly sneaked through out on the porch or up in the bathroom.

From Cora's description I was all prepared to find Dulcie a tall, stately creature of twenty-eight, kind of blasé and haggurd from her wearing social duties in New York. But not so. Not so at all. Cora had invitations out for a tea the day after Dulcie come; invitations, that is, to the non-Bohemians and such as had reformed or give good signs of it. I don't know which head I got in under. And this Dulcie niece was nothing but a short, fat, blond kid of seventeen or eighteen that had never led any society whatever. You could tell that right quick.

She was rapidly eating cream-cheese sandwiches when I was presented to her. I knew in one look that society had never bothered Dulcie any. Victuals was her curse. In the cattle business it ain't riding disrespectful horses that gets you the big money; it's being able to guess weights. And if Dulcie pulled a pound less than one hundred and eighty then all my years of training has gone for naught. She was certainly big-framed stock and going into the winter strong. Between bites of sandwich, with a marshmallow now and then, she was saying that she was simply crazy about the war, having the dandiest young French soldier for a godson and sending him packages of food and cigarettes constantly, and all the girls of her set had one, and wasn't it the darlingest idea.

And her soldier was only twenty-two, though his beard made him look more mature, and he wrote such dandy letters, but she didn't suppose there would ever be anything between them because papa was too busy with his coal yard to take her over there.

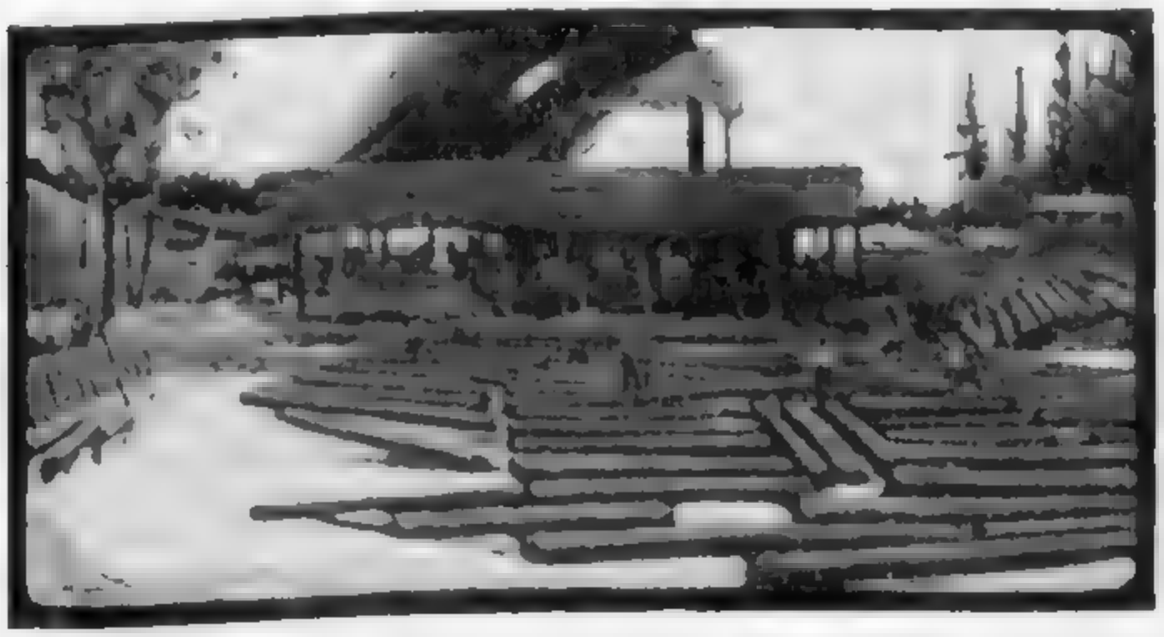
As the girl chattered on it didn't seem to me that our Latin Quarter was in the slightest danger from her. Still, some of the girls that was there seemed quite impressed or buffaloed by her manner. One idea she give out now was new in Red Gap. She had all her rings named after meals. She had a breakfast ring and a dinner ring and a supper ring and a banquet ring, and Daisy Estelle Maybury admired the necklace she had on, and Dulcie said that was a mere traveling necklace; and how did they like this cute little restaurant frock she was wearing? A little dressmaker over on Amsterdam Avenue had turned it out. All the parties she dealt with, apparently, was little. She had a little dressmaker and a little hair woman and a little manicure and a little florist, and so forth. She'd et five cream-cheese sandwiches by this time, in spite of its being quite painful for her to pick up a dropped napkin. Dulcie didn't fold over good. You could tell here was a girl that had never tried to get away from it all. She wanted to be right where it was.

Pretty soon one of the girls said something about the Bohemians of the Latin Quarter, probably aiming to show this New York chatterbox that Red Gap wasn't so far west as it looked. But Dulcie gave 'em the laugh. She said oh dear, New York society had simply quit taking up Bohemians, it not being considered smart any longer, and did we really take them up here? The girls backed up at this. And Dulcie went on being superior. She said of course society people now and then made up a party and went down to Washington Square to look them over, but as for taking them up, oh dear, no! It was more like a slumming party. One could stare at them, but one simply didn't know them.

And perhaps, if she could get Aunt Cora to chaperon them, they might make up one of these slumming parties some evening and go down to Red Gap's Latin Quarter; it might be amusing. Cora Wales glistened at this. She said she guessed people could now see how such goings-on were regarded by society in the true sense of the word. And it did give the girls a chill, calling the Bigler home a slum. But I still didn't see any stuff in Dulcie to vanquish Vernabelle.

And I didn't see it a minute later when Dulcie wolfed her tenth marshmallow and broke out about winter sports. She first said what perfectly darling snow we had here. This caused some astonishment, no one present having ever regarded snow as darling but merely as something to shovel or wade through. So Dulcie pronged off a piece of sticky chocolate cake and talked on. She said that everyone in New York was outdooring, and why didn't we outdoor. It was a shame if we didn't go in for it, with all this perfectly dandy snow. New York people had to go out of town for their winter sports, owing to the snow not being good for sport after it fell there; but here it was right at hand, and did we mean to say we hadn't organized a winter-sports club.

No one spoke, for no one could guess what you did to outdoor properly. About all they could think of was hustling out after another chunk for the fireplace or bringing a scuttle of coal up from the cellar. But they soon got the idea. Dulcie said right from this window she could see a corking hill for a toboggan slide, and it would be perfectly darling to be out there with plenty of hot coffee and sandwiches; and there must be some peachy trips for snowshoe parties with sandwiches and coffee



THE GENERAL TIRE

Your speedometer will tell you that The General Tire does not need its guarantee.

You won't have to wait 'til the tire has traveled the full 5,000 guaranteed miles to be assured that it stands up. And you won't stop with the 5,000 miles — the tire and the speedometer will both have traveled far beyond that mark before you'll say goodbye to your faithful servant.

You will find it a pleasant and satisfactory pastime to look over your General Tires, say every 500 miles they've traveled.

The first 500, 1,000, 1,500 miles—hardly a sign of wear. The tread of the General Tire is tough—it is exceptionally resistant to cuts, scratches and punctures.

And the next 500 and 1,000 miles—Generals still standing up and almost as good as new—not a sign of weakening in tread or fabric. The tread of the General is so pliant that it takes the shock of road impact off the fabric structure and the unit cure method so perfectly welds together all the parts — fabric, tread, cushion, rubber, etc. — that there is no separation in the tire. *All* stand up, and stand up together.

And now into the home stretch — every 500 miles up to the 5,000 mark. And still you have a good tire with a lot more miles in it. Why! the nonskid design even wasn't worn off until it had gone more than 4,000 miles —tough tread. The high-grade, extra thick cushion rubber helped prolong The General's life by holding together the layers of Sea Island fabric and preventing separation of plies—absorbing the shock.

Now for the final run. Your use or abuse of The General will determine the distance beyond 5,000 miles. We can say this, though—that many owners have gotten 7,000, 8,000 and even 10,000 miles from their General Tires. What they do you should be able to do — the tires are exactly the same. So it's up to you.

And now finally — in watching your Generals and your speedometer no *worry* has been mixed in. The longer you ride on Generals the easier your mind becomes about your tires — they tell you in everything but words that they are dependable.

The General Tire stands up—there is the whole secret of its marvelous success—unvarying quality, invariably delivered.

Built in Akron by
THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Dept. E, Akron, Ohio.

America's largest manufacturers of tire accessories distributed through the jobbing trade

When Shadows Fall Westward

That is, in the morning—let a dish of some Puffed Grain greet your folks at breakfast.

If you serve berries, mix the puffed grains with them. Or serve like any cereal. There is no other way even half so delightful for serving Rice, Wheat or Corn.

These are bubble grains, puffed by steam explosion to eight times former size. They are thin and flimsy, crisp and toasted, and they have a nut-like flavor.

They seem like breakfast confections. Yet they are grain foods—two of them whole grains. Every food cell has been blasted so they easily digest.

These are the ideal foods, the desired foods. Start every summer day with one of them.

Three Bubble Grains

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

Each 15c.—Except in Far West

When Shadows Fall Eastward

At supper-time or children's bedtime, serve some Puffed Grain in a bowl of milk.

Here are airy, toasted morsels, vastly better than the best of bread or crackers.

In Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat you get the whole grains. In Corn Puffs you get hominy puffed. In all you get scientific foods, made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is broken so that every atom feeds.

Then scatter these flaky, flavory grains on your dishes of ice cream. Use them in your soups. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.

Puffed Grains are all-day foods in homes where children get what they like best.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

(1926)

at the end; or skating in the moonlight with a big bonfire and coffee and sandwiches.

She suggested other things with coffee and sandwiches and finally got up some real enthusiasm when she said she had brought some of the dearest sport toggery with her. The girls was excited enough when they found out you had to dress especial for it. They was willing to listen to anything like that if New York society was really mad about it, even if it conflicted with lifelong habits—no one in Red Gap but small boys having ever slid downhill.

And still I didn't suspect Dulcie was going to ground-sluice Vernabelle. It looked like the Latin Quarter would still have the best of it, at least during a cold winter. Which goes to show that you can't tell what society will go mad about, even in Red Gap, when you can dress for it.

The girls had got a line on Dulcie and was properly impressed by her, and then with an evening affair at the Wales home the dancing men had their chance. Even some of the Bohemians was let to come, just to have 'em see that there was indeed a better life; and reports of Dulcie was such that all took advantage of it. The male sex was strong for the girl at once. She didn't know that life is anything but selective, or that all the arts round out one's appreciation of the beautiful, or that anything was "by way of being" something. But all the food she took didn't make her torpid; she giggled easily and had eyes like hothouse grapes, and in spite of her fat there was something about her, like Cousin Egbert said of Vernabelle. Anyway she prevailed. Oswald Cummings, the pagan, for one, quickly side-stepped his destiny of splendid sins, and Hugo Jennings told Dulcie he had merely gone to this Latin Quarter as he would go to an animal show, never having meant for one moment to take Bohemians up, any more than New York society would.

First thing I hear, the winter-sports club has been organized, snowshoes sent for and a couple of toboggans, and a toboggan slide half a mile long made out in Price's Addition, starting at the top of the highest hill, where Lon's big board sign with the painted bungalow made a fine windshield, and running across some very choice building lots to the foot of the grade, where it stopped on the proposed site of the Carnegie Library. Lon was very keen about the sport himself after meeting Dulcie, and let a fire be built near his sign that burned it down one night, but he said it was all good advertising, more than he'd ever got out of being a Bohemian.

Of course there was a great deal of fuss about the proper sport toggery, but everyone got rigged out by the time the toboggans got there. Dulcie was a great help in this and was downtown every day advising one or another about the proper sweaters or blanket coats or peaked caps with tassels, or these here big-eyed boots. You'd meet her in a store with Stella Ballard, eating from a sack of potato chips; and half an hour later she'd be in another store with Daisy Estelle Maybury, munching from a box of ginger wafers; with always a final stop at the Bon Ton Kandy Kitchen for a sack of something to keep life in her on the way home. There really got to be so much excitement about winter sports that you hardly heard any more talk about the Latin Quarter. People got to speaking to each other again.

By the opening day of the sports club you wouldn't of thought anyone in town had ever tried to get away from it all. Even them that thought it crazy came and stood round and said so. Cousin Egbert Floud said this Dulcie was some sparrow, but nutty—going out in the cold that way when nothing drove her out. Dulcie made a great hit with the club this first day, having the correct Canadian toggery and being entirely fearless in the presence of a toboggan. She'd zip to the bottom, come tramping back, shooting on all six, grab a sandwich—for not a morsel of food had passed her lips since she went down the time before—and do it all over again. And every last ex-Bohemian, even Edgar Tomlinson, fighting for the chance to save her from death by starvation! Dulcie played no favorites, being entranced with 'em all. She said they was the dearest gentleman friends she'd ever had. The way they was fighting for her favors she could of called 'em her gentleman frenzy. Ain't I the heinous old madcap, thinking of jokes like that?

Next day there was a snowshoe trip up to Stender's spring and back by way of the tie camp. Dulcie hadn't ever snowshoed and it wasn't any light matter when her shoes threw her down—requiring about three of the huskiest boys to up-end her—but she was game and the boys was game and she was soon teaching snowshoes how to take a joke. And from that on winter sports ruled in Red Gap. The chamber of commerce even talked of building an ice palace next year and having a carnival and getting the town's name in the papers. Oh, there certainly must of been a surprised lot of snow round there that winter. Nothing like this had ever happened to it before.

And all being done on nothing stronger than coffee, with hardly a cigarette and never anything that was by way of being a punk stick in a closed room. It was certainly a lot healthier than a Latin Quarter for these young people, and for the old ones, too. Dulcie had sure put one large crimp into Bohemia, even if she could not be justly called an intellectual giantess.

And Vernabelle knew who to blame, too, when the little group quit coming round to get away from it all. She knew it was Dulcie. She said that Dulcie seemed to be a pampered society butterfly that devoted all her thoughts to dress. This was repeated to Dulcie by an ex-Bohemian, but she found no poison in it. She said of course she devoted all her thoughts to dress; that a young girl with her figure had to if she ever expected to get anywhere in the world.

Even ex-comrade Lon Price would now shut his office at four o'clock every day and go up on the hill and outdoor a bit, instead of getting away from it all in a smoky Bohemian way. Besides, he'd had a difference of opinion with Vernabelle about the poster she was doing for him, the same being more like an advertisement for some good bath soap, he said, than for choice villa sites.

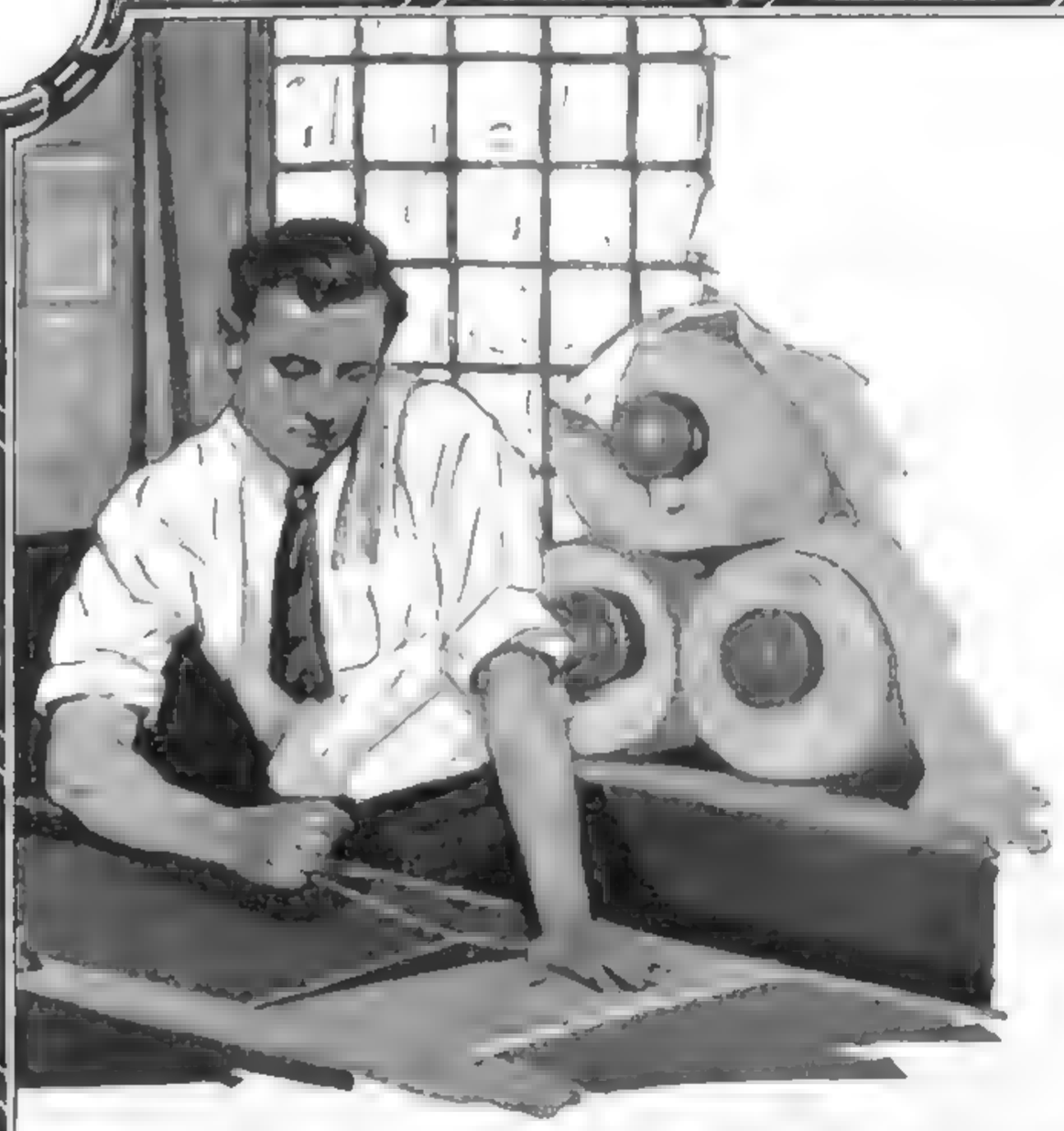
"I don't know anything about art," says Lon, "but I know what my wife likes." Which left Vernabelle with another design on her hands and brought Comrade Price out of Bohemia.

Even if Dulcie's winter sports hadn't done the trick I guess it would of been done easy by her report that Bohemians was no longer thought to be smart in New York, Red Gap being keenly sensitive in such matters. Metta Bigler's mother firmly turned out the half-light in Bohemia when she heard of this talk of Dulcie's. I don't blame her. She didn't one bit relish having her neat home referred to as a slum, say nothing of having her only child using a lip stick and acting like an abandoned woman with cigarettes and the wine cup.

She said just that to me, Metta's mother did. She said she had heard that New York was all broken up into social sets, the same way Red Gap is, and if Bohemians wasn't being took up by the better element in New York, then they shouldn't be took up by the better element of Red Gap—at least not in any home of which the deed was still in her name. She said of course she couldn't keep Metta's guest from being a Bohemian, but she would have to be it alone. She wasn't going to have a whole mob coming round every day and being Bohemians all over the place, it being not only messy but repugnant alike to sound morality and Christian enlightenment. And that settled it. Our town was safe for one more winter. Of course God only knows what someone may start next winter. We are far off from things, but by no means safe.

Cousin Egbert was kind of sorry for Vernabelle. He said if she'd just stuck to plain glass blowing she might of got by with it. He's a wonder, that man—as teachable as a granite bowlder.

My Godfrey! Ten-thirty, and me having to start the spring sport of ditch cleaning to-morrow morning at seven! Won't I ever learn!



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Extra Tested
To Wear Better - To Last Longer

HERE in Racine Rubber Company factories, ***extra*** merit has always been our big objective. Our watchword has been quality, ever—quantity, never. And, "Extra Tested" is the keynote of our steady, yearly-greater success. Our tires are now among the first in popular demand.

The Extra Test for Carcass Smoothness is only one of many ***extra*** manufacturing precautions which we take—only one example of that ***extra*** care which gives you ***extra*** wear in

RACINE Country Road *and* Multi-Mile Cord TIRES

These tires are watchfully Extra Tested through each stage in their construction. Each of the Extra Tests adds ***extra*** merit. Each adds ***extra*** life. Each adds ***extra*** wear. The Extra Test for Carcass Smoothness, for example, gives these tires that quality of internal perfection so necessary to maximum life and maximum wear.

Extra Value Without Extra Cost

You pay no more for Racine Country Road and Multi-Mile Cord tires than for other standard makes. Our *extra* manufacturing precautions are costly only to us—not to you.

Racine Country Road Tires—5000 mile guarantee—scientifically designed and Extra Tested to serve best on country roadways.

Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires—Extra Tested cord tire quality, unmatched in service and endurance.

Also red and gray tubes Extra Tested.

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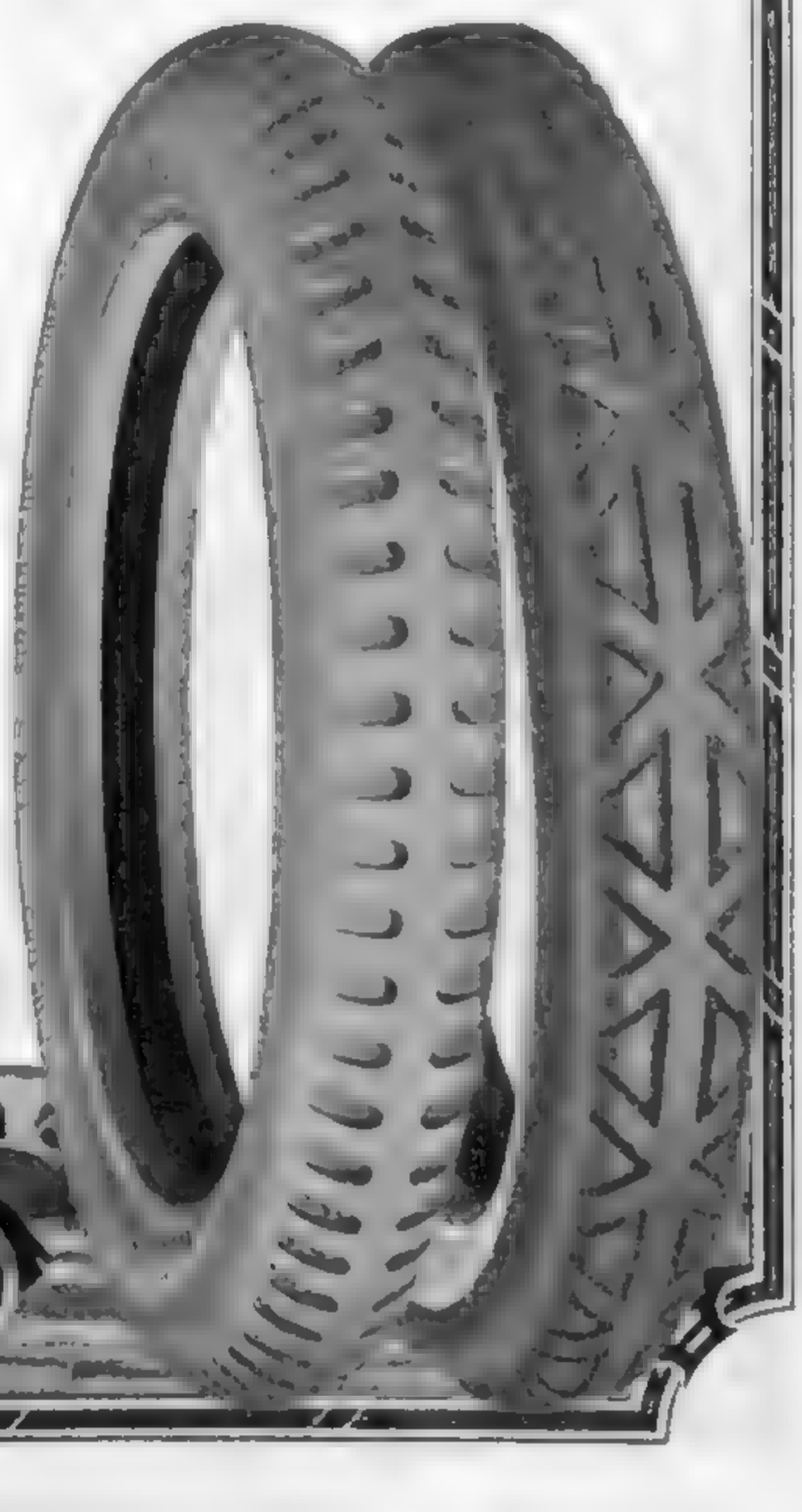
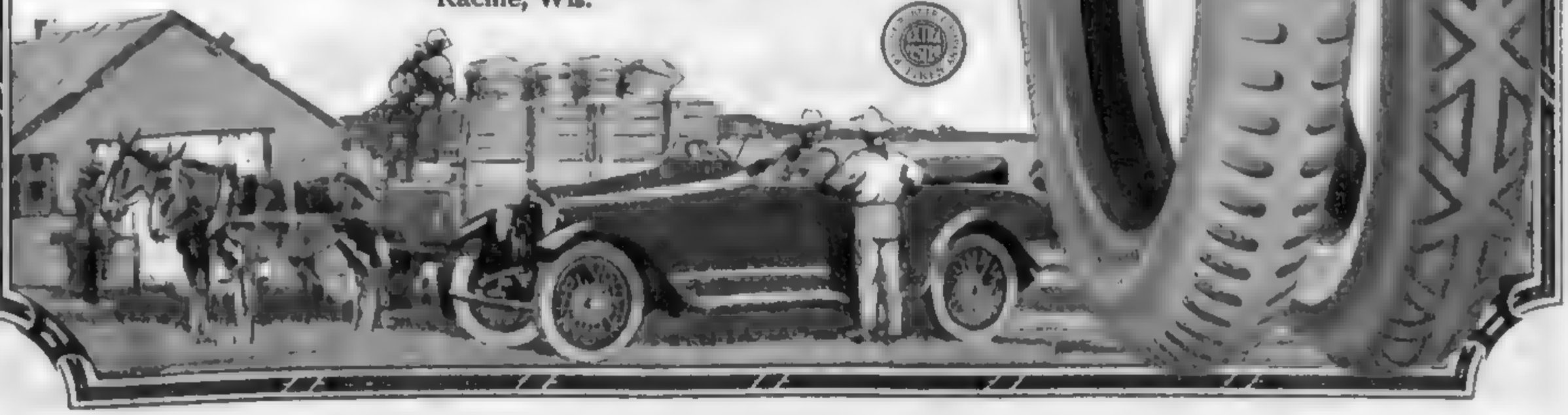
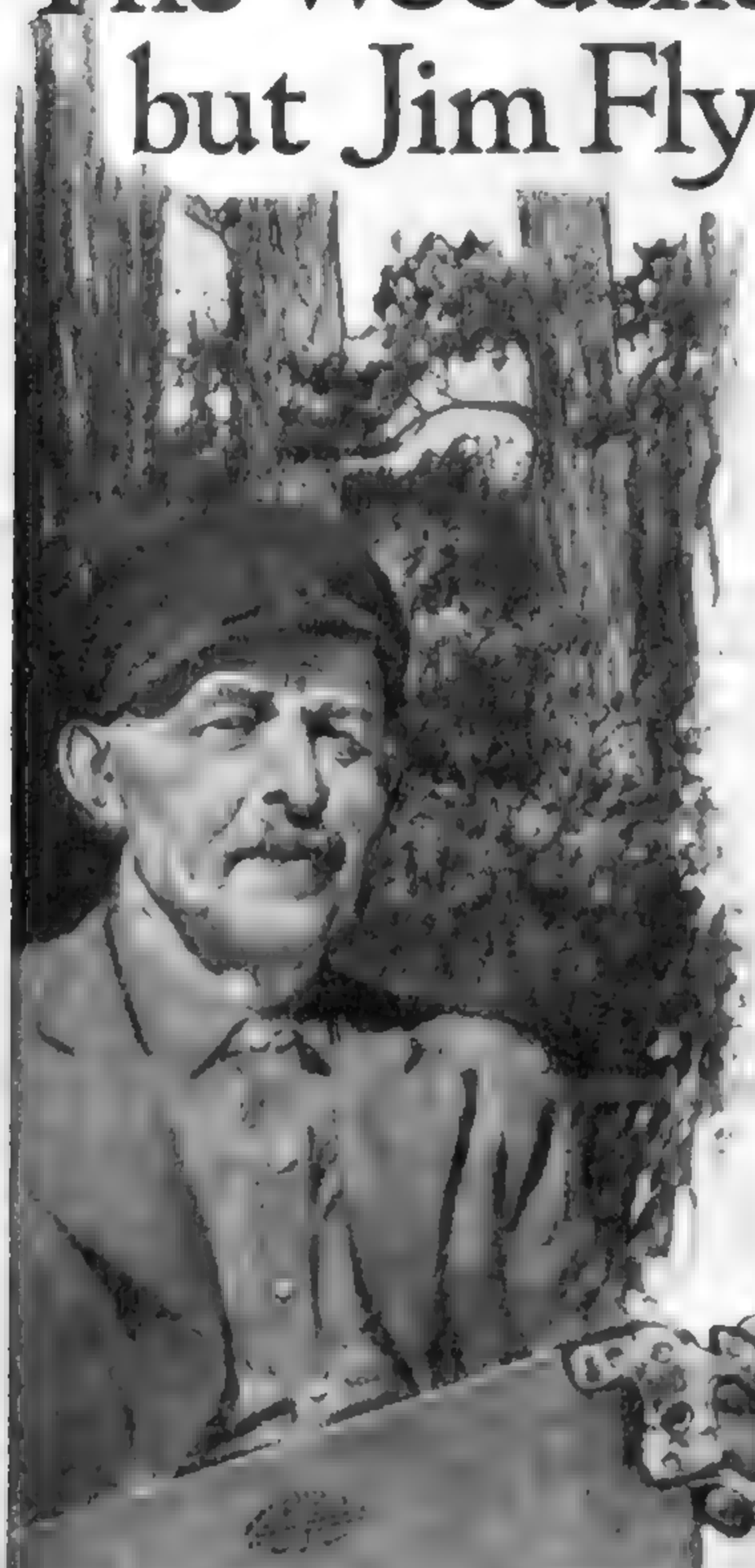




The Woodchucks nibble the Handle but Jim Flynn loves the Blade



THIS is Jim Flynn with his favorite saw. He bought it fifteen years ago, and has used it ever since. It is a Disston saw. He reports that it has given him wonderful service. And this veteran woodman knows saws.

Jim Flynn is the forest ranger in charge of the section of the St. Lawrence Forest Reservation around Owl's Head and Long Lake, New York.

Forest Rangers often have to fight fires with saws. They must fell trees to head off the forest fires that annually devour $25,000,000 worth of timber. And Jim Flynn's other saw, a Disston Crosscut, has delivered valiant service to check many such fires.

The woodchucks that live in the neighborhood of Jim Flynn's cabin have feasted on the finely-seasoned apple-wood handle of Jim's hand saw. But the blade is as good as new.

The blade of well-tempered Disston Crucible steel, eats into wood with that smooth cutting ease that every woodman loves.

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Go to any progressive hardware dealer's in your vicinity, and saw through a board with a Disston saw. Notice its "hang." Observe how perfectly its handle fits your hand. Observe how its slender, rigid, tempered blade cuts with a minimum of friction.

Observe how the blade tapers in thickness and is left heavier at the handle, where it has to bear the brunt of the drive.

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DISSTON

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

THE BOYS OF '76 IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 21)

to the Front. They were bound for the work of repairing the front-line trenches and the blown-up dugouts. "A shell blew up my dugout just after I got out," one boy had told me. "Our cook shed was smashed just as we got through with rations," supplemented a man of another company. They had been laden like pack mules, with picks and shovels and blankets and boots and rations and gas masks—even the mules and horses here are not permitted to go about without gas masks—and wearing the steel helmets that bring the perspiration when marching but do not protect the head from the cold. Laden as they were, these boys had cheerfully volunteered to add the greater part of my load of chocolate and cigarettes and chewing gum; for even a correspondent feels that he must bear some trifling service to these splendid fighting men in the line. This spirit of camaraderie and helpfulness on the part of the troops is almost religious in its character. Not for an instant, though, would they seem tender; in the battle line the deeper feelings are cloaked beneath jest and cuss words. As our trucks started for the Front, laden with men who knew from experience what awaited them, an East Boston voice cried "All aboard for hell!" Which evoked the desired grin.

Going Into the Trenches

These journeys to the front line from the regimental rear are things of wonder and impressiveness, yet as far removed from military pomp and display as may be imagined. The road itself—for part of the time the men are in the open—is torn up by shells; that is why the men march in small squads, so that no shell may catch too large a group. Wagon and motor trains must travel a hundred yards apart, and only in the dark. A Y. M. C. A. truck followed too closely after a load of ammunition, during the fighting, and was warned to keep its distance; five minutes later a shell hit the four mules of the ammunition cart, but missed the cart itself, else two Y. M. C. A. volunteers would not have had this incident to tell about.

So extravagant is the boche with ammunition that he will snipe individuals with shells from his seventy-fives. Because the German system of microphones is highly efficient it is important that all road traffic be as quiet as possible, since the camouflage that screens one from his sight does not conceal one's movement from his ears. There is something almost ghostly about these night movements on the roads in the battle zones. No light shows anywhere, and yet speed is important; so the wonder is that collisions are not frequent.

Men marching to the trenches are the most moving sight of all. One soon gets used to the continuous sound of the big guns, and scarcely remarks the shells that may be falling near him. Interest in the flare of night firing and the "rocket's red glare" and the pursuit of an aëroplane by shrapnel becomes merely a jaded survival of the lure of the fireworks of boyhood.

But these silent squads of trudging men have an appeal all their own. More unromantic figures could hardly be pictured. The round steel helmets are entirely unpicturesque. Each man wears a long, mud-covered coat. On his back is a heap of things, including his boots and blanket and emergency rations, intrenching tool and ammunition supply. Pendent from his body hang his gas mask and his rifle and canteen and any other tools of his trade or personal possessions that he or his officers may think necessary. The weight approximates seventy-five pounds. Only strong trained men could carry it over these miles; yet it must get to the Front, and the man must be fit for grueling fighting after he arrives.

Two by two, these men who merge so easily into the mist go forward. There is almost no talk; breath is needed for something else. The packs are carried without betraying rattle, and the only sound is the whisking and swishing of legs against clothes and of man against man. Shoulders are bent to the load, and the whole march resolves itself into a mechanical slog, slog, slogging through the mud. If there were panic in the hearts of the men these times would bring it out, though they soon grow too weary even to think.

This is a million miles removed from a parade down Tremont Street, and from the "death or glory" spirit, and from the glamour and huzzas of war as popularly conceived. Yet it, too, is carried on with a quiet doggedness and efficiency that are no less noble than the front-line actions. If I were an artist required to paint a picture of war I think it would be of these hundreds of night-marching squads of soldiers whom I have met mysteriously appearing out of the night mists of France and returning thither almost immediately.

Only the stranger notices the accessories of this behind-the-battle-line life—the great heaps of ammunition, technically called "dumps," and the ingenious manner in which they are camouflaged from the prying eyes of the air. In yonder field are two amplifiers for detecting the approach of aeroplanes at a height beyond the range of the naked eye or the unaided ear. Look sharply and you will see hidden batteries which pour forth death to a distant and invisible foe. Antiaircraft guns and huge searchlights flaunt themselves jauntily in the open. By the roadside are the homes of soldiers who have burrowed in like rabbits; and occasionally these will be tenantless because they have been ruined by direct hits from enemy artillery. Shell craters are too common for remark, only the newness of the torn-up earth serving to impart information. During this battle I have repeatedly ridden along a certain stretch of road that is under the German guns, without its having received more than an occasional hit. On both sides the earth is pock-marked with hundreds of fresh craters, as if some methodical gardener had been digging wide pits for an orchard; yet the road itself, the objective of the firing, has been missed. Occasionally an adjacent ammunition dump has been caught; and in one case an ambulance was near by and met a devastating fate.

A Yankee Learning Cuss Words

Some arms of the service may not regard the dangers of the open road or seek the cover of the night. The motorcycle messengers, for instance, must trust to speed or fortune, regardless of barrages. "I just beat it so fast that they couldn't hit me," was the naïve description of one motorcyclist's ride through a bombarded stretch of road called "dead man's curve." In the trenches these messengers, or runners, who keep the P. C. in touch with the action, especially when, as is often the case, the shelling has destroyed the telephone wires, are called upon to do duty rivaling that of the bearer of news from Marathon. The outermost American line during the present action is more than a mile from the dugout of the battalion commander. Three times the runners who bore tidings from the trenches fell exhausted at the door of the major's hut, utterly spent and speechless after their Herculean efforts.

That P. C. dugout was a lively spot. Instead of a phonograph to make music it had the tumult of the exploding shells with which the Germans tried to smash this nerve center of the action. Constant messages from the companies and platoons in action had to be received and coördinated and their significance interpreted and appropriate orders sent forward. Then there was the field telephone, by which information and requests for supplies went down to the regimental base. Through this dugout the army and the world kept in touch with the fight. For four days and four nights the major had stood at this post, alternating between a rough board shelf on which maps were outspread, and the telephone. After three days of it I entered the hut with a higher official of the regiment.

War strips action of formality. This major at the post was a typical Yankee, who is perhaps a church deacon at home and reads Emerson. But here he had lost his richness and nicety of vocabulary and said, in the voice of a tired man working automatically, finger on map, "Here at the left the Germans shelled hell out of our trenches. These front trenches were smashed to hell. Over here their artillery gave us hell. Our men fought like hell. Say, that man C—— is great. When I gave him a hard order he looked me in the eye as if he was going to tell me to go to hell—and then he went and did it. Our men are all in—but their spirit is wonderful, wonderful!"

Then the weary bloodshot eyes lighted up and the unshaven face took on a glow

"I knew if I went away for a few days you'd find out a few things about that old stove!"

If men had to do the cooking—

They would throw out almost 37 per cent. of the cook-stoves in use today.

Why? Because investigations show that nearly 37 per cent. of them are not even worth repairing, they are *so wasteful.*

Why not investigate the range in your own kitchen?

Find out how much costly coal it is burning, how much it is *wasting.*

And expensive food? How much of that it is spoiling?

And how much of your wife's precious nervous energy it is consuming every day?

You'd consider all these things if you were running a business proposition such as a restaurant.

Why not put your home on the same basis?

Equip it with the finest range that money can buy; either a range that will burn gas or oil sparingly, or one that will burn costly coal savingly instead of wastefully.

When it comes to a showdown men favor high-class equipment because they know the most efficient is the most economical. That is why Acorn Ranges are going into so many thousands of homes today, in spite of the fact that they cost a little more than ordinary ranges.

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Made for 88 yrs. —RANGES— *Always Improving*

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Wear out the gold—if you can! Should you step on these loose links and crush them or break them in any way—it doesn't matter how—here's a sentence that covers that and every possible contingency:

"..... if *unsatisfactory* from *any* cause at *any* time, any dealer anywhere, or we, will replace them free."

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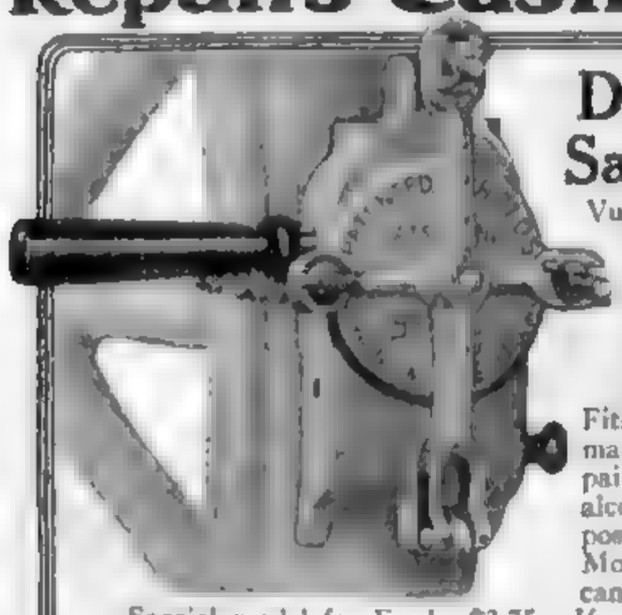

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C. A. Shaler Company, 1405 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wis.

of animation and he continued: "If anybody ever went through hell we have. But the men still have their tails up. They can't stand more than another twenty-four hours of it, because, as the saying is, 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' The spirit is fine, fine, simply fine! You never saw anything better. For three days and nights the men have been in action under fire, on iron rations. But they haven't given one inch. The front trench has been knocked to hell—it is hardly a ditch knee high." The recurrence of the word "hell" merely revealed the image that was clearest in the major's mind; he could not express himself adequately otherwise.

There was talk of the wounded and the dead; and when the name of a beloved fallen lieutenant was mentioned the superior's head fell. Small comfort in such a moment that the Americans had slain three or four Germans for every fellow comrade. Names were given of officers and men who had done brilliantly, and then the talk went on, in quick disjointed sentences, to supplies and reënforcements, with interruptions from the telephone and from the arrival of an observer from general headquarters, who was an encumbrance, straining all the hospitality of this man of action. Twice French officers appeared with congratulations upon the gallantry of the Americans, and thanking the major for succor twice sent.

Seeing a battle from the Front is scarcely more interesting than watching the officers at the base handle their end of it; and I sat through an afternoon and the greater part of a night with the regimental staff while the fight was raging a few miles away. Modern war is a thing of telephones and typewriters, automobiles and bookkeeping. Though science can never replace personal valor, it can supplement it. Into the hands of the fighters must be kept pouring a stream of supplies of all sorts; for explosives are handled in terms of hundreds of thousands.

Happy Boche Prisoners

In a bare office sat this group of Yankee officers, some of them fresh from schoolteachers' desks. They were not excited or overwrought; each had his part to play in answer to the calls from over the wire. Informal, using few words, careful of speech, quick in action, they were typical New Englanders. With the efficiency of their race and the insistence of war they had reached out to get what was needed. One could not guarantee the inviolability of any automobile that ventured into these precincts during the height of the activity. Fifteen big motor trucks were requisitioned, as well as medical supplies, from reluctant coördinate departments; and I saw the transport officer of a neighboring regiment made willing captive for service.

All the place names used over the telephone were in code, and no titles were employed at all; for the Germans have been heard repeating the American messages to their own headquarters. There is a quiet testing of all points, as a trainman goes over the car wheels with a hammer, so that there may be no shortage or defect anywhere.

The nearest to a lack was in the case of pyrotechnics. "Are you fighting this battle with fireworks?" cried the commander in wonderment as a third consignment was called for by P. C. Signals for barrages are sent up by means of rockets, and the ground of No Man's Land is lighted by flares. In this case a fireworks dump had been exploded by a German shell. Turning to his aids the lieutenant colonel added, "No matter how many have been sent up, the Front calls for more, and we must get them." And get them they did, just as they got everything else for the Front that was within the province of the regiment.

Something like excitement pervaded headquarters when a motor cyclist appeared announcing that two truckloads of German prisoners were on the way, with more behind. The news quickly spread throughout the village and among the soldiers.

"There was one fresh guy, and I wanted to bring him along with me, but they wouldn't let me," volunteered the grinning motorist.

The effect of the appearance of those two truckloads of captives upon the crowd was striking. Curiosity dominated. One passionate American, who for the first time had looked upon the bodies of slain comrades, cursed and wanted to get at the boche. An American of foreign birth did hit a prisoner, once—and was promptly put under arrest. A French farmer grew hysterical and tried to fell a German with his hoe, but was restrained. Generally there was a remarkable acceptance of the new status by both sides. The Prussians were smiling and interested.

With reason were the Germans themselves well pleased. The war is over for them. As one remarked, finding that the Yankees did not treat them savagely as they had been told to expect when driven from their trenches into action, "There are three thousand Germans back of the line who would come over if they knew they would be all right." Again, the sergeant major among the captives, when told that in addition to the American Army now in France there are millions more on the way, responded heartily "Good! Then the war will be over the sooner. We are all sick of it!"

A Plucky Capture

One batch of these prizes of war, numbering nineteen, had been taken in motion-picture fashion by a machine-gun. The lieutenant, a scholarly quiet young man, whom one would pick out as a commentator on life rather than as a doer of deeds, learned that a front trench was occupied by Germans. He decided to attempt their capture, and called for volunteers. All who heard him volunteered at once. He chose seven men, posting five in a reserve trench and one at each end of the trench held by the foe, whose numbers were unknown. Then he himself, automatic pistol in hand, crept up the sap to the Germans. Poking out his head and his automatic he cried "Hands up, Fritz!" Nineteen pairs of hands shot up, and the captives filed past the lieutenant to the rear. Thus the nineteen were really secured by three Americans.

Sometimes the Germans had a cruel advantage. There was a boche aëroplane which kept flying down very low over the American trenches, strafing our men with a machine gun. It was difficult for the sharpshooters to keep it off.

A few miles in the rear, however, two young American aviators, Lieut. Douglass Campbell, of California, and Lieut. Alan S. Winslow, of Chicago, were doing brilliant work. When the alarm of approaching Gothas was sounded they quickly rose and brought down both invaders, one machine being set afire, so that there was little more than the engine left of it. Its pilot was badly burned, but still lives. The other German was practically unhurt; and his first words, upon stepping out of the wreck, were "*Ca finit la guerre pour moi*"

All this befell on a pleasant Sunday morning, and the messages of the microphone operator tell the tale succinctly:

"8 30 Hear suspicious motors."

"8.40. See two enemy planes moving west."

"8:45: They are menacing the city."

"8:46: Beware! They are over your field."

"8:55: Congratulations!"

The story of this American battle is a hero tale all the way through. There was Father Duval, the Knights of Columbus volunteer chaplain, who spent a long time with the men in the front line. I heard the surgeon growling about it, because the priest was "all in," yet would not come back. When the soldiers remonstrated with him about recklessly exposing himself

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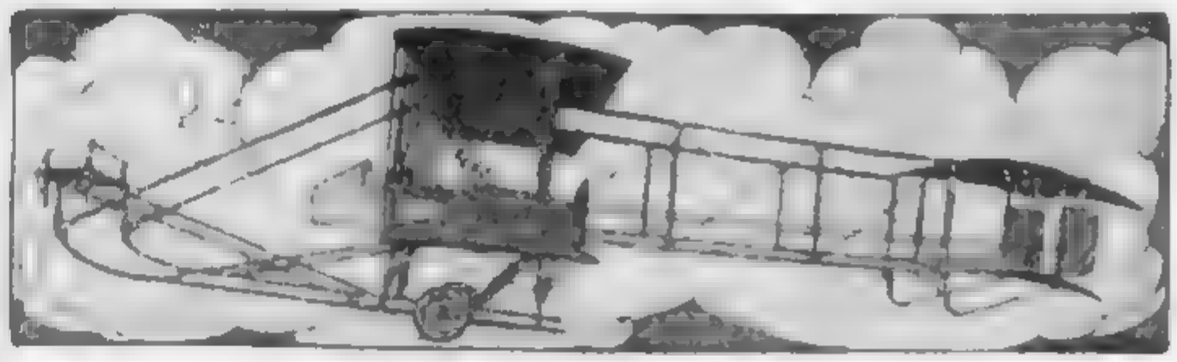

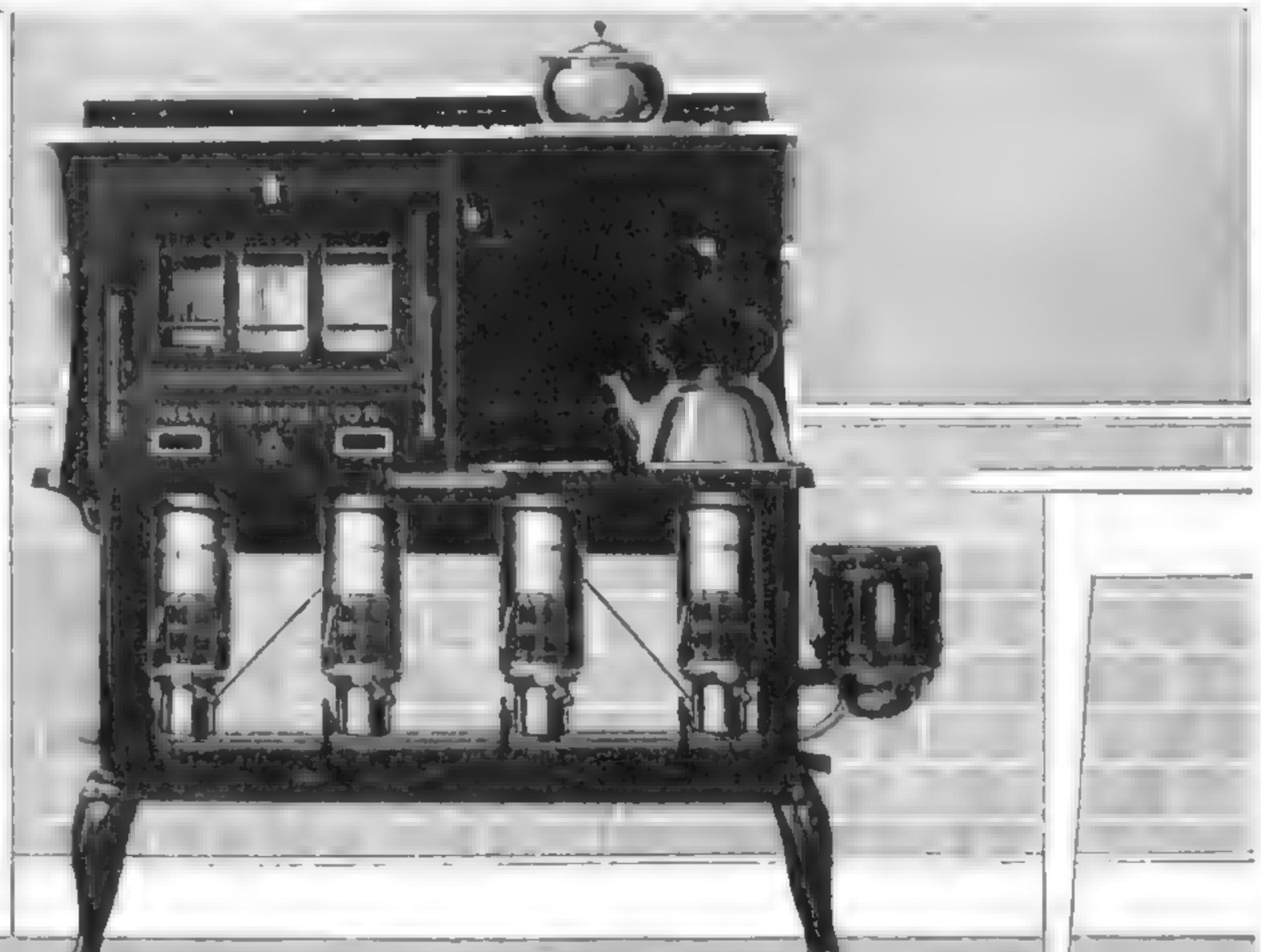

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES

At the End of a New Perfection Day

SUPPER'S over, and it was delicious—dishes are done—father's doing his daily bit in the war garden, while mother knits and enjoys that last quiet hour of daylight. What a difference the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove does make!

You, too, can banish kitchen drudgery with a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove. It gives you more daylight hours *out* of the kitchen. Light it when you're ready—turn it out when you're done. Not a bit of fuel, or a minute's time, is wasted. And it keeps the kitchen comfortable in scorching weather.

Three million homes use New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves, and the Long Blue Chimney Burner is the reason why. It lights and heats instantly—turns every drop of oil into clean intense heat. The flame stays where set—no smoke or disagreeable odor. It is the cleanest, fastest cooking oil burner made.

All New Perfection Burners are made of brass and give satisfactory service for years. Because of correct heat circulation, New Perfection Ovens bake perfectly. Have glass doors. Fit any stove.

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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
W·S·S·

Buy your New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and Oven from any good house furnishing or hardware store, or write for New Perfection booklet.

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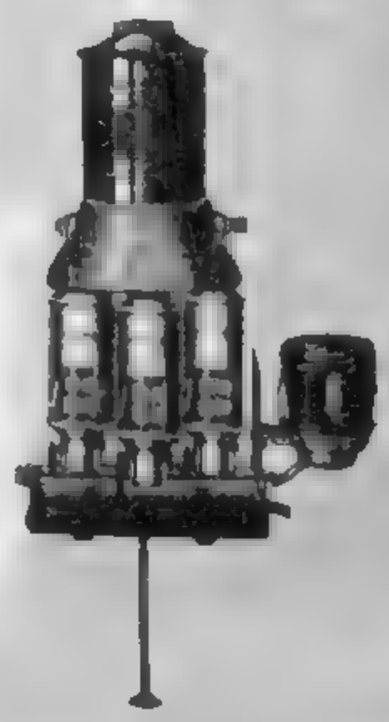


COMPLETE YOUR KITCHEN
With a New Perfection Kerosene Water Heater. Burns kerosene oil gives steaming hot water *quickly* for kitchen, laundry and bath. Attaches to any hot water tank. Ask your dealer or write for Folder No. 318

SAVE THE NATION'S COAL

Stewart Accessories for Your Ford Car

Add a Touch of Refinement

STEWART Accessories give to the Ford car just that touch of refinement which is so desirable in automobile equipment.

They have that indefinable something called "style" and "class." This is due to the "tailor-made" idea which distinguishes Stewart Accessories. They combine complete utility and good looks.

Serviceability, correct mechanical design, and excellent workmanship are expressed in Stewart Automobile Accessories as a matter of course. That is part of the development process. But it is the outward appearance—the exterior design—that is studied and developed with painstaking.

We want motorists to continue to buy and use Stewart Accessories, not only because of the service they give, but because they add so much to the appearance of the automobile.

Ford owners demand first of all—service. The fact that they selected a Ford car is evidence of this. Also, they demand accessories that add a touch of refinement—of elegance and style.

This must be true, for they select Stewart Automobile Accessories, which is the most popular equipment with Ford owners.

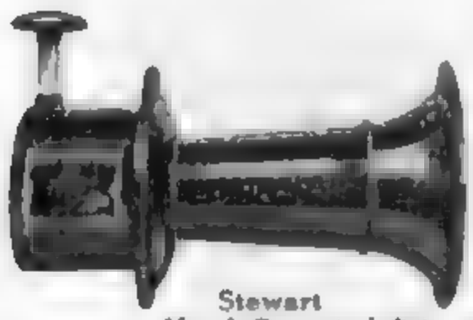
It is quite the proper thing to have one's Ford completely equipped with Stewart Accessories. It denotes discriminating taste and good judgment.

Stewart Accessories are common in numbers only. Of course, practically every automobile has on it one or more Stewart Accessories. It is because popular opinion has placed its stamp of approval on Stewart Accessories.

Popular favor indicates what is best in all manner of things. Why go contrary to the dictates of fashion? There is little or no satisfaction in that. When fashion demands Stewart Accessories as the proper equipment, it must be because they have built-in service and quality—because they add that desirable "touch of refinement."

There is a Stewart Product for practically every accessory want. Ford owners can equip their cars with one line of accessories, all bearing the name Stewart—a name that stands for excellence in automobile accessories.

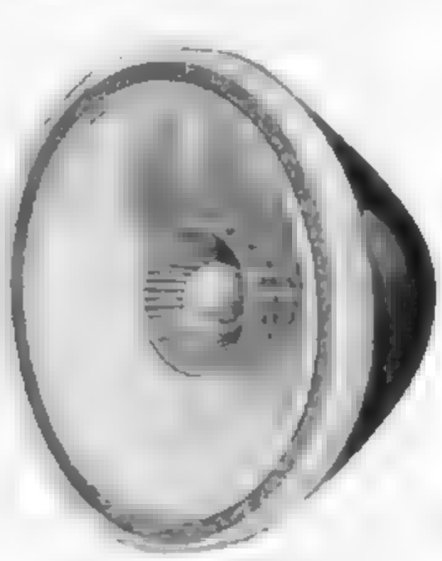
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.



Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $3.50
Motor Driven Type $6

Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $5

$1
Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug



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Stewart Autoguard for Ford Cars . . $7.50
(Nickel Finish $8.50)
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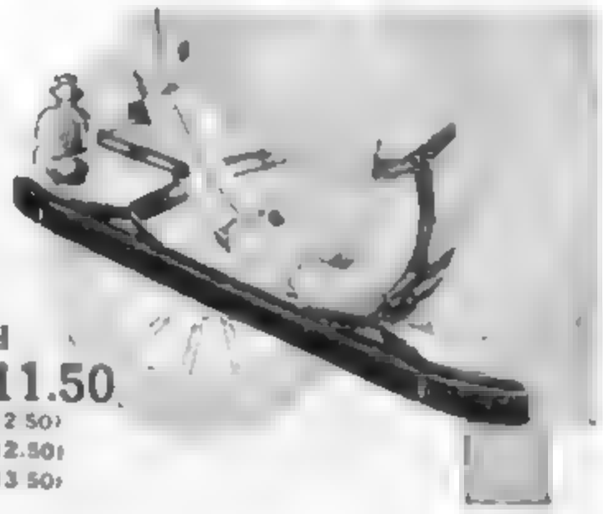
Nickel Finish $9.25)

Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board for Ford Cars $12
Western Price $13.00
Sedan and Coupelet Model $15
(Western Price $16.00)



Stewart Autoguard Tire-carrier for Ford Cars . $11.50
Nickel Finish $12.50)
(Western Price $12.50)
Nickel Finish $13.50)

(Concluded from Page 90)

he would answer with a joke. Sometimes he gave the last rites of the Church to the fatally wounded, but oftener he gave cigarettes and cheerful words.

No small task is that of the regular regimental chaplain in a serious engagement. He must supervise the collection of the bodies and of all records and identifications, and then conduct the funerals. With tender care and honor the victims of this battle were prepared for their rough pine coffins and laid away with dignity and military ceremony.

That first military funeral had an impressiveness suggesting comparisons. I recall the funeral of a brilliant governor of Massachusetts in a great Cambridge church, with an eloquent sermon and wagonloads of flowers, and the President of the United States and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court among the mourners. The eminent of the land were there and multitudes thronged the streets. But this burial service of a few sons of Massachusetts, who must be nameless, in a foreign land, amid the noise and tumult of war, gripped the imagination more strongly.

Gathered about in the mud beneath the drizzling rain were the comrades of the slain, themselves just out of the trenches and wearing that tired, spent, set look which may be called "the trench face." A guard of honor, fully armed and mud-covered from actual service, stood at attention, but did not fire a salute lest the enemy's eye should be drawn to this little village. The veteran sergeant sounded "taps" on his bugle, and the four clergymen, two in vestments and two in uniform, each in his succession, bore his part in committing the bodies to the earth.

Women and children of the community, plain, simple-minded folk, before whose homes these Americans have interposed their bodies as a barrier against the invader, stood by in solemn and respectful interest. A French ammunition train passed along the road and the officers saluted the dead. A few miles away in the hills the heavy artillery had been booming for hours, but by a coincidence it ceased for the short space of the burial service.

When the Church had done her part and the guard had been dismissed the coffins were tenderly lowered into soil that had been bought by the regiment and that will forever remain a little bit of America in France. The soldiers dispersed, talking quietly of the sacrifice made, not by the dead but by the mothers at home. One does not pity these dead; they have stepped up out of mortality at the apex of their experience, and by no future failure or folly can they mar the splendor of their brave day and deed.

The Religion of Service

A battle is not all fierce action. I have already noted the surprising lack of blood lust or bellicose spirit on the part of these lads. Back for a breathing space after the first hot action—and "hot" and "lively" are the two conventional terms for the most dangerous places and experiences—the soldiers wanted rest and food and a chance to write home. By good fortune along came a supervising Y. M. C. A. secretary, accompanied by an eminent Pittsburgh layman who was inspecting the work. The men laid hold of these two in Y. M. C. A. uniform as no heathen ever laid hold of a missionary.

The secretary was noncommittal; he has his own troubles in getting men from the scanty general supply for these remote places. Not so the Pittsburgher. "Why, fifty men have pleaded with me in the past half hour to open a Y. here! We'll do it if I have to come up myself."

Which is exactly what he did. Early the next morning he and his young son appeared with a truckload of supplies—tobacco, candy, chocolate, cakes, nuts, figs and dates. This event for the moment eclipsed interest in the battle. The men lined up in front of the improvised counter, five deep. That layman, who is used to serving on committees and supervising employed secretaries, sweated like a stevedore, but he has stayed by the job until the present writing, father and son serving the soldiers without ceasing, disposing of many truckloads of supplies. As soon as Y. M. C. A. stationery came the troops settled down to write home about the fight. They had been unable to do so until then.

What a ministry these Red Triangle people are performing—from the cabling home of officers' pay checks to the selling of cigarettes and chewing gum to the enlisted men! Perhaps the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church may not approve, but after administering communion at two Sunday morning services at this base a bishop who was here spent part of Sunday afternoon selling cigarettes and candy over the Y. M. C. A. counter to the men. Certainly the soldiers have no doubt as to the religiousness of it all. And I can imagine many a Massachusetts mother, after she hears from her boy, mentioning that bishop or lawyer and the other workers in her prayers.

After the first funerals I had gone to the trenches again, and on my return waited at the ambulance station to go down the mountain with the next consignment of wounded. There was only one of the latter—"Red," the boys called him, as familiarly and affectionately as if he had been a lifelong playfellow. This handsome lad had "got it" in both legs and in the right arm, but he never whimpered while being borne down on a stretcher to the ambulance. His left hand was free for the holding of a cigarette, which seems the Army's first aid to the wounded. He talked little, summing up things in the soldier's well-worn phrase: "*C'est la guerre.*"

A Message to Those at Home

As we rode down the mountain that night, dodging in the darkness the marching columns of men and the huge ammunition wagons, Red never uttered a cry or expressed a fear, though we passed through a section of road where shells fell almost like hailstones.

That is the way the wounded in general carried on. The young surgeon and his helpers sang their praises as we visited together for an hour or so. This angle of vision of a battle is unique. The medical and ambulance corps see the seamy side of things, and the beautiful. For the men who had borne the wounded out of the fire had no stories to tell of their own escapes, but only of how superbly their charges had stood the difficulties of the way. There was light upon such technical matters as the carrying of a stomach wound "without a stretcher through a narrow trench when the fire was particularly hot."

While I sat in the dugout waiting for the ambulance that was to bear me through the night to regimental headquarters, the members of the corps kept moving quietly in and out on their grisly errands. These boys—for they are only boys, such as we used to see loafing about the village cigar store—would talk as nonchalantly about an expedition to No Man's Land under fire as the farmer would speak of his evening trip to the barn to feed the stock.

"We have brought down three more, sir; that makes the seven that were out by the wire," was the quiet report to the surgeon lieutenant made by two privates entering from the darkness.

Then they began to talk about something to eat.

One of them, as I was leaving, sent a message home that shows what really troubles the men at the Front. I had been chatting with the doctor—a chubby-faced, ever-smiling North Carolina lad named Cutchin, who would be a charming acquisition to an afternoon tea or dinner party, with that infectious smile which he lavished upon the wounded and upon his men and upon the visitor. Small wonder that in his absence the New England boys had been boasting to me about him. As I left the dugout he said: "If you see any of my people tell them that I am all right. I am getting along finely. I am perfectly comfortable out here and they needn't worry a minute about me. They think I am having a hard time, but I am not; I am having just the best time in all the world." He wore a shrapnel-proof helmet as he spoke, and was covered with French mud, and spent his days in and out of a bombproof cave, on a road daily shelled by the Germans; yet his words were sincere and earnest and took no thought of the incongruity.

The real troubles of the soldiers are back in America. They are only fighting in France, but they are living at home—in their thoughts and in their hopes and in their affections. To write one of these boys an anxious, worrying letter is almost disloyalty to the flag. The home folk must rise to the hero level of soldiers afield. If the nation upholds their hearts they will uphold the nation's honor.

Just the jacket you will want for vacation time

NO garment was ever fashioned for men that fitted into vacation days as well as the Tom Wye. When motoring or camping, on the river, or at a week-end at the sea shore, or in the mountains, wherever you encounter changeable weather or cool evenings, take your Tom Wye along to keep you snug and comfortable.

With a Tom Wye you are not only warm, but well dressed wherever you go

The special Tom Wye stitch gives the fabric its close firm texture

Tailored for those who dress well

Each Tom Wye is carefully hand tailored. It is cut to fit the form; not knitted loosely, making it bulky and cumbersome. The shoulder seam stays in its proper place; the buttonholes will not stretch and there is no bulging under the arms Four smart military pockets add to the tailored appearance

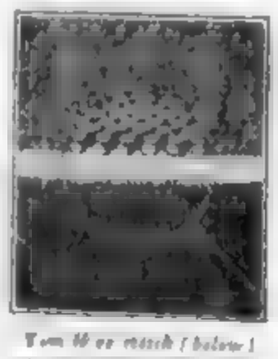
The Tom Wye is made from pure double-combed Australian worsted wool; the only wool that will stand hard wear and hold its elasticity It keeps you warm, sheds fog and dampness.

The Tom Wye is made in 10 colors. Sizes 34 to 46. Price $12.50 with sleeves, $11.00 without sleeves.

The service jacket for Army and Navy men

The service jacket is made particularly for Army and Navy men. This has a collar neck that ends at the collar button and so will not interfere with the fit of the blouse.

Stop in today at your haberdashers or department store and look at a Tom Wye. You will get more year round service from it than from any other garment you wear



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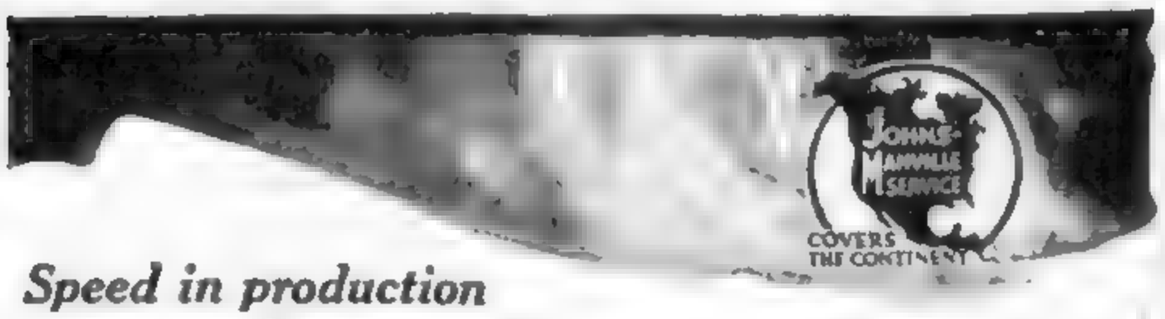

Speed in production increases fire hazard— and the need of this fire protection

THE very pressure of war on industry increases fire risk. The very speed with which factories are enlarged for urgent and increased output opens up many chances for the accidental-incidental blaze—the germ of fire tragedy. The temporary electric wiring, the speeded up machine, the unsparing use of lubricants, the recently recruited and green workman—all combine and conspire to increase industrial fire risk.

And back of all this is the big truth that a fire in an American plant today delays the big decision on which the world is deadlocked.

By all means install fire extinguisher protection and in the choosing by all means specify Johns-Manville—the speediest, easiest and surest to use—the deadliest to fire because it can be discharged in two ways—a steady, fire-drenching stream, propelled by pressure stored up—or pumped by hand, if there is time or elbow room.

Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. Entitles motorists to 15% reduction in automobile fire insurance cost.

To the Trade: Ask for our liberal jobber-dealer sales plan.

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New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

Price in U.S. East of Colorado, $10.00. $10.50 Colorado and West. Dominion of Canada: $12.00 East of Calgary. $12.50 Calgary and West.

MADAME PATSY AND THOSE KILTS

(Continued from Page 15)

that she has been able to accomplish so much despite this custom? For consider what an extra hour of labor means when applied to the efforts of an entire nation!

"Say!" cried my partner, eying the people as we rolled slowly along. "Where're all the beautiful women you read about? Ours back home have got 'em beat a mile!"

"Quite so," I assented, nodding. "The American woman is unmatched anywhere in the world."

"There're some fine-lookin' widows in this burg, though. Look at that one, Henree. She cain't be more'n eighteen, and grief sits light on her."

Madame Patsy gave vent to a sniff.

"Widow! Huh! Every woman you see in black ain't necessarily a widow; and perhaps she hasn't lost anybody at all. A lot of hussies wear it just because black's becoming and it gets the men."

"Do tell!" exclaimed M'sieu Hicks.

At that moment madame caught sight of a soldier in kilts.

"Oh, there's another, Joe! Let's stop and find out."

But her husband exhibited the liveliest horror.

"Drive on!" he commanded. "People over here think we're crazy enough already, without tryin' a stunt like that. Why, I'm surprised at you, Patsy!"

"Well, everybody wants to know. I was talking to Miz Alexander yesterday, and she said ——"

"Never mind what she said," protested M'sieu Hicks moodily. "You women are the limit! If you cain't find anythin' better to talk about than whether a Highlander ——"

"And that's enough from you!" retorted his lovely spouse.

Nothing further was said for a while; then my partner uttered what was in his mind.

"Speakin' of people over here thinkin' we're crazy, Henree, why is it that Europeans got the notion we're all barbarians? Where do they get that stuff?"

It was a question to which I had given much thought.

"There are several reasons," I replied. "In the first place, this opinion is based, in the rural regions, on an idea of Americans formed several generations ago and what they have read or been told."

"Sure!" assented Madame Patsy.

"Second, they judge all Americans from the worst specimens who visit their shores, instead of from the best. That is the strangest aspect of the whole matter, my friends. Europeans will pick on a few loud and vulgar tourists as typifying American culture ——"

"You've said it!" explained my partner. "A big yap from Pittsburgh will raise roughhouse in a café, and everybody yells 'That's America!'"

"On the other hand, they advance their highest types of persons as typical of their own nation. They put forward their gentlefolk and compare them with our riffraff."

"Well, where does this argument of yours come out at?"

"Patience. I take it, m'sieu, that the culture of a nation is best reflected in its mode of living, in the spread of education among the mass of the people, in its humanitarian spirit—and in all these respects the United States is ahead of nearly every European country."

"It's the obsolete truth. I been watchin' these people close, and watchin' the English in England, too; I been listenin' to 'em eat, and wonderin' about how they managed to keep their health livin' like they do—and, say, I cain't for the life of me figure out where they got the edge on us in culture!"

Toward the middle of winter my partner grew very restless. It was not because they cut off the sugar rations at the hotel and denied him butter; we still lived well. It was not because of any fear of the ultimate outcome of the struggle.

"What's got into you, anyhow?" inquired Madame Patsy. "You keep walkin' up and down like a bear in a cage."

"And I am in a cage," declared her husband fiercely. "That's the whole trouble; I am in a cage."

The beautiful creature fixed him with a baleful look.

"What do you mean by that, Joe Hicks?"

He answered defiantly:

"I just got to join the army, Patsy. I cain't go on like this."

Never had I seen madame so taken aback.

"What? Join the army at your age? Why, you're crazy! Besides, they wouldn't take you."

"Why wouldn't they take me?"

"You're too small. They don't want a little runt like you. And you know, as well as I do, you could never stand it in the trenches."

M'sieu Hicks laughed sneeringly.

"Couldn't stand it? Why, I've lived on sowbelly and beans for four months at a stretch, sleepin' on the wet ground all the time, with nothin' but a saddle blanket. Don't you try to insult me, Patsy. I tell you, girl, you done married a man when you married me!"

"Listen to him! Who's been feeding you meat? Besides, what'd become of me? What would I do?"

"Why, you'd be all right. You got plenty of money; and you could keep right on with your Red Cross work and makin' them compresses and things, and visitin' the sick at the hospitals. What d'you suppose other wives do? You ain't a baby; and I ain't a nurse."

"Mister Hicks!"

"I tell you right now, Patsy," cried her husband passionately, "you got to resign yourself to a new deal all round. The day when women can take it easy, and let their husbands wait on them and worship them like they was creatures of another world, is deader'n a doornail."

I saw madame go white.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know as well as I do. We had a big class of that kind in America. Spoiled—that's what they were—spoiled! And selfish. Wow! I never used to think so, but I can see it now. So can a lot of others. Hardly a guy who's been over here but will go back home with different notions of women. They've seen what earnest women can do to share the burdens; and you'll see a lot of idle dolls shaken down to where they belong."

"That's no way to talk about women."

"Rats! The women'll be all the better off. It'll be a fifty-fifty arrangement, instead of a one-sided bargain—that's all! And ain't equal rights what you've been hollerin' for?"

Fearful lest one of those domestic wrangles was impending that I had learned to dread, I hastily withdrew, mumbling an apology; and when we met at dinner no reference was made to M'sieu Joe's ambition to become a soldier.

At coffee in the salon Madame Patsy joined a group of other women.

"What're you ladies talkin' about now?" inquired my partner, carrying over a chair.

They laughed, but did not inform him.

"Topic A, I bet! Them Highlanders again."

"Well, Miz Alexander says ——" began his wife; but I did not hear the rest.

A few minutes later M'sieu Hicks took his departure. He had obtained special permission from madame to witness a boxing bout that night between Battling Isinski, of Hoboken, and Nat Johnson, the Devonshire Terrier, at a club downtown. Such were his tastes. He would seldom go to see historic places. Once, when I persuaded him to visit the Palace at Versailles, that glorious pile raised by the Grand Monarque to his vanity—the vast edifice that bankrupted a nation, that was built with the blood and tears of France—all my partner observed was:

"Well, Ol' Louis sure got him a home, didn't he?"

As for me, I had letters to write and went to my room early. A week had elapsed since I had penned a missive to my dear wife, and a long letter from her that day had made me homesick for a sight of our noble boys.

What would I not have given to have seen them gamboling on the floor, to have held them on my knees, watching the intelligent play of expression on their charming countenances as they tried to chew the buttons from my waistcoat!

(Continued on Page 97)

NO matter how grimy or dirty the hands may be—from work or play—the soft creamy lather of Goblin Soap will readily dissolve the grime and dirt, and make it rinse off easily.

It excels in removing grease and obstinate stains.

Your skin remains soft and smooth after its use.

Goblin Soap is good for general toilet purposes, and wholesome and invigorating in the bath.

Great in the kitchen.

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Adding greatly to the beauty of the car; adding greatly to the comfort, the safety and the life of the car; designed with the same engineering skill, and—made of *steel*—precisely as the rest of the car—that is the Disteel Wheel.

There is nothing revolutionary or radical in the Disteel Wheel. It is merely a logical development. It merely completes the esthetic and the mechanical unity of the motor car. The wheel is no longer the blemish and the weakness in the car's design—but the vital element of greater beauty and greater efficiency.

High speed, the stresses of the road, the strains which skidding and collision put upon the motor car wheels—these today demand a resilience and a strength that can be found in *steel*—and *steel* only—the *wheel* that is a single steel disc—the Disteel Wheel.

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DISTEEL WHEELS

Their instantaneous adoption, both in this country and Europe, which has far exceeded our expectations and manufacturing plans, is due merely to the fact that Science has at last produced the *wheel* for which car designer, manufacturer and owner have been waiting.

Disteel Wheels are suitable particularly for quality cars. Your motor car dealer will tell you about them.

DETROIT PRESSED STEEL COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 94)

At half past ten I went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep. It seemed to me that I had hardly closed my eyes when I was wakened by an unearthly swelling moan. What was it? Was the weird sound of earth or a product of dreams?

The sirens were blowing the *Alerte*, m'sieu—the alarm for an air raid! The long-drawn ghostly wail rose to a shriek as the fire-brigade automobile tore through our street. Everywhere in the rooms round me I could hear people jumping from bed and hurrying into their clothes.

I did not hesitate. No; I promptly closed the shutters, drew the curtains, and donned some clothes. Then I hastened out, for it had occurred to me that M'sieu Joe might not have returned from the combat between Battling Isinski and the Devonshire Terrier; and consequently madame would welcome my aid.

Her room was above my own—Number 60, two flights up. All the guests were hurrying downstairs to the second floor, so that in the event of a bomb striking they would be safe; for experience has proved, my friend, that only the top three or four stories of a building are damaged by bombs that hit the roof.

Eh bien, I was running along the corridor on tiptoe, so as not to alarm the occupants of the bedchambers unduly, when the door of Number 61 opened and a feminine voice cried, in the most acute distress:

"Oh, please help me! I can't get the window closed—and I'm so frightened!"

My friend, nobody can assert with truth that Henri Giraud ever deserted Beauty in distress—that Henri Giraud ever refused a woman's appeal. I did not know the lady; nor could I even discern in the gloom whether she was young and fair, or otherwise. Yet I did not hold back. No; I instantly entered her chamber and rushed to the window. When I had succeeded in closing the iron shutters we were in total darkness.

"I can't find the light."

"Permit me, madame," I said; and groping about on the wall I found the switch.

Ma foi, she was Beauty in distress indeed! A truly charming young person, m'sieu; now all distraught with fear of the accursed boches.

Her hair hung in thick black tresses down her back, and she was clad in a yellow kimono with figures worked on it in gold thread.

"My husband is away ——" she began in explanation, her eyes wide.

"Enough, madame! Calm yourself! I, Henri Giraud, will take his place."

She had need of my encouragement, for right upon the words the antiaircraft guns gave tongue and the night grew full of the appalling noises of battle. At the same moment we caught a sullen menacing drone; not steady and cheerful, like those the French planes give out as they course the bright blue sky of day, but throbbing, intermittent—the terrible hum of the boche motors.

"Listen!" panted the adorable creature. "They're shooting! I can hear the bombs! We'll be killed! We'll all be killed!"

"Not at all. Not at all," I hastened to assure her. "Paris is a city of millions of souls. There are lots of other persons they can hit. Be of good courage, madame."

"You're so good to me!" she said, half hysterical now.

Another shriek and burst of shrapnel; hard upon it came the savage spat of machine guns. The sounds were too much for madame's nerves. She took a little run and dived into her bed, pulling the covers up above her head.

"Don't go!" I heard her plead through the blankets. "Please don't leave me!"

I had no such intention, my friend, I assure you; far from it. I pulled up a chair that stood beside the bed and sat down. I did more: with admirable sang-froid I lighted a cigarette. Yes; in spite of the peril in which we stood, I was able to smoke with the same contempt for danger that distinguished the aristocrats who were carried in carts to the guillotine during the Revolution.

And then an embarrassing incident occurred. For as I sat there, wondering what was to come, a small white hand stole from beneath the covers and sought mine, and a voice like a child's murmured:

"You won't leave me, will you? Bob always holds my hand when I'm frightened."

What was I to do, m'sieu? I ask you as man to man. I had solemnly engaged myself to take the place of her husband in this extremity, and now she appealed to me for consolation. *Eh bien*, I took the hand. It was very soft and small; I held it.

"Henree! Henree Giraud, I'm surprised at you!"

I swiftly turned my head. There was Madame Patsy, standing in the doorway, in her bare feet with a coat over her night gear.

"I thought I recognized your voice," she went on when I could find nothing to say. "What does this mean, Henree? Let go that woman's hand and come with me."

"Oh, don't take him away! I'll die if you do!" cried the lady in the bed, thrusting forth a frightened face.

"I reckon it won't be so bad as all that," returned madame frigidly. "Henree, you come along this minute! As Jane's friend, I don't aim to sit by and let you get away with anything like this."

Immediately I perceived that she had formed an erroneous impression of my presence there. And in the same breath I came to a decision. Yes; I followed her into Room Number 60. But imagine our amazement, on turning round, to behold the occupant of Number 61 at our heels. She would not leave me!

"If you two let me stay in that room alone I'll just die of fright; and that's all there is to it!" she cried imploringly.

After gazing fixedly into her face, Madame Patsy's demeanor slowly softened. She relaxed her stern attitude.

"She is scared, poor thing! There, there, dear; don't shake so. You can stay here with me. Henree'll take care of us—won't you, Henree?"

"With pleasure," I answered with alacrity, glad to be so well out of it.

And now Madame Patsy insisted that her guest should share her bed. Thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of her fears, madame treated her as she would a frightened child, and, with gentle force, placed her on the inside, next the wall, and tucked her in.

"Henree," she said, preparing to get in beside her, "you may turn out the light now and open the window. I want to hear what's doing."

"Oh, don't do that! Don't do that! We'll be killed—all of us," gasped our visitor.

"Nonsense! We're too high up for splinters to come through the window, child. The roof's our only danger. And I want to see the show. Open the shutters, Henree."

Only too delighted at an opportunity to view the aërial combat, I obeyed. The night was fine and clear, m'sieu, with a bright moon.

The guns were barking at the foe; the flash of the bursting shrapnel made fiery blotches against a bank of fleecy cloud. Searchlights played across the heavens and French planes were coursing the skies, with all their lights going, searching for the invisible raiders. It was a spectacle at once magnificent and terrifying.

Still, we could hear that sullen menacing hum from the void of night. And as we listened and watched—Whang! Slam! Bang! The building rocked and quivered; the boches had turned loose some bombs.

"Henree, come away from that window this minute!" screamed Madame Patsy. "Do you hear me? This minute!"

I complied. As I should have obeyed my wife, so did I obey Madame Hicks.

Another furious outburst of firing; violent detonations that shook the hotel.

"Henree, you get in here with us right away. Nonsense! You will too! The covers might protect you some, and I'm responsible to Jane and your darling boys. Come on now! Besides, I'm gettin' scared myself. Oh, stop shaking so—you!" she ended angrily to the shivering figure beside her.

It was my intention to refuse, to defy madame to her very face; but a peculiarly vicious explosion came at that very moment close at hand. It weakened my resolve; it decided me. I sprang to the bed and crawled in.

"It's a mite narrow," began madame; "but ——"

And then the whole world seemed to rise up and buffet us. There was a flash, a terrific noise, and the building shuddered to its foundations.

Involuntarily I pulled the covers up above my head. As I did so I became conscious of objects dropping on the bed—bits of plaster and harder missiles.

"We're done for now, Henree!" quavered Madame Patsy. "And poor li'l' Joe! Who'll look after him? Oh, why did he go to that prize fight!"

Winchester Sharpshooter Medal

Get your boy into the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps

IF you want to develop in your boy the invaluable qualities of self-reliance, concentration and perseverance, let him learn marksmanship with a rifle.

The sport of rifle shooting is the greatest developer of mental resources—mental quickness, fair play, steady nerves, control, and the ability to mix in manly competition with companions.

Now there is, as you probably know, a national organization known as the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, organized especially for the development of Marksmanship among the boys and girls of America to teach the correct use of the rifle. This Junior Rifle Corps is an honorary club with a membership made up of boys and girls from all over the United States. There are no dues or initiation fees and no military obligations of any kind.

Membership is based upon fitness of character. Beyond that it is up to the individual to justify his or her membership by acquiring skill in the use of a rifle.

The incentives to expert marksmanship are the famous Winchester Marksman and Sharpshooter medals and diplomas signed by the President of the National organization.

Rules for gun safety

A boy's natural interest in a gun is going to make him get his hands on one sooner or later, so the sooner your boy learns the correct use of a gun, the better. Remember that it is just as important for every boy to know how to handle a gun safely as it is that he should know how to swim.

New members are given authoritative rules for the safe handling of the rifle and are required on their honor to abide by these rules. Any violation of standard practice in the use of a rifle by any of the members, which is reported to headquarters, calls for the instant resignation of the offending member.

Start the boy in now

Get your boy to join the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps. Get him a Winchester rifle and let him have the benefits a gun will bring him. Every boy knows the traditions behind the Winchester, so get your boy the gun he can be most proud of.

There is probably a Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Headquarters in your town where you can get full particulars and booklet entitled "Rules of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps and How to Handle a Rifle Safely." If there are no headquarters in your town write direct to the **Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, National Headquarters, 275 Winchester Ave., New Haven, Conn., Division 371.**

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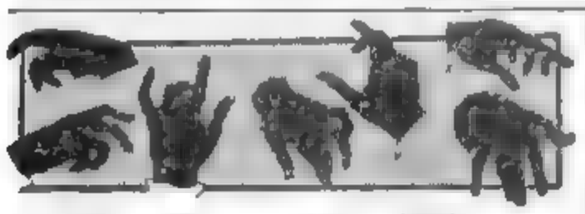

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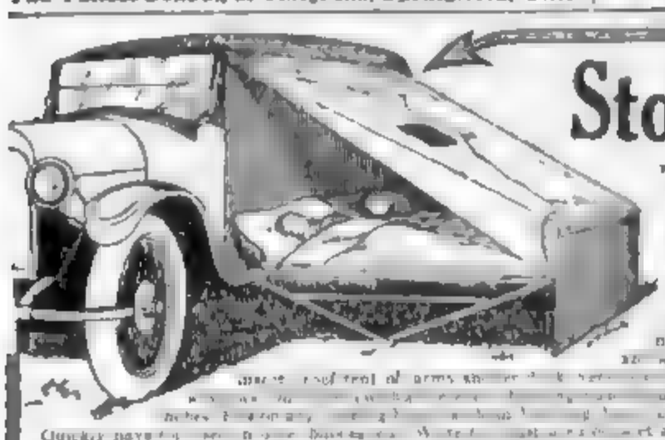

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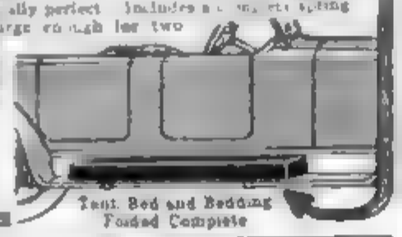

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But we were not yet done for, I rejoice to say. No, my friend; when I ventured to poke my head above the blankets again I perceived that we were still whole. But what had happened to the room? It seemed to me that we were in midair. The whole outer wall had been blown down, so that our bedchamber was wide open to the night on the street side.

Just as this horrible fact was dawning upon my numbed consciousness, the lights suddenly came on. Why, I cannot say—a freak of the explosion, probably. So there we lay, the three of us, in full view of the street, should anybody be abroad.

And it speedily became evident that we had been seen. Yes; there were people abroad, despite the risks. For I heard a voice cry in French from the street: "*Regardez!* A whole room laid bare and nothing damaged in it."

That assurance set me in motion. If nothing was damaged, then it would be safe to emerge; for, look you, m'sieu, I was minded to turn off that light, you understand.

Without more ado I sprang from the bed. As though at a signal, the persons in the street below raised a shout. Judging from the sounds, there must have been a score or more.

"Huzza! He is unhurt. M'sieu has escaped!"

And then a voice that sounded strangely familiar:

"Hooray! It's ol' Henree! What're you doin' up there, Henree?"

Madame Patsy seemed also to recognize the voice. It roused her to instant activity. She, too, sprang from the bed. How they cheered! Those dear Parisians went half frantic with enthusiasm.

"Huzza! Madame is safe, also. Good! Good! Ah, the brave lady!"

But the same voice that had cried out before now raised a perfect bellow:

"What the tarnation! Here; lemme pass! I got to get in. Gangway!"

And now the fair occupant of Number 61, reluctant to be left alone, joined us. At sight of her, pandemonium broke loose. If they had cheered before, how shall I describe their tumults of joy now?

"He's got two! He's got two! Huzza! *Vive l'Amérique! Vive l'Amérique!*"

My heart warmed within me. I would have stepped forward to acknowledge the salvos of applause, but Madame Patsy cried in a sibilant whisper:

"Turn off the light, you lummox!"

Once again I obeyed her. She is a forceful woman, m'sieu, accustomed to command; and I did as she ordered, without question. A groan of disappointment went up from the crowd when the darkness shut off their view.

"Here; come along with us, Henree! Let's get out of this into the hall, or, first thing we know, one of us'll be walking off into the street in the dark."

Her warning seemed timely. That danger, indeed, lurked in the situation. I followed the two ladies into the dimly lighted corridor just as M'sieu Joe turned the far corner from the elevator. He came striding toward us, his mien stern to a degree.

"Joe!" screamed madame. "Mister Hicks!"

The sharpness of her tone halted him. Also, my friend, it completely dissipated whatever intentions he had in mind.

"What's the matter?" he demanded uncertainly.

"How dare you?" shrilled Madame Patsy. "How dare you? What does this mean, Joe Hicks?"

And then I discerned what I had not perceived before owing to the fact that I had been watching his face. M'sieu Hicks was in kilts! Yes; though he wore his customary clothing from the waist up, and had a derby hat on his head, my partner was clad as to his nether limbs in kilts. His legs were bare, save for his usual gray socks and black shoes.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened? Where're your pants? How —— Here; you come along with me! You can't run round loose in that condition, Joe Hicks. I should think you'd have some shame—going about half naked!"

Before he could offer any explanation she seized hold of his hand and led him off downstairs to my room. I followed. So, too, did the lady from Number 61.

"And now," said Madame Patsy in a tone that froze the marrow in my bones, "what does this mean, Mister Hicks?"

M'sieu Joe tried to laugh it off; but it was plain to me he was uneasy.

"Why, I happened to meet up with some Scotch and Britishers at the fight, and we had a li'l' party afterward—that's all! Honest, Patsy! It's the obsolete truth."

"But how came this fancy-dress costume? Are you drunk?"

"I am not," he replied with dignity. "No, indeed! But that was just a bet. I was tellin' these fellers how the kilts worried the women, and one of 'em dared me to wear his home. So we traded—that's all! He's comin' round in the mornin' to get 'em and fetch my pants back."

For a breathless interval Madame Patsy eyed him. I expected the worst. But my intrepid friend was resourceful, m'sieu; he carried the war to the enemy, as the saying goes. Instead of waiting on the defensive for her to upbraid him, M'sieu Joe launched an attack.

"Here," he cried, "you cain't sidetrack this way! I want a few explanations myself. What d'you mean by this exhibition, hey? How does it happen that you and this lady and Henree ——"

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Madame Patsy. "You can't sneak out of it like that, young man. But wait! You and I'll have it out between ourselves. Come along!"

And at that moment the bugle sounded "All clear!" As the last notes died away the lovely occupant of Number 61 emitted a feeble sigh and fell to the floor in a faint.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when I rose from bed, still tired and harassed by the events of the night. I found Madame Patsy already downstairs, engaged in animated conversation with several ladies—among them Madame Alexander. They were laughing.

"But did he find out?" queried one.

"How? About the kilts?"

Then they perceived me; and Madame Patsy did not finish.

"Joe told me to tell you to meet him at the Metro entrance near the Opera at twelve o'clock sharp, Henree," she said. "He has important business on and wants to talk to you about it."

"Very good, madame. *Au revoir*, ladies!"

Going along the boulevard toward the Opera, I turned aside to enter Rue Scribe for the purpose of buying some shaving soap at a small barber shop.

Judge of my dismay, on entering the door, to see a figure come hurtling down the stairs, with a white apron round his upper body and his face all in a lather! If the vision proved a shock, you may surmise my feelings when the figure grasped me round the waist and M'sieu Joe's unmistakable voice blurted out:

"Run, Henree! Run! He's comin'!"

"Who is coming, my friend? Unhand me! Turn me loose! You are smearing lather on my tie."

"The baron!" he replied in great excitement. "That dog-goned baron who wanted me to fight him. Yes; he is. Honest! Here I got right into the chair before I seen he had me at his mercy. Another minute and I'd have been croaked sure! He ——"

At that moment a tall and dignified man with a shimmering mass of black beard descended the stairs in leisurely fashion and said to my partner with pronounced hauteur: "I am waiting, m'sieu."

I gaped at him; for the barber was none other than the baron.

It did not take long to assuage M'sieu Joe's first alarm and persuade him that no danger lurked in the simple act of a shave. Yet he would not permit the baron to do the job. No; he insisted on having another barber perform it.

"He don't get me there, helpless!" he kept repeating. "No, sir! You can never tell; his razor might accidentally slip."

Eh bien, I appeased the baron's righteous resentment and in half an hour we sallied from the shop none the worse for the encounter.

"And now," I said, "what is this business you wanted to talk over with me?"

"Why, it's like this, Henree: I've enlisted!"

"Enlisted!" I echoed.

"Sure! I ain't told Patsy yet; but I done enlisted this mornin' in the American infantry. Oh, you needn't stare! I'll be right on the job too. They need good cooks at the Front. A lot of the guys they got ain't nothin' but can openers; and, if I do say it myself, there wasn't a better outdoor cook in the cow country than I was in my day. And say, Henree, you stick round. They're short of dishwashers, and maybe I can get you on."

What makes You think You're Free from "Acid-Mouth"?

There are one hundred million people in the United States.

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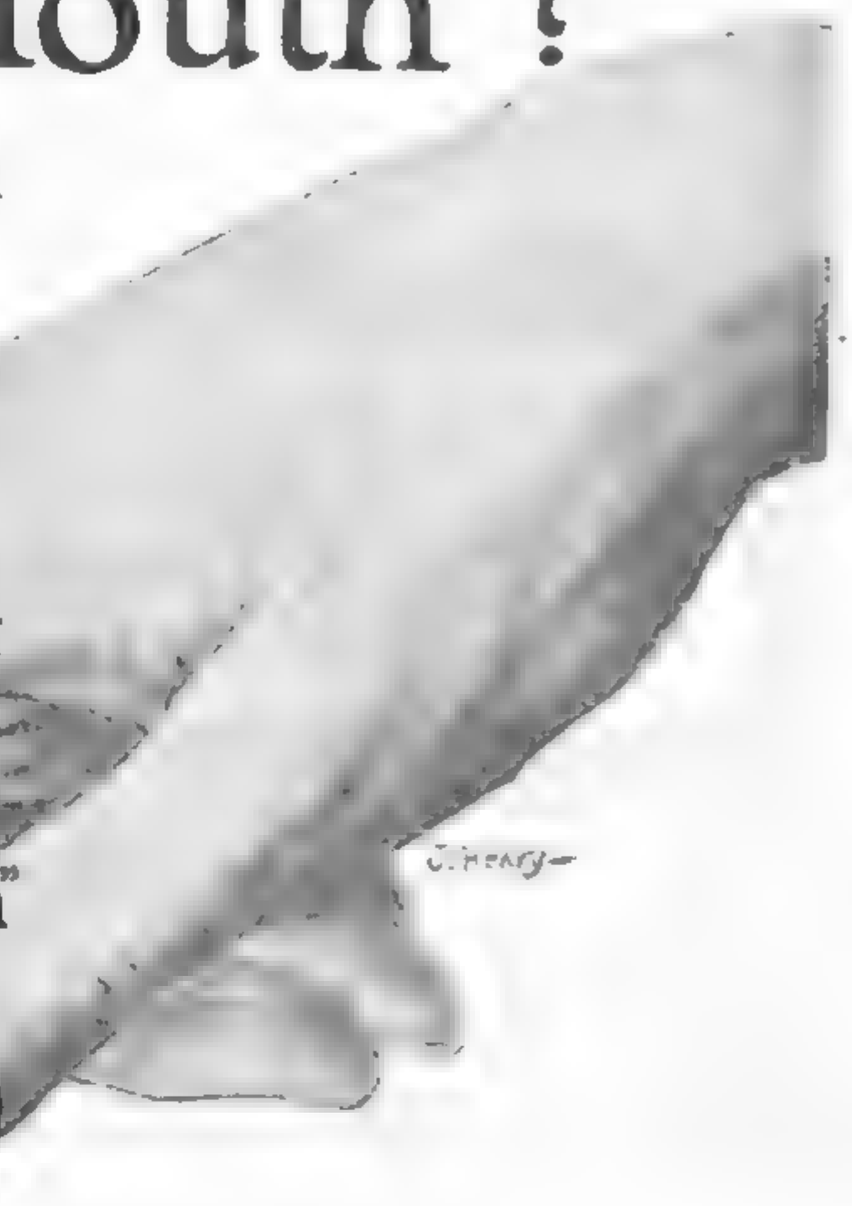
They state that 95 in every 100 have "Acid-Mouth" and that "Acid-Mouth" is the worst wrecker of teeth.



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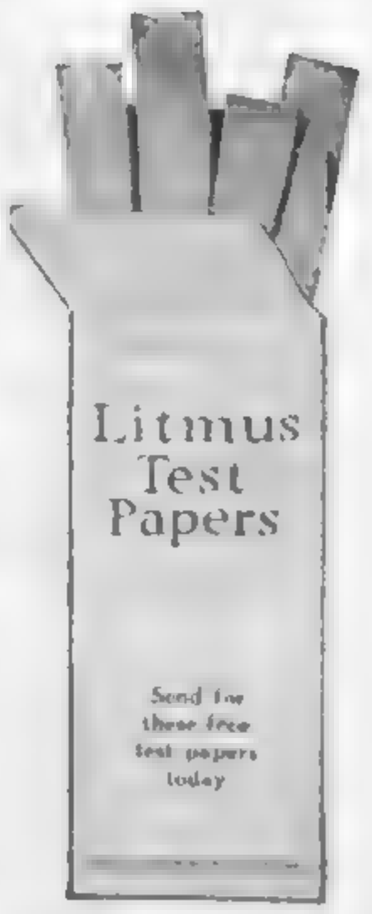
Combine twice-a-day use of Pebeco with twice-yearly examinations of your teeth by a dentist, and normal teeth will remain sound, whole and gleamingly beautiful for life.



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Place one of the blue litmus papers on your tongue. If it turns pink you have "Acid-Mouth." If it remains blue, your mouth is free from hyperacidity. Prove this by brushing your teeth with Pebeco and making another test with another paper. It will not change color. You can buy Pebeco Tooth Paste, with which to make the test, at the drug store where you trade regularly.

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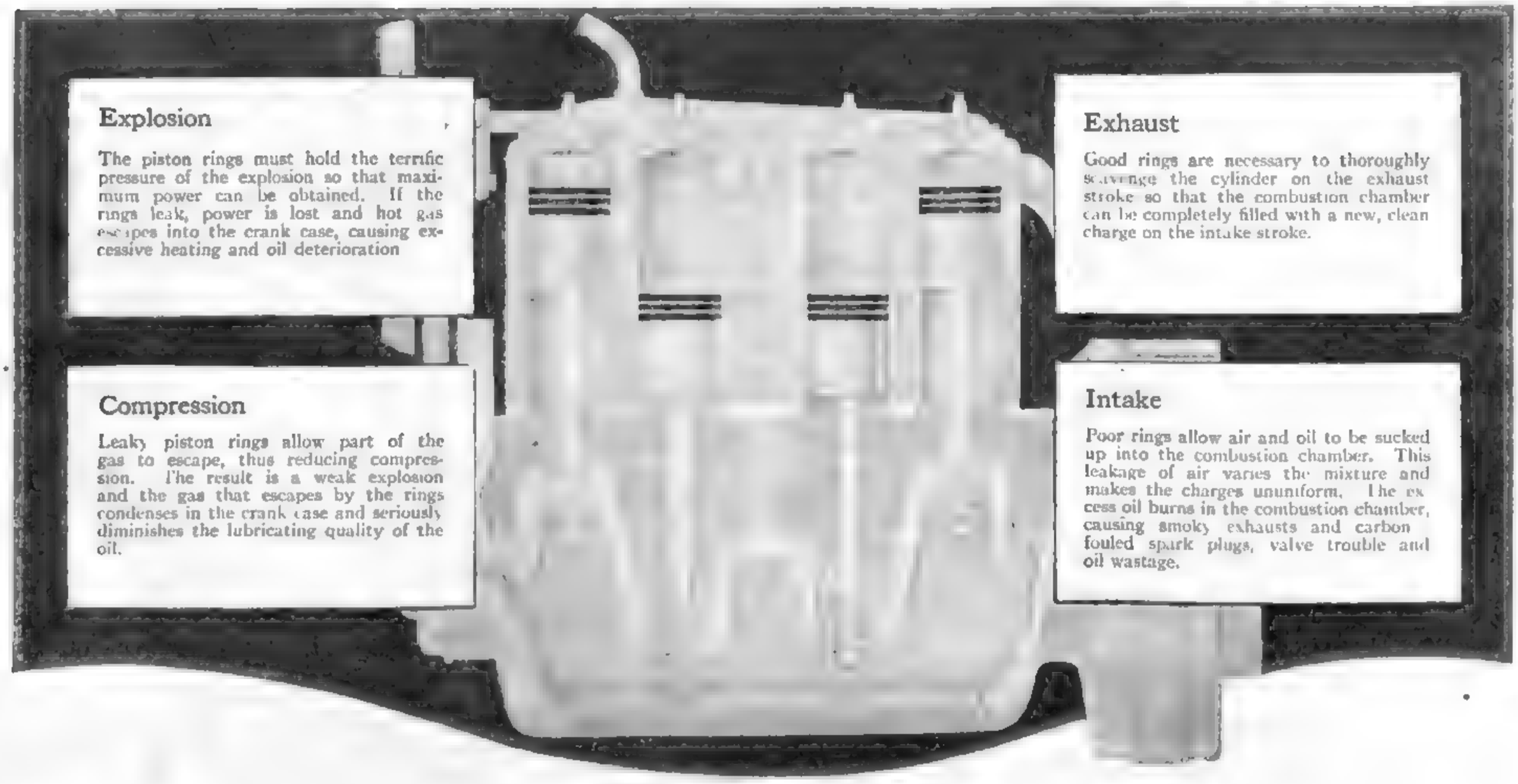
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The piston rings must hold the terrific pressure of the explosion so that maximum power can be obtained. If the rings leak, power is lost and hot gas escapes into the crank case, causing excessive heating and oil deterioration
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Good rings are necessary to thoroughly scavenge the cylinder on the exhaust stroke so that the combustion chamber can be completely filled with a new, clean charge on the intake stroke.
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TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 19)

"Very well! If you know where you lost it, then for heaven's sake let's get there as soon as possible," he agreed ruefully. "I have no doubt you will get us into quod anyhow."

But Helmut was not to be hurried. He had his tale to tell and he shouted it to the night, over and over again, alternating between a Sadistic gloating, a pure patriotism and an appalled despair. Half an hour more had elapsed before they found themselves at the bottom of Kohler's staircase.

"It was up here," Helmut declared; "somewhere up here."

He had lowered his voice. For a moment he seemed almost sober, as though, after the hurricane outside, the quiet and darkness frightened him. He produced his torch and they began a stumbling, noisy ascent.

To Heilig the house appeared to be only another deserted ruin. Nothing suggested to him that there was any living thing near them. He had on the contrary an extraordinary consciousness of death. The closed doors that they passed on their way up hid some terrible secret.

Then at a turn of the staircase they saw a light pouring out overhead. It stopped them; it held them for a moment silent and motionless. It was more than its brutal unexpectedness—there was something strange and significant about it. Amid all the noise and bluster of the storm it was so quiet.

Then suddenly Helmut began to go on again, slowly and deliberately, as though drawn by an irresistible fascination.

The room was almost as he had last seen it. Only the fire had burnt very low, and the man and the woman no longer faced each other. The man lay full length in the middle of the floor, his arms outstretched in the attitude of crucifixion; and the woman stood well away from him, looking at him.

It was Helmut who moved first. He lurched across the room. He paid no attention to Leutnant Köhler now. His whole mind seemed concentrated on the one thing. He picked it up—gaping, stupefied.

"My bayonet!" he babbled. "My bayonet!"

Heilig touched the body with an experienced hand.

"Dead," he said in French. He looked up at the woman, and she nodded a grave assent.

"Yes, I killed him."

"Why?"

"You know."

"When was this?"

"Two hours ago—when that unhappy boy brought me here. I killed him at once. I have been waiting ever since."

"For whom?"

"For someone to come and take me. You will have to kill me now. I meant to kill myself." For the first time a touch of emotion colored her voice. "I was not brave enough."

"Who knows that you have been here?"

"No one but you two."

Heilig glanced at Helmut. He had dropped down on a chair, his rusty bayonet across his knees, his face hidden in his shaking hands. They could hear him crying.

"He is so young," the girl said suddenly; "so young."

Heilig did not answer her. He crossed the room and turned down the lamp till it sputtered and went out. There was now no light but the faint glow that came from the dying fire. They saw each other as shadows.

"Go!" he said gently. "Go quickly, mademoiselle!"

And now there was sheer terror in her voice:

"What do you mean? What are you going to do to me? You have killed everyone—everyone. You can kill me. Isn't that enough?"

"We are going to do nothing to you, mademoiselle. We two are the only people who could speak; and we shall say nothing. Justice has been done for once. Go quickly—while we can save you."

"I do not wish to be saved. I have nothing left to live for."

"You are young. There's always hope. Spare us another crime." He took her by the arm and led her to the door. "Go down by yourself. At the bottom wait and listen. If you hear no one passing, slip out. Here is money. I can do no more for you."

"No," she said; "not that."

He sighed.

"Very well. God be with you!"

He stood at the head of the stairs listening till her footsteps had died in the mutter of the wind. Then he went back.

"Come, Helmut! We've got to get out of this!"

He half led, half carried him. Helmut was almost sober now, but dazed and broken with the misery of returning consciousness. Heilig closed the door softly behind them. He gave a mirthless little chuckle.

"And believe me, Helmutchen, if you had tried to stop her I'd have killed you with your precious bayonet!" he said.

The next morning a proclamation signed by the *Stadt-commandant* was posted up on the walls of the town hall.

A German officer had been found murdered.

The fifteen persons held by the military authorities as hostages for the good behavior of their fellow citizens would accordingly be shot at daybreak the following day.

Appended were the names and descriptions of the condemned.

XIX

"IN COLD blood!" he repeated. "In cold blood!"

He shook his head with a movement of distress and incredulity, as though he could hardly believe his own words. He was a plump, unsoldierly little man—an incurable civilian masquerading in a uniform—and his small soft hands which he held out to the fire shook pitifully.

"Yes, I have killed people," he went on in a high-pitched voice, "and God knows I was not brought up to kill people. In real life I am Kaufmann Bielefelde. I have a little haberdashery shop. In all my life I have never done anything more violent than sell gloves and stockings and buttons to ladies. Yet now I kill people. It is my duty apparently. God and our Kaiser wish it, and so I obey. And it is not difficult. Either one doesn't know what one is doing or—or one gets angry. A comrade falls and one sees red and one hits out. That's easy—that's all right. But in cold blood!"

He stopped with a choking sound like a sob, and there was a long silence. The five men huddled closer together. Three nights before the place had been a home. And even now it seemed to be clinging to its old state, denying with middle-class stolidity and heroism the possibility that these things could be. The elderly, kind-faced woman whose enlarged photograph still hung in the place of honor over the mantelpiece denied it smilingly. She had an air of friendly tolerance and self-assurance, as though she were saying: "It's all right. It's all your excited imagination. Things like this can't happen to us!"

And there was a table by the window with a workbox and a child's sock peering out from under the lid. Somehow the sock made the shattered gaping window and the rain, which came trickling through the ceiling where the charred plaster had fallen, seem absurd and unreal. Every moment a child's laughter must ring out. Madame with her market basket on her arm would appear, smiling and steadfast, and the whole nightmare vanish before her.

The Kaufmann Bielefelde's companions did not answer him. They remained dull and apathetic, as though their struggle against the dank invading misery had broken them. They had not even troubled to remove their coats, and the room was full of steam and the sickly odor of drying clothes. The aforetime haberdasher did not seem to notice their indifference. He went on talking in spite of himself, wrestling with some horror in his own brain:

"At first, you understand, I didn't think anything about it. After all, one doesn't think about orders. One just does as one's told, there's an end of it. It wasn't till I saw them standing there—the fifteen of them—against the wall—facing the sunlight—for the last time—you understand—and then knowing I had to shoot one of them—like that—in cold blood—just as though they had been one of those dummies we used to pot at the range—why then—I just felt my heart turn to water. I felt I couldn't—that it couldn't be done.

"There was an old man just opposite. He was so like my granddad. There are graybeards like that all over the world, aren't there? We aren't the only people who have got nice old fellows like that, eh?

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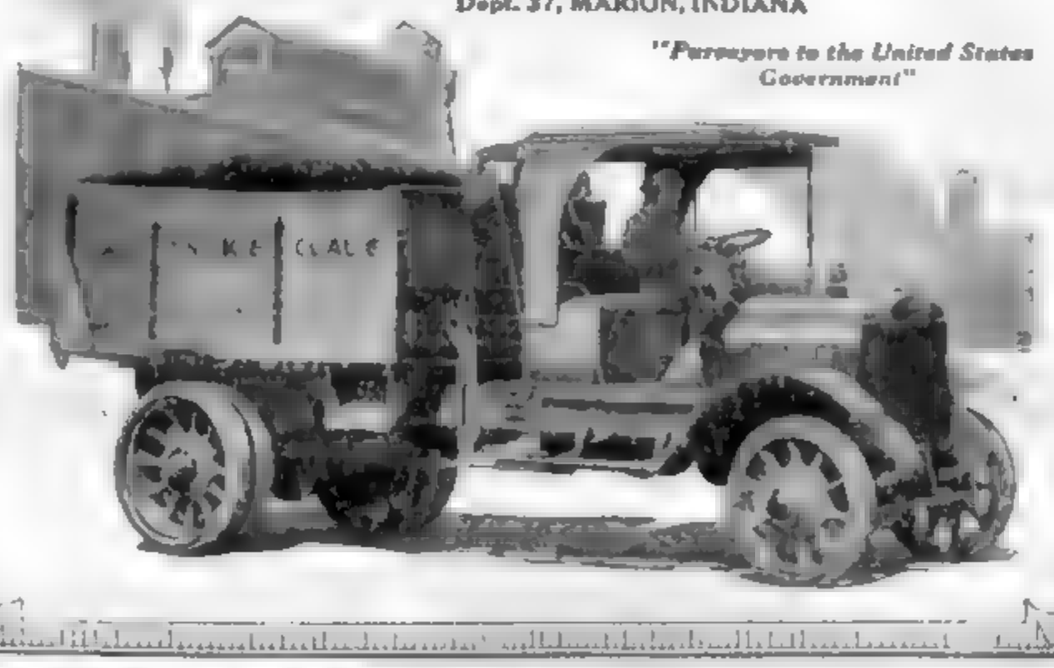

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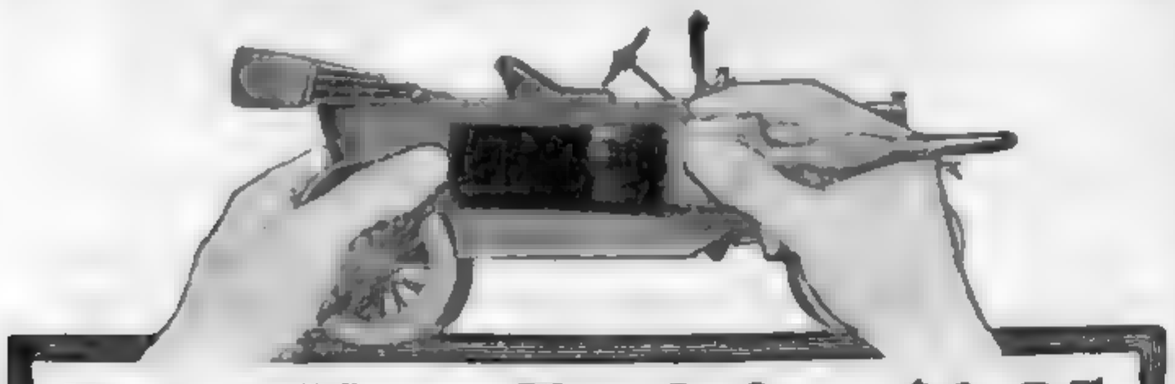

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And he looked at me, and I could see just how puzzled he was, as though he couldn't understand what it was all about. And I didn't know either; but I had that damned rifle in my hands, and then the lieutenant gave an order, and I took aim; yes, I took aim, cool as you please! I couldn't believe it. I, Gottfried Bielefelde, taking aim at that nice old fellow; but I did—I couldn't help myself. If it had been my old granddad I couldn't have helped myself. And then it happened."

He stopped again, and the four men stirred uneasily and looked up at him as though something in his voice had at last broken through their insensibility. He was staring straight ahead with round, incredulous eyes.

"Well—what happened?"

"I'm telling you. There was a soldier next me, the last man in the line—a queer harum-scarum sort of fellow, not very respectable, I should say—and when the order was given he didn't move. I could see him out of the corner of my eye. He just stood there. And the lieutenant roared and came at him like a bull. But he didn't stir an eyelid. He looked the lieutenant right in the face. 'I'll have no hand in this murder!' he shouted, so that we could all hear. 'These people are innocent. In any case Lieutenant Köhler was killed justly. I'll have no hand in this!' And then he took his bayonet—he must have been mad with rage, for he's a bit of a weakling ordinarily—and snapped it as though it had been a match and threw it at the lieutenant's feet. 'Now you put me up with him,' he said, 'and I'll die in good company!'

"Think of that! To an officer! The lieutenant himself hardly believed his eyes. He was like a pricked balloon. I expected him to knock the fellow down—or run him through; but he didn't—he didn't seem to know what to do. And at last he just put him under arrest and sent him off.

"And all the time, you understand, that poor old gentleman had been watching—not knowing a bit what it all meant—not even that one of us had stuck up for him; and—and I had stood there—with my finger on the trigger—aiming at him."

Suddenly the little haberdasher put his hands to his face as though he could not bear their eyes—as though he were trying to hide from himself. And then they saw a big tear creep out from between his fingers.

Veit Thomas laughed contemptuously.

"Call yourself a soldier, do you?"

Gottfried Bielefelde shot up as though he had been struck. He shook his fists. His round red face was all twisted with grief. It was almost comical. But the laughter died suddenly in Veit Thomas' throat.

"No—I don't! I'm not a soldier! That's just it, I'm a shopkeeper. I wasn't meant for this. And don't you jeer, any of you. If you jeer I'll kill you. You've got no right—you haven't seen what I've seen. You haven't got what I've got on the soul. Look here! When the lieutenant gave the order again we were all to bits—all of us. I didn't know what I was doing. I was all dazed—stupid—shaking at the knees. Half of me wouldn't fire—and half of me had to; and that half of me pulled the trigger—and—and made a mess of it. Made a mess of it, you understand. I can see him standing there now—the old man—wiping the blood off his cheek—looking at me. And there were others like that. It was like a shambles. And the lieutenant lost his head and screamed. It would have gone on forever—only the sergeant major went round with his revolver and made an end—an end —— Oh, my God, an end ——"

They looked away from him. They held their stiff blue hands out to the empty fireplace as though for warmth. And each man pretended to himself that he did not hear Gottfried Bielefelde crying.

At last one of them sat up, beating his knees with his fists.

"It's no use," he said. "It's no use making a fuss. Of course it's horrible. But that's war; war means killing people. We shall be killed sooner or later. Meantime it's our business to kill them—as many as we can. The next time we come to a town they'll be more careful. Better fifteen of them than one of us, eh?"

Veit Thomas blinked his hard little eyes.

"Anyone who pities an enemy of the Fatherland is a traitor," he said dogmatically.

Helmut got up roughly, overturning his stool. Suddenly he realized how cold he was. The sound of that dull terrible sobbing exasperated him. He began to tramp up and down the room, stamping his feet and beating himself with his arms. He shouted at Bielefelde:

"Shut up! Shut up, can't you?"

It was growing dusk. With every minute the misery deepened about them. Helmut lifted the corner of the waterproof sheet which flapped across the window. Through the rushing veil of wind and rain he could just see the ghostly outlines of the ruins across the street. The street itself was washed empty.

"Who was this man—this soldier?" he burst out harshly, and wondered why he had asked.

Bielefelde lifted his poor wet face.

"I don't know. He was new—one of the last draft. Heilig, I think he called himself."

"What's going to happen?"

Bielefelde laughed shrilly.

"What do you suppose? Do you think they'll give him an Iron Cross? He'll not see another sunset, poor devil."

"Well, it wouldn't upset me to have to pot him, the traitor!" Veit Thomas declared.

"Oh, stop that!"

"Why should I? What's the matter with you, Felde? Gone mad or what? Friend of yours, p'r'aps?"

"Stop it, I say!"

"Oh, well, I don't want to quarrel."

Helmut continued to pace up and down. He had hoped Veit Thomas would take up the challenge. He wanted to irritate these four motionless figures huddled over the empty fireplace; he wanted to quarrel with them. If only a row would start—with them, with anybody. When one was killing and fighting one was warm, almost happy.

It was this dank hopeless wretchedness—this cold blood ——

And suddenly, with an oath, he tore open the door and ran out headlong.

■■

THE man sighed and stretched himself contentedly. From where he lay on the straw bed in the corner of the cell he could see the door and the little bit of a window, whose cross bars traced a faint crucifix against the twilight. With the minutes the crucifix grew blacker, more real.

He sighed again—this time with a whimsical regret—and sat up, looking about him intently as though he were trying not to let a single shadow escape unnoticed. Then seeing that he was not alone he exclaimed irately under his breath and finally laughed.

There was a soldier seated on the bench by the door. He held a rifle between his knees. His head was thrown back against the wall, his face turned toward the gathering light in a pale immobility.

The condemned man threw a crust of bread at him.

"Helmut Felde, I've been dreaming about you. Am I still dreaming or are you an obstinate fancy or are you real?"

Helmut moved, but did not look at him.

"I'm real enough."

"Good. But you weren't here last night ——"

"Your guard has been changed. It's quite simple."

"Oh—quite. A wonderful coincidence. But why didn't you wake me up?"

"You—you seemed to be so—so fast asleep."

"Why, so I was. What did you expect me to be? Writhing with remorse and terror? My dear boy, if you knew anything about criminals you would know that remorse is the one ailment we don't suffer from. And as to terror—why should one spoil one's last hours for something so commonplace as death? Not that I really want to die. Just now I felt a positive regret to think that I shouldn't see the sun again. The sun and I were great friends. Still—I wish you had waked me up. We could have had a chat—that chat I had always promised myself."

"I didn't come here for that."

Heilig chuckled. He stretched himself out on the straw with his hands beneath his head in a pose of lazy content.

"I bet you didn't! Duty, eh?"

A spark of anger, of sharp resentment flashed up in the sullen voice.

"No—it wasn't! I came—because I wanted to. I bribed your guard to let me take his turn."

"You what?"

"Hush! Do you want the lot of them on top of us?"

Heilig made a gesture of apology.

"Of course I don't. It was idiotic of me to bellow like that. But you shouldn't

(Continued on Page 105)

TIMKEN BEARINGS

Fighting Two Forces

Why is the track on which the speed-kings make their records banked high at the turns?

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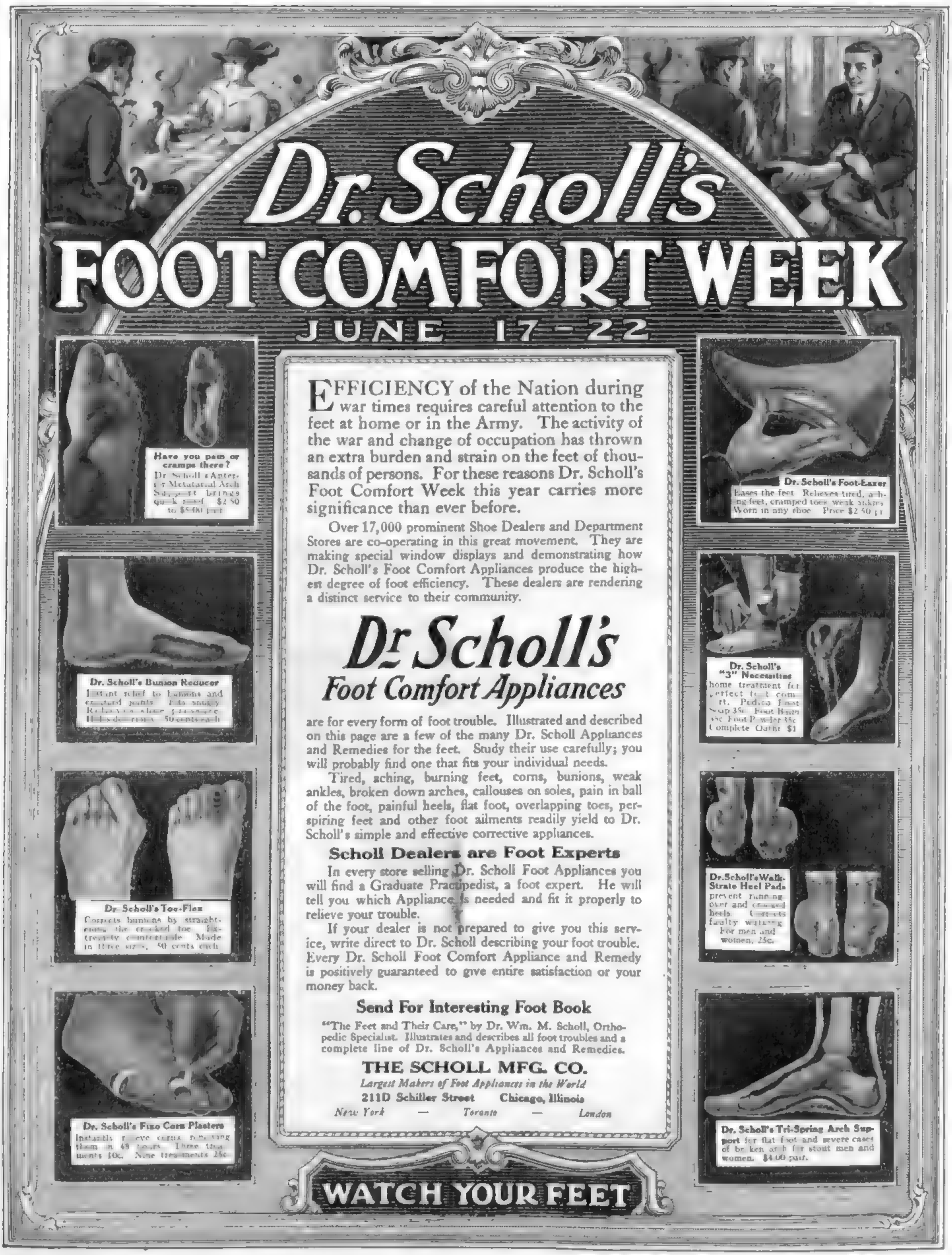

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WATCH YOUR FEET

(Continued from Page 102)

spring amazing things on me. You came because you wanted to! Why did you want to? You weren't a bit pleased with me the last time we met. You don't want to talk to me. You don't like the look of me apparently. Why did you come?"

"I don't know; I had to."

"That's interesting. I wonder ——" He smiled, his head a little on one side. "I wonder if it was because I'm a sort of souvenir, a dead and withered posy from other days—before you were a fine soldier and had done mighty and glorious deeds—when you were a little boy—an absurd little boy who butted into the tummies of notorious tyrants and loved a mongrel dog and a rag doll ——"

"Oh, be quiet, can't you? Don't laugh. You're always laughing—making fun of things." He turned his gaunt white face for the first time toward the man curled up negligently on the straw. "It will be daybreak in a few minutes," he stammered; "and they're coming to shoot you—because you are a bad German, a disloyal soldier; and you laugh!"

His voice broke.

Heilig did not answer immediately. He sat up again, with his arms clasped about his knees, and through the silver dusk their eyes met and held. When he spoke at last his voice had changed. Its whimsical gayety had become a profound sadness.

"I wasn t laughing, Helmut. Though for myself I could laugh easily enough. I am a sick man and my spirit cannot bear the burden of these days. So at the bottom I am glad to go—to be out of it—to rest. All the same, I wouldn't have laughed—I couldn't laugh—because you are unhappy."

Helmut made a harsh movement of surprise and denial.

"Unhappy!"

"Yes, even though you are a good German and a loyal soldier and are not going to die in a few minutes—unhappy. After all, what else but unhappiness brought you here? Why did you risk punishment to come? You don't approve of me, Helmut. You look almost as though you hated me."

"You disobeyed orders," was the bitter interruption. "And you didn't even save those people. You made it worse for them, a hundred times. If you knew what happened ——"

"I can guess. I didn't mean to save them. I knew I couldn't. In reality there was no need. It wasn't for them I did it."

"For whom, then?"

Heilig shook his head.

"That's what I want to tell you. It's not easy; and I have so little time."

He was abruptly silent. The distance had stirred like the leaves of a tree in a soft breeze. The sound of men's voices, the thud of marching feet wove themselves together into a faint thrilling music. Heilig leaned forward a little, his eyes narrowed as though they were fixed on something far off.

"Germany! Germany!" he whispered. "O God! They say dying men have visions—and there's the Neckar wandering in and out among the hills; and there are the little villages on the river banks, and the tall grave fir trees, the smell of the warm summer night, and the sweet wine, and a woman by my side, and the singing.

Alt Heidelberg du feine,
Du stadt am Neckar reich ——

"Oh, the dear, dear earth ——"

His head dropped suddenly between his hands.

Helmut got up. He lurched heavily, clumsily to the window and listened.

"It's the One Hundred and Fifth," he muttered. "We go forward to-morrow."

His face, lifted to the light, had the still, wrapt look of a somnambulist.

The voices grew louder—faded again. It was so quiet they could hear the soft drip of the rain upon the window sill.

Heilig shook himself. He passed his hands over his eyes like a man brushing away the lingering colors of a dream.

"Well, others will come after us," he said gently; "others will slip downstream at midnight; others will hold hands under the stars; others will watch the moon rise over the castle. They will pick up happiness where mine has broken off. We must be glad of that much immortality. Helmut ——"

"What is it?"

"I want you to listen a minute. It won't be easy. Will you?"

Helmut laughed roughly.

"I can't very well help myself, can I?"

"Oh, yes—you could. You could hit me over the mouth. You would even gain favor with the gods for doing so."

"Well—I shan't."

"I want you to remember what I am going to say. You see, I have always had a soft place in my heart for you, Helmutchen—ever since you thrashed Kohler, though he was twice as strong. You filled me with admiration, you fair-haired, bullet-headed, round-eyed baby, because you'd done something that I, poor devil of a big strong man, had never dared to do. I loved you; positively I used to have a sneaking, shameful longing to pick you up in my arms and hug you. And because I had not loved many human beings in my life it broke my heart to see how they were maiming you, twisting you out of shape, defacing your miraculous little soul. I never forgot you. You were a part of my life.

"And when I saw you lying there by the roadside, asleep, I felt that a crime had been done—that someone dear to me had been murdered. And I knew, too, that after all there must be justice somewhere, because a crime like that couldn't go unpunished ——"

Helmut swung round.

"What do you mean?"

"I, a dying man, am going to tell you what I mean."

He scrambled up onto his feet and they stood so close to one another that they could feel not breath on their faces. And suddenly Helmut saw his companion as he had once been—young and passionate, afire with noble indignation. The whimsical scarecrowishness had fallen from him like a disguising mantle. He was old, devoured by sorrow and disease; but the passion and fire burnt splendidly in him to the end.

"When the day of despair comes, Helmut," he said—"and it must come sooner or later, to you and to millions like you—when you wake up and find yourself red with blood, steeped in hideousness, outcast, detested, damned by God and man—remember what I say to you: We are a great people. Be sure of that, even then! However impossible it may seem, you've got to hold on to that faith; I tell you we are a great people.

"We are the people who once loved the true and the good and the beautiful for their own sakes. We were content to go poor and out at elbows. We loved our native mountains; we had no desire to crown them with any glory but that of freedom. We sought as individuals neither fame nor riches. We had joy enough when we had added our little gem of wisdom and knowledge to the world's crown—a bar to the world's music. Our history is bejeweled with men from whose garrets messages went out which will be listened to long after all this roar and tumult will be forgotten." He made a gesture of fierce sorrow.

"Such we were, Helmut. But then one day the devil took us up onto a high mountain and showed us what he could give. And perhaps because we were sore with a recent drubbing from some stronger neighbor—and God knows we had drubbings enough; or perhaps because someone had laughed too loudly at our shabby ways and we had Achilles' heel for ridicule; or perhaps just because we were incurably romantic—we took his offer. We sold our immortal soul for wealth, for power, for material greatness. And from that hour we sang no more immortal songs, dreamed no more dreams. Secretly, patiently we went about our master's business. We plotted and schemed and throve until his day came, and the word was given, and we broke loose upon the world—a horde of disciplined devils ——"

Helmut had listened, stupefied, incredulous. Now with a cry of fury he sprang awake. This man blasphemed—he was tearing at the props that upheld the universe. He must be silenced—or it would be too late.

"You traitor! You call us that—we who are giving our lives in a holy war, in defense of our soil ——"

"It is not a holy war. It is the work of hell-inspired madmen ——"

"Heilig! Be silent or ——"

A look of vision, of proud and peaceful knowledge, burnt up in the suffering face.

"But we shall win our soul again, Helmut," he said gently. "We must! We shall! Even now, scattered among us, unknown and broken-hearted, there are men and women working for that redemption. It must come—years, generations hence—through blood and terror and ruin. Men will give their happiness, their lives, that it

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There is nothing mysterious about the German spy system. It is simply the quiet, ceaseless collection of fragments of fact—often individually harmless—by German agents everywhere. This material is patiently pieced together to make up that complete story of the number, location and quality of our soldiers without which no attack could hope to succeed.

The German studies the position, customs and even the mental state of our men as a hunter studies his game—and for the same purpose. His object is to kill. It is not possible to prevent his getting some of this information, but he cannot get it all unless we help. The almost superstitious belief that he knows it all anyhow, is not well founded. Already he has to work hard for what he gets, and his task is daily becoming more difficult as Americans begin to open their eyes and shut their mouths. We must not *help* him to kill. Indiscreet statements are too easily translated into terms of death for American soldiers—perhaps your boy.

Committee on Public Information, Washington, D.C.
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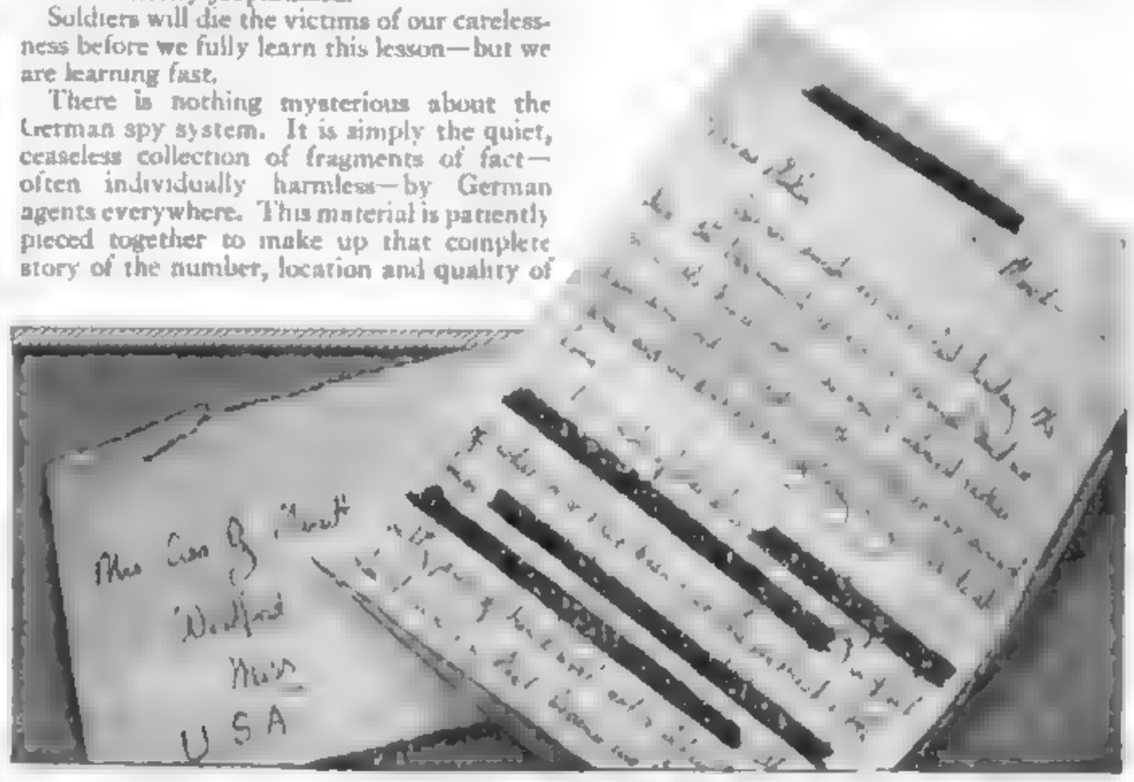
The Secretary of the Navy



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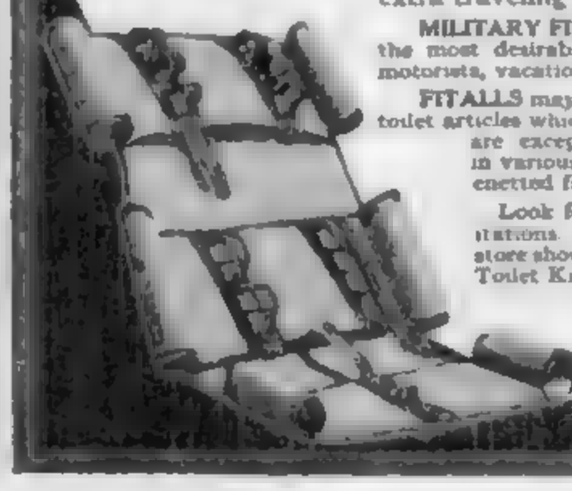

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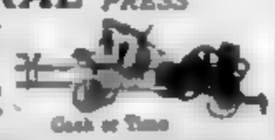

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shall come. I am giving my life for it—I who have failed in everything but this ——"

Then Helmut struck him—struck him out of unbridled terror. Heilig reeled under the blow. But his expression remained unchanged. The bloody lips smiled with a grave tenderness.

"—— even as you may give your life, Helmutchen."

A silence fell upon them, holding them like an imperious hand. They listened for that which was coming. They heard the heavy, measured tread.

A key turned in the lock. Through the dusk Helmut could see armed men standing in the corridor. An order dropped dully into the quiet.

"Remember!" Heilig muttered.

Then he was gone. It had all passed in a breath—as he would pass. He went out so strong—with so much high purpose. And in a flash he would be inert and pitiful.

And men did that to one another, every minute; for what—for whom?

Helmut stared about him stupidly. He tried to remember what had happened—what awful thing he had done. He lifted his hand because it hurt him. And he saw that there was blood upon it.

XXI

"TWO years of this!"

"How many years more?"

"Not many for us; days more likely. People say to me: 'You must have a charmed life, Max. Two years in the trenches and not a wound.' But I know better. If you play long enough, sooner or later your number will turn up; and the longer you've played the more the chances are piling up against you."

"Ah, but it's queer all the same to have got through like that! Look at me! Five times sent back for repairs—from Russia, Italy, Rumania. Yes. I've seen a bit of the world. And each time I've paid for the trip with another bit out of myself. I can hear myself creak when I move. I'm not myself any more. I'm bits of rubber and bone and skin screwed up and stuck together. I've got another man's blood in my veins. Eh, but they'll have a job with me on the Resurrection Day."

The voice laughed lugubriously.

"If only I could be warm—just for an hour!"

"In the summer it's not so bad."

"In the summer one gets killed."

"They say the English will make a big offensive."

"Oh, the English!"

"They are a bad people. It is their fault—all this. Our Emperor would have made peace. He offered them his hand and they spat in his face. They won't be satisfied till they have destroyed us—taken our country from us. They are starving our women and children to death."

"Has anyone heard lately?"

Someone whispered: "I had a letter—a friend brought it in the sole of his boot—from my wife. They have not seen meat for two months; and the bread makes them sick. In my village all the old folks are dying off. That's not so bad perhaps—they're no good any more; but the children—the children droop, they fall ill for nothing, they go out like a candle."

"I had a baby girl. I never saw it. It died. Of the colic—they said. But I know better."

"And all the young men dying ——"

"Soon there will be no children left."

"No children!"

"Have they thought of that?"

There was a snigger.

"They think of everything."

"You've heard, eh?"

"In our village ——"

"No children! That will be a fine world to go back to! I used to think it would be grand to march down our street with the band playing and the people cheering—just as they did when we went away. But who'll be there now? Old women, and poor maimed devils like myself."

"I can't think about going back. It's better here. One has one's comrades; one isn't alone. I wouldn't take my last leave. What was the good? We had a jolly little home, the wife and I. I was earning decent pay. But what's twelve marks a month? So the home was smashed up and the wife went into the factory. There was an accident; hundreds blown up in the air—like that. No one ever knew ——"

"It's queer. I had two big sons—such fine strapping fellows! I used to imagine what they would be doing long after I was dead. It was like looking forward to another life. But they're gone; and I hang on here—an old man."

"Well, I'm finished anyhow. I'm just good enough to sit here and wait for something to blow me up; but if I went back to civilian life—who'd have me? Who wants a man with half his inside gone and tin plate over his brainpan?"

"What'll be the end?"

"We shall win!"

"We must—because we're in the right, and God is with us."

"But if we weren't in the right ——"

"Then we should have to win still more; otherwise ——"

The voices dropped to whispers.

"You know, the English say we plotted this."

"That's their wicked lying. How could we have plotted it? Do they think I plotted it? Do you think I want to sit here up to my neck in mud, half frozen, with the rats running over me?"

"Did I plot to kill my boys?"

"Or to blow my wife to pieces?"

"Or to cut out half my guts?"

They laughed. But one whisper persisted feverishly: "Yes—but—but do you think they plotted it, either? It's hard for them, too, isn't it? It's as cold fifty yards away as it is here. And they're young men; they're dying too. And they had homes and sweethearts. Do you think they hated us—you and me—all that much?"

"Oh, shut up! They're devils, the English!"

"Well, I don't know—perhaps. I know they tell stories at home; but here—the other night I crawled out to fetch in one of our fellows and I bumped into someone. We were both as still as mice for fear of drawing fire. But a star shell went up, and I saw it was an English Red Cross chap. We just dropped where we stood till the light had gone. Then he whispered to me in German; and we helped each other reconnoiter for the fellows left over from the last attack. He gave me some brandy for my man. I don't think he would have hurt our wounded. And the next day I saw him again. He came over the parapet with the white flag; and I shot him ——".

"Good Lord!"

"Damn you! What's the use of groaning like that? What could I have done? You just tell me that! My officer gave the order. 'Another English swine for hell!' he said. And I'm a dead shot. If I'd refused I should have got it in the neck, instead. And there's my wife at home ——"

"Yes! You remember Sebold? He wouldn't. It was some woman or other. And the officer put a bullet through him, there and then. And they took away the pension from his old mother, and she was turned out into the street; she died there. I know, because I tried to find her on my last leave. I was Sebold's friend. And the neighbors told me how it had happened."

Another voice intervened, soft, with a southern dialect: "What strange things please God these days!"

"At Aerschot ——"

"Those women ——"

"My God, how they screamed!"

"Look here! I'll tell you something: I hear them—every time I go over the top."

"Ah, stop that!"

The strange chorus died away into the darkness. Disembodied spirits they might well have been, speaking from their separate hells of the things they had done and suffered there—without protest, without anger, as though from the omnipotent power that held them there could be no appeal.

A voice began again, dispassionately:

"What's the good of talking? We can't help it. If we don't do as we're told—if we don't believe it's right—what's going to become of us? What's the good of us? We've nothing to go back to; we can't go back. On our own showing most of us here are finished with. We've done things ordinary folks can't do. It was our duty; but we've damn well got to pay for it. We'll never be like other people again. We'll never be able to live their lives.

"I remember what our captain said when we marched out. 'When you were a civilian,' he said, 'you could do this but you couldn't do that; this was right and that wasn't. Well, now you're soldiers, and all that's gone. You've only one thing to judge by—if it's a good thing for Germany then it's right, and you're a fine fellow for doing it—no matter what it is.'"

"Ah, that's true!"

"No use worrying one's head."

(Continued on Page 109)

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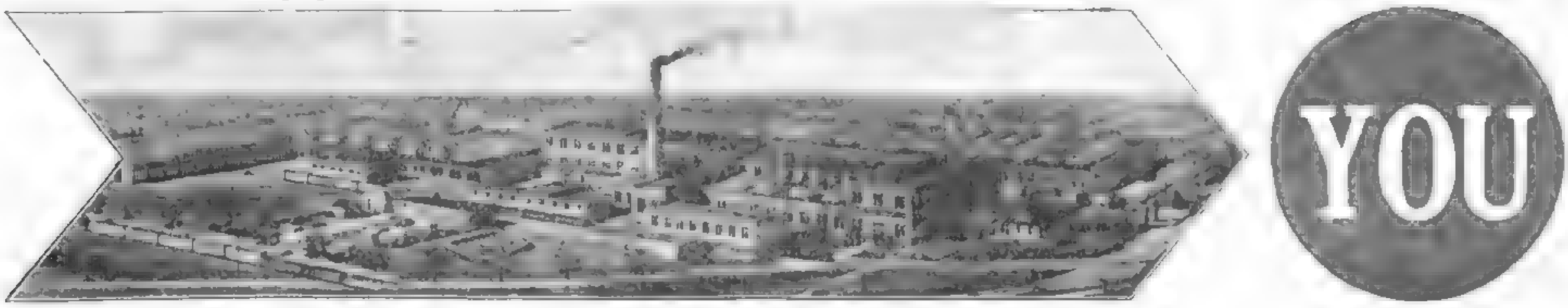

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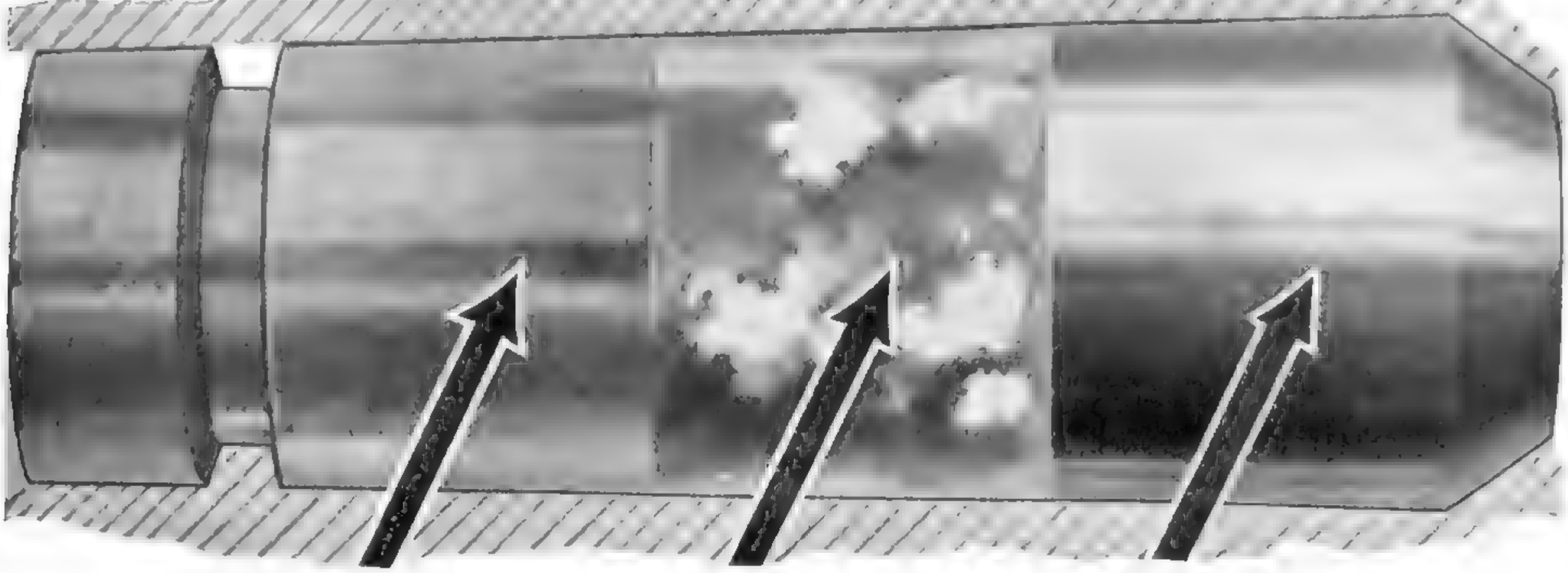

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(Continued from Page 106)

"Better get what one can out of it while the fun lasts ——"

"You wait! If ever I get out of this hole again I'll paint things red!"

A footstep squelching in the mud outside silenced them. A light flashed. Like a round bright eye it passed inquisitively from face to face. They cringed away from it, blinking and resentful, as though the sudden revelation of themselves shamed them; as though in that concealing darkness they had imagined themselves as less hideous, less utterly miserable.

They could not see the figure behind the light; only a hand and a slip of paper.

"*Gefreiter* Felde!"

"Yes, *Herr Feldwebel.*"

A man crawled out from the huddled circle. He was bearded, unkempt and filthy. He had to stoop so as not to strike the roof of the dugout with his head. He stood there, morose and patient, like some Norse giant trapped in a cave of earthmen, while the light flashed over him.

"Good. You're to come with me."

"Yes, *Herr Feldwebel.*"

The light blinked itself out.

They listened to the cautious, receding footsteps.

"Wonder where he's gone?"

"God knows. He'll not come back."

"Well, at least he's out of this."

They huddled closer to one another, shivering and muttering.

It was strange to be in a room again. Such an immaculate room—nothing superfluous, everything in its place, everywhere a shining cleanliness; and a bright fire burning in the grate. It was strange, too, to realize that people still existed like this little doctor in his neat service uniform, his blue eyes twinkling good-humoredly behind his glasses, as though the whole world were as comfortable and spruce as himself.

Helmut stood stockishly on the other side of the table and stared, and the blue eyes stared back, half interested, half disgusted—as one stares at some grotesque, slightly repulsive animal.

"Just out of the trenches, eh?"

"Yes, Herr Stabsarzt."

"Glad?"

"Yes, Herr Stabsarzt."

"Wondering what I want with you?"

Helmut indicated by a look of stupid indifference that it was not his business to wonder. Actually he had not thought about it. He could experience short hot desire and blank satiety—but wonder and speculation had passed long since over his horizon.

The doctor laughed and ran a beautifully manicured finger nail down a printed list.

"Well—perhaps I've got a nice piece of news for you. Ah—here we are! '*Gefreiter* Helmut Felde, Number 3078, D Company, Regiment Königin Louise, Number 45. Field conduct excellent. Recommended for the Iron Cross. Unwounded. Medical record, first class. Well built; height, six feet; chest measurement, forty-two.' Not at all bad, my son; not at all bad! Let's see what we could do for such a fine specimen. Badener, aren't you?"

"Yes, Herr Stabsarzt."

"Very well. I'm going to give you a fortnight of your native mountains. Wait a moment! Ah, I have it! We try to arrange these things with due regard to localities. The Althof, Embach, Black Forest. A beautiful district. And you will have a charming hostess, I have no doubt."

Seeing Helmut's face he burst out laughing.

"Then—then I am not to go home, Herr Stabsarzt?"

The doctor leaned his chin on his hand. As suddenly as it had come the laughter died out of him. His eyes had become hard, with a look of cruel penetration which awoke a faint indefinable memory.

"My young friend, understand me! You are not on leave. You are going to this place on duty—on strict military duty. Get that into your dull head. You are going to be quartered at this farm with this woman—because there are no young men left in the whole district. There never will be any young men there again for twenty years. They have been wiped out. It is our business to repopulate that district—to provide a new generation that will carry on the mighty task that we have begun. A young Germany ——"

He stopped with a shrug, as though angry at his own display of passion.

"In the ordinary course of events, *Gefreiter*, you would marry and have children. That event has now become improbable. You may be injured—killed. Your children would then be lost to your country. We have to provide against that contingency. That is why you are going to Embach!"

Helmut had not lowered his eyes, and yet for a moment he could not see the face opposite him. It swam in a throbbing mist.

"Herr Stabsarzt—does she know?"

"She will be informed that a soldier is to be quartered with her. According to my notes she is young, single, with no menfolks. The brother and owner of the Althof was killed last year. You should have no trouble. No doubt as a good German she will realize her duty."

The doctor blinked his eyes till they were two dots of light.

"Herr Stabsarzt ——"

"That's enough!" Again the hard flash. "I am not here to discuss it with you. You have your orders. Make no mistake about it—you are as much on duty up there on that peasant's farm as you are in the trenches. You serve the Fatherland equally—you will be held as responsible. And we are not deceived. Make no mistake about that, either. Play no fool's tricks with us. And remember: There is to be no question of marriage—or promise of marriage. This is a war measure only. Now off with you!"

He mingled a gesture of dismissal with a return of his first good-humor.

"And wash your face, my son," he laughed.

Helmut saluted.

"Yes, Herr Stabsarzt!"

In the anteroom other soldiers were waiting. They looked up at him with a veiled questioning in their eyes, with the flicker of unclean laughter on their lips.

A red wave seemed to rush up through his whole body to his face. And yet he was cold—so cold that his knees shook under him. He had felt like that in his first bombardment in the trenches. Fear? Afraid? What of? Hadn't one always known of this? Hadn't one whispered and laughed about it—joked?

The sergeant major who guarded the door of the doctor's room nudged him wickedly.

"Well—can we congratulate the bridegroom?"

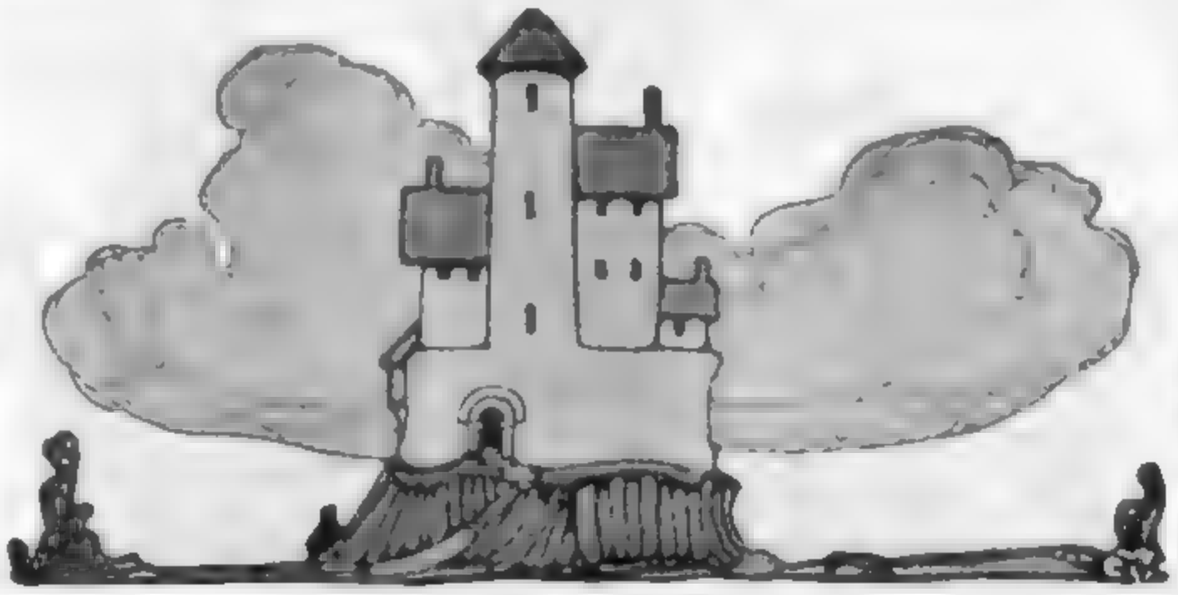
It was a second before Helmut answered; and yet in himself the silence had been interminable.

He burst out into a stupid laugh.

"Congratulate the Fatherland, *Herr Feldwebel.* '*Das Vaterland mag ruhig sein.*'"

He went out into the winter's morning with his hands in his pockets, swaggering and winking.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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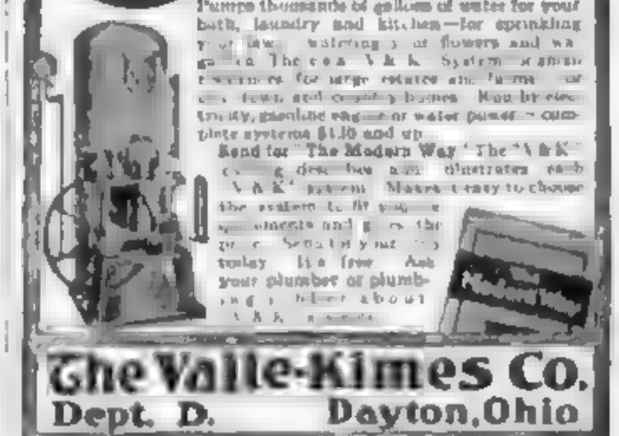

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 62)

Jessie Bonstelle

You ask something of my life. Well, I was born on a farm in Greece, New York, and am truly grateful for the love of Nature and the good, healthy foundation it gave me; also, the wonderful experience of a real home and family life. I was the baby of an old-fashioned family—eleven—and the only one who inherited my mother's great love of the theater. In fact, I think I narrowly escaped making my début in this world in a theater! Being a rather fragile youngster I was not sent to school, but was put into boots and flannels and turned out-of-doors with my brothers, and was tutored solely by my mother, a wonderful woman! At nine years of age I knew by heart over one hundred and fifty prose and poetry selections—Shakspere, Sheridan, Burns, Whittier, Longfellow, etc.; fifty songs; could play the piano, dance all kinds of fancy dances, but I couldn't learn the multiplication table! I had appeared before the public as a child entertainer for four years and had started my first bank account. My first real school experience was at Nazareth Convent, Rochester, New York, a year or two later. My mother, with her love of Nature, had given me a beautiful religious faith and belief in the Allness of God, and I refused to return to Sunday school after having gone once, because they taught things about a devil; and though but seven or eight years old then, I could believe in only one Power; so I didn't go back to Sunday school.

I finally got my chance to go on the professional stage, my mother going with me and playing a part, for the first time in her life. She was then quite a bit over fifty. Struggle and disappointment, grief, discouragement, hard and bitter experiences—they are all the stepping stones if only one has the faith and courage to put them under his feet and go on. You can do this only if you have a great love for your work. What little success has come to me has come since I left off working purely to attain my own personal ambition, and have worked for the best and highest for my profession, trying to carry the light a little farther so that the theater will have benefited a little for my having been connected with it.

I am grateful that I was able to give Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women to the theater—and after eight years' struggle; grateful to be one of the directors who established the only municipal theater in America. Mr. Bertram Harrison and myself undertook this work at Northampton, Massachusetts, purely for the love of the theater, and established and directed the movement there for five years, when we resigned.

The stock work, that of giving fine plays and fine productions, with good companies, at prices within the reach of all, has been the work I have enjoyed most, the work that has given greatest satisfaction to my soul. I have been doing this work, which my friends smilingly term "missionary work," for several years, in Rochester, Toronto, Buffalo and Detroit. The response that comes to me from men, women and children through my work is something that I would not exchange with the most successful "star" of our stage. Not even all the money our dear little Mary Pickford makes could buy it. And, by the way, one of my dearest experiences not so very many years ago was having that same sweet little Mary playing children's parts with me for two weeks in Rochester, and being much disgusted with herself for coming down with the measles. The little tot considered herself much too grown up for measles!

I am playing my thirteenth season in Buffalo, a theatrical record, and proof of the loyalty of the public, and I confess I am rather proud of it. I have offered my services to the Y. M. C. A., through the Stage Women's War Relief, and hope to go to France in September. I am a member of the Scribblers' Club, of Buffalo; one of three lady members in the United States of the Rotary Club, of which honor I am proud; a member of the Gamut Club, of New York, and also of the National Arts Club, where I have a little studio home and sometimes indulge in "artistic" housekeeping by means of a small gas range that is neatly camouflaged in the fireplace.

My recipe for health, happiness and "staying young" is: Find the work you love and keep doing it, but concentrate on your rest and on your pleasures as intensely as you do on your work, and keep your faith in God.

Theodore Dreiser

Mr. Dreiser is not pretty, though those two experts in physiognomic vivisection, the late Harris Merton Lyon and Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, differ somewhat as to his evolution. Lyon found a vegetable heritage, and pictured him as "a huge rutabaga, a colossal, pith-stricken radish," while Mr. Masters limned a vegetable-pastry combination in "mouth cut like a scallop in a pie," and "ruddy face—like a pumpkin."

When Dreiser was an editor he sent for Irvin Cobb to talk over a humorous story he wanted for his magazine. Cobb took one look at Dreiser and has been convulsing the country ever since.

They couldn't talk about the story at the time because they just sat there laughing at each other. And it must be remembered that Irvin's fond mother ever refrained from entering him in any of the Paducah infant beauty contests.

Mr. Dreiser considered statistically:

He was born in Indiana, and lives in Greenwich Village to guard against becoming homesick.

Obsession: He has an idea for the most deadly rapid-fire gun.

Vocation: Writing the "Great American Novel."

Vain Hope: To find time to read all the laudatory articles Henry Mencken has written about him.

Chief Pleasure: Giving wide distribution to all the vituperative things penned by his critics, underscoring the most caustic passages.

Family Skeleton: He wrote the chorus to that song we sang twenty years ago, On the Banks of the Wabash.

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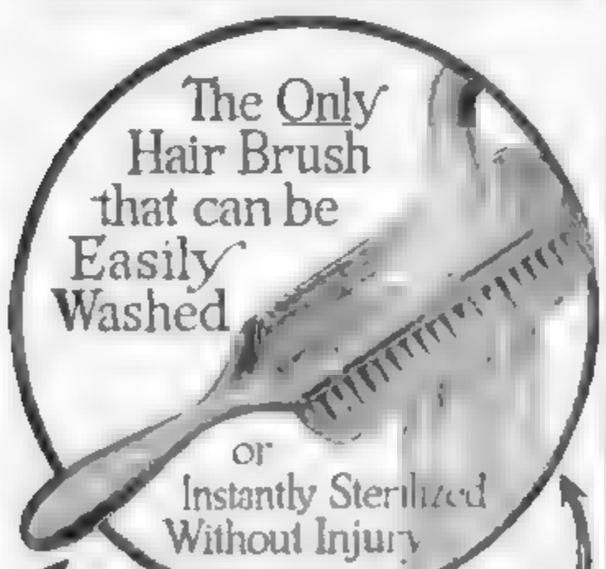

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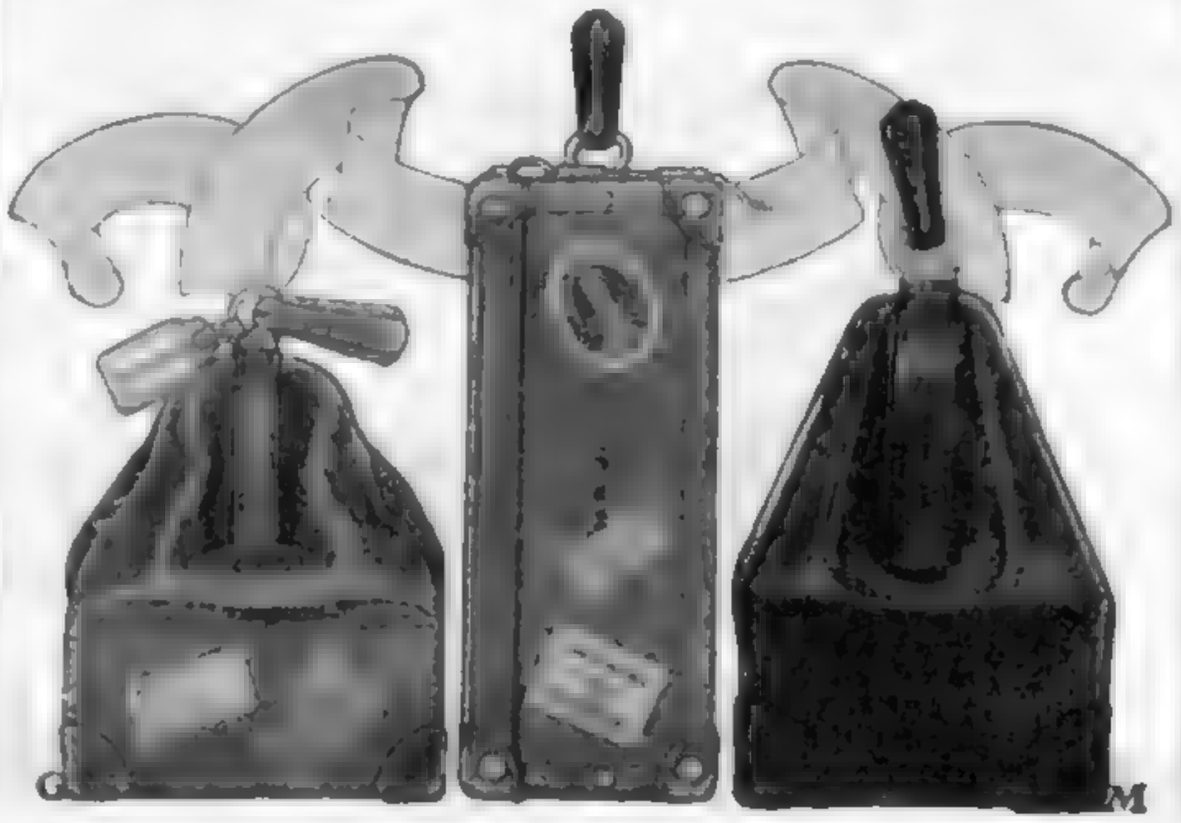

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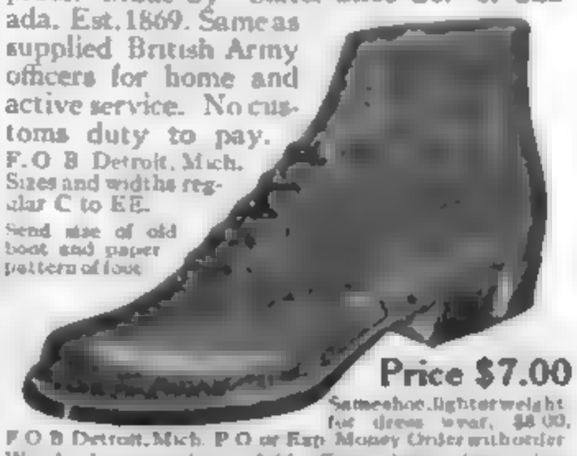

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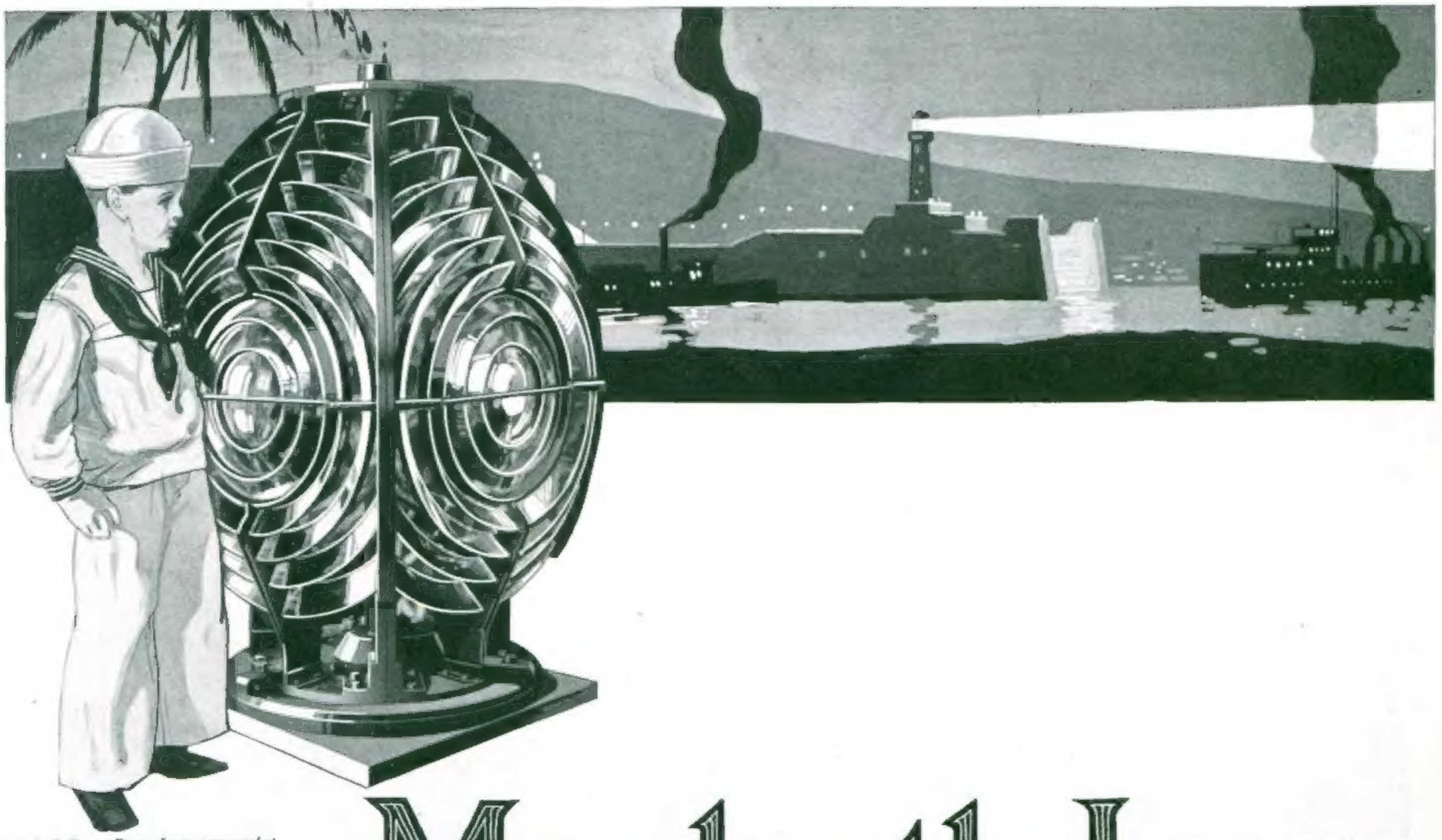

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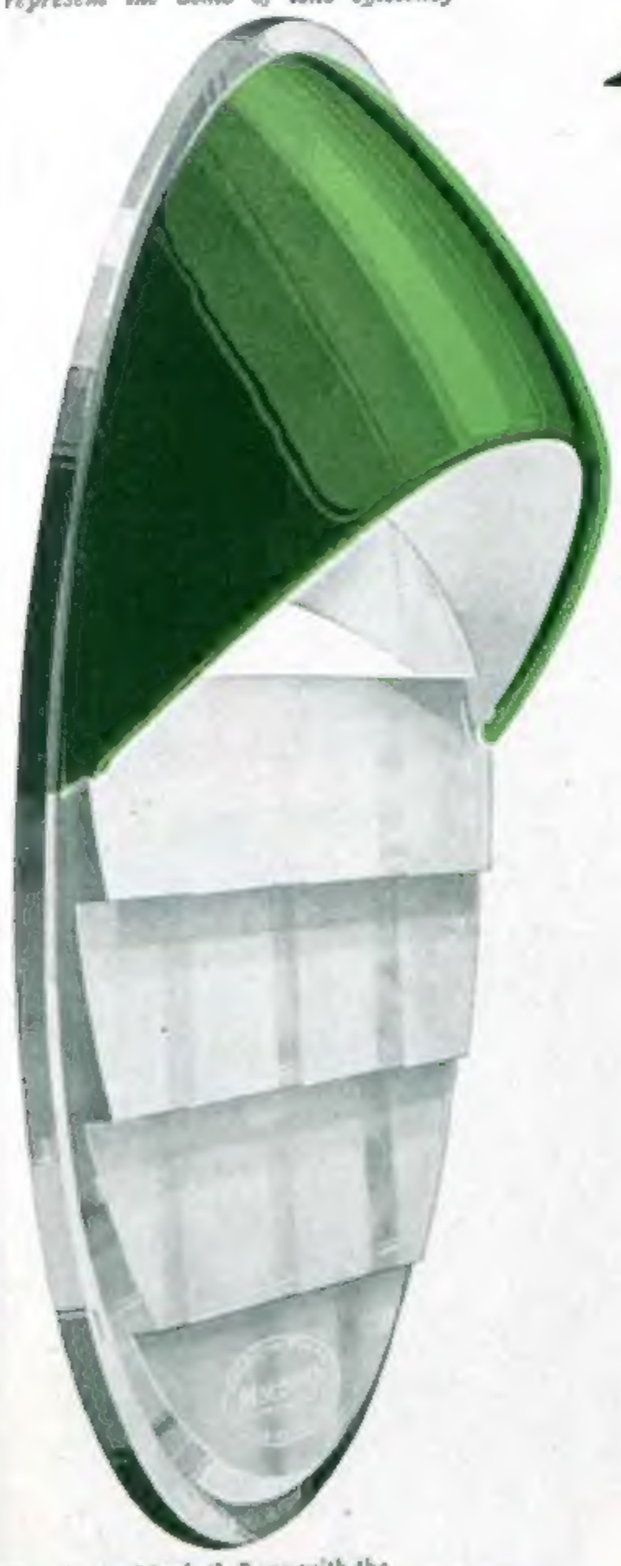

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